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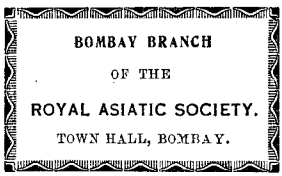

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LAND of the RUPEE

A comprehensive description of British India and Burma, copiously illustrated from photographs of views and buildings in the principal cities, scenes of natural beauty and ruins of sacred and historical interest.

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THE LAND OF THE RUPEE.

PREFACE.

IN compiling *The Land of the Rupee* the publishers have been able to utilise some of the special articles contributed to the *Times of India Illustrated Weekly*. They are also indebted to Mr. Sidney Low's admirable volume "A Vision of India," and Mr. Reynolds-Ball's popular book "The Tourist's India," while valuable data has been derived from *The Imperial Gazetteer of India*.

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BENGAL.

RIVERS AND RAILWAYS—HISTORY IN BRIEF.

THE province of Bengal occupies the Ganges Valley eastward of Benares and extends from the Himalayas to the mouth of the Mahanadi.

The most distinctive feature of Bengal is its rivers, which bring down almost by the motive power of their own currents the crops of Northern India to the seaboard. The Ganges, the great and most holy, is beautiful; so are the emerald plains which channel it on either side. True everything is flat—almost inconceivably flat. A legend explains this limitless, even, plain which is Bengal. In the olden days, so says the legend, Bengal was a land of valleys and mountains with peaks which rivalled even the giant heights of the Himalayas. And the people did obeisance to the hills and worshipped them. Therefore the gods of the heaven and air were angered and one mighty god took in his hand his miraculous plough and ploughed deeply all over the land until the mountains were levelled and the rivers mixed with the earth, and Bengal was one vast, watery plain even as it survives to this day. The Ganges gives to the country its peculiar character and aspect, and some two hundred and twenty miles from its mouth spreads out in numerous branches, forming a delta, which, where bordering on the sea, becomes a labyrinth of creeks and rivers running through the dense forests of the Sundarbans. The other mighty river of Bengal is the Brahmaputra, which has its origin on the northern side of the Himalayas from whose southern slopes the Ganges takes its rise. These two rivers, after running in diverging courses until they are more than twelve hundred miles apart, eventually approach each other and intermix their waters before they reach the ocean. Railway communication in Bengal has of late years been greatly developed. The East Indian Railway is the great artery of the Ganges Valley, whilst the Eastern Bengal Railway, running north from Calcutta, is also important. Other extensive systems are the Bengal and North-Western in the north and the Bengal-Nagpur in the south.

The chief products of the province of Bengal are rice, opium, indigo, oilseeds, sugar, tobacco, tea and jute. In the hills bordering the great

plain, coal measures, yielding the greater part of India's coal output, are worked.

The history of Bengal is a long record of wars and religious vicissitudes. The Chinese travellers, Fa Hian in the 5th century and Hwen Thsang in the 7th century, found the Buddhist religion prevailing throughout the province, but a fierce struggle with Hinduism was then in progress, and eventually the latter faith became generally established. In the year 1199 commenced a Mahomedan invasion and for some one hundred, and thirty years afterwards the Mussalman power reigned supreme, after which for about two hundred years Mahomedan rule became precarious, for the Governors, appointed by the Emperors in the north, assumed the position of potentates on their own account. From 1539 to 1576 Bengal passed under the rule of the Pathan or Afghan Dynasty until the house of Sher Shah was overthrown by the powerful arms of Akbar, incorporated into the Moghul Empire and administered by governors appointed by the Delhi Emperor.

The East India Company formed its earliest settlements in Bengal in the first half of the 17th century. These settlements were of a purely commercial character. In 1620 one of the Company's factors dates from Patna; in 1624-36 the Company established itself, by the favour of the Emperor, on the ruins of the ancient Portuguese settlement of Pippli, in the north of Orissa; in 1640-42 the patriotism of an English surgeon, Mr. Gabriel Boughton, obtained for us establishments at Balasor, also in Orissa, and at Hughli, some miles above Calcutta. The vexations and extortions to which the Company's early agents were subjected more than once almost induced them to abandon the trade, and in 1677-78 they threatened to withdraw from Bengal altogether. In 1685, the Bengal factors, driven to extremity by the oppression of the Moghul governors, threw down the gauntlet, and after various successes and hair-breadth escapes, purchased from the grandson of Aurangzeb in 1696 the villages which have since grown up into Calcutta, the metropolis of India.

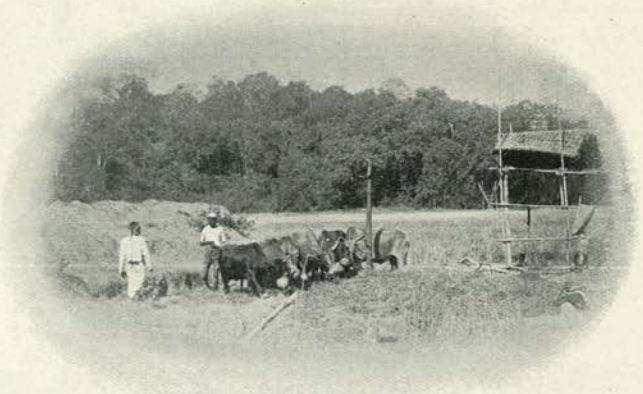
During the next fifty years the English had a long and hazardous struggle alike with the Moghul governors of the province and the Mahratta armies which invaded it. In 1756 the struggle culminated in the great outrage known as the Black Hole of Calcutta, followed by Clive's Battle of Plassey and capture of Calcutta which avenged it. That battle, and the subsequent years of confused fighting, established our military supremacy in Bengal.

A Riverside Swamp in Bengal.

From the Harvest Fields of Bengal.

Clive was appointed first Governor of Bengal in 1758. In 1760 he returned home, and in 1763 the English were again embroiled in Bengal but completely defeated their opponents at Buxar (1764). In 1765 Clive (then Lord Clive) returned to Bengal as Governor, and before he left finally in 1767 he succeeded in reforming the services, in which great abuses existed. As a result of Clive's efforts, the East India Company in 1765 received from the Emperor at Delhi the *diwani* or fiscal administration of Bengal, Behar and Orissa, with the Northern Circars (Madras), and 25,000,000 people came under the government of the Company. Thus were laid the foundations of England's territorial dominion in India.

After an interval of misrule, Warren Hastings (1772-85) was appointed Governor of Bengal, and in 1774 he became Governor-General, on the creation of that office under the Regulating Act of 1773. To Warren Hastings (1772-85) belongs the glory of consolidating our power, and converting a military occupation into a stable civil government.

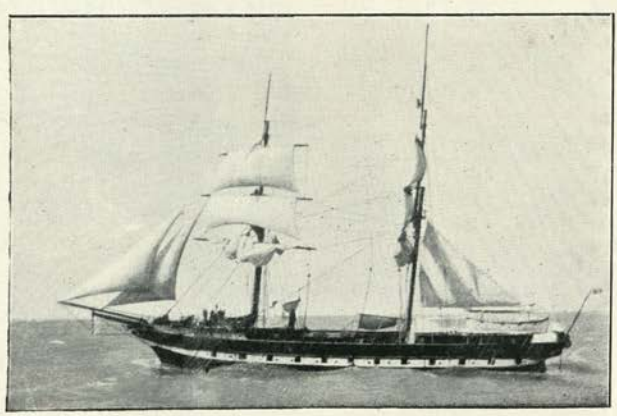


A View of the River Hughli at Calcutta.

CALCUTTA.

THE HUGHLI—APPROACH BY RAIL—A POLYGLOT CITY—ORIGIN—JOB CHARNOCK—FORT WILLIAM—ENGLISH ENTERPRISE—RESIDENCES—MILLS AND IRON-WORKS—ORIENTAL CALCUTTA—THE BABU—A CITY OF PALACES—ST. JOHN'S CHURCH—PARK STREET CEMETERY—STATUES—CLUBS—VICTORIA MEMORIAL—PUBLIC PARKS AND GARDENS.

CALCUTTA, the capital of Bengal—the "City of Palaces"—should be first viewed from the sea, so the right way of approach is by steamer not by railway. Few great cities in the British Empire can boast of so grand a river frontage. The Hughli, commercially speaking, is the most important channel by which the River Ganges enters the Bay of Bengal. It assumes its distinctive name about 120 miles from the sea and from Calcutta to the sea, a distance of about 80 miles, the river is a record of engineering improvement and success. The tide on the river runs rapidly, the headwave of the advancing tide sometimes exceeding seven feet in height and is felt as far up as Calcutta, where disaster to small craft is of frequent occurrence. The scenery along the banks of the Hughli varies considerably. From the sea nothing but sandbanks and mud formations covered with coarse herbage at first greet the eye, but as the river narrows, cultivated ricefields and sleepy hamlets, reposing within the foliage of beautiful groves,



A CALCUTTA PILOT BRIG.

SHIPPING ON THE HUGHLI FROM HOWRAH BRIDGE.

render the view at once pleasing and picturesque. Then come long lines of shipping, and as Calcutta is neared, Fort William rises from the great *maidan*, and beyond it the domes and steeples, the magnificent public buildings and the mansions of the metropolis, all these gradually reveal themselves and add to the beauty of the view which is unfolded in the panorama afforded by a trip up the Hughli.

From the river, Calcutta looks like an enormous crescent, formed of noble buildings, interspersed with towers and spires, and certainly from the river the spectacular effect is grand and impressive. By constant supervision and dredging, by a regular re-adjustment of buoys, and by a pilot system, second to none the world over, the Hughli is rendered a safe waterway to Calcutta for ships of the heaviest tonnage.

"The approach by rail to Calcutta," wrote the special correspondent of the *Times of India*, when touring with His Majesty King George V, then Prince of Wales, "is totally unworthy of a great Imperial city. The engine slinks into Howrah station, as if ashamed of its dingy surroundings. Then when the depressed voyager escapes from the dimness and confusion of the station, it is only to find that the narrow bridge of boats and a series of mean streets divide him from the spreading opulence of the heart of the town. Calcutta is at once the most opulent and most occidental of Indian cities. In the level greyness of its architecture, the striking lavishness of its *Maidan*, gardens, and parks, and in the splendour of its social life it has nothing in common with the East. Neither have its miles and miles of back streets with their unredeemed meanness, the life, the character, the picturesqueness which relieve the backwash of other Indian capitals."

Calcutta is one of the most polyglot of cities, and consequently the most cosmopolitan. Not only is it thronged with Bengalis, but with Parsis and Pathans, Chinese and Burmans, Oriyas and Marwaris, Afghans and Persians and in smaller numbers, typical inhabitants from almost every part of India. Nowhere in the East is there a more variegated and diverse crowd of humanity to be met with than in the Calcutta

HOWRAH STATION.

bazaars. But as is natural in a city which owes its origin to British commerce and industry, the heart and focus of the population is the Anglo-Indian quarter where the great white-washed houses, two and three storeys high, surrounded with ample and airy verandahs supported on white pillars, shine in the tropical vegetation of their compounds on three sides of the great central *Maidan*.

The origin of Calcutta is distinctly romantic, for it might be said without exaggeration that in a doctor's prescription lies the foundation of the Indian Metropolis. In 1642 the wife of the Nawab (Viceroy) of Bengal, the second son of the Great Moghul Emperor, Shah Jehan, lay sick of a malady which baffled the Mahomedan "hakims." The Nawab, in his distress, called in the surgeon of the East India Company's good ship *Hopewell*, then lying in the harbour, and so successful was Gabriel Boughton, the surgeon in question, in his treatment of his royal patient, whose face he was not of course permitted to see, that he cured her completely. The grateful Nawab asked the surgeon to name his own fee. Dr. Boughton, who apparently possessed in an uncommon degree the commercial instinct, requested a concession for his Company giving them the exclusive right of trading throughout Bengal. He was granted this and also a piece of land for a factory at Hughli, some twenty-five miles up the river—the parent factory of the one established at Calcutta by Job Charnock in 1690.

Mr. Sidney Low, who represented the *Standard* during the tour in India of our present King, when Prince of Wales, writes in his *Vision of India* of Calcutta that it does well to be conscious of the fact that it is an English city—the second of the Empire. "But for the English," continues the same writer, "all that there now is of Calcutta would to-day be no more than a few villages scattered among the swamps of the Hughli, as it was when Mr. Job Charnock bought the site for the East India Company.

"Charnock lies buried with a legible inscription over his grave in the old church of St. John's, with his native wife—*not* beside him; for the story is that the lady was a Hindu widow, whom he rescued by force just as she was about to commit *suttee*, and though she lived with him to the end, and bore him children, she was never converted to Christianity, and died a 'pagan.' Charnock was the first of the line of great merchants, statesmen, administrators, and soldiers, who never wavered from the determination that Calcutta should be the Imperial centre of British power and commerce in the East.

"The history of Calcutta is a record of great names and great events,

THE HOLY RIVER.

on which Englishmen might be excused for dwelling with much more self-satisfaction than they commonly exhibit. Thanks largely to Lord Curzon, the old memorials have been restored, and new ones erected. The streets are full of associations. In one corner of the *Maidan* are the mounds and earth-works and bastions of Fort William, a name which ought to make our hearts beat higher when we think of Robert Clive, albeit it is not Clive's Fort William, but one of slightly later date, from which until recently Lord Kitchener ruled the Indian Army of to-day.

"It is as a home of English trade even more than a seat of English statesmanship that Calcutta impresses one. The factors and merchants of the East India Company may have been founding an Empire, to use the late Sir John Seeley's phrase, in a fit of absence of mind. Perhaps they had no consciousness of the political results of their enterprise, and shrank from the dominion which their generals and vicegerents compelled them reluctantly to acquire. But they did intend that Calcutta should be a world-centre of trade, the British mart an emporium for the Eastern Continent. Here they laid their foundations broad and deep, and the building has endured and waxed exceeding great.

"There is an air of solidity and permanence about European Calcutta which is wanting to most of the English settlements in India. Soldiers and civilians, who are merely encamped on the soil for a term of years, and that broken by frequent flight homeward, need not be too particular as to their accommodation. Soon the bungalow and the garden will be left to others, and the transient tenant will never care to look on them again. Under such conditions, people naturally do not build and plant for posterity. With the merchants, and particularly the merchants of the days before fast steamers, it was otherwise. From the beginning they felt they were on the Hughli to stay. The trader could not often be leaving his business to take holiday, when the voyage to Europe occupied months and there were no hill-stations. Calcutta was to be his home for perhaps the greater part of his life, and when he left or died, the firm would go on, and there would be others to take his place. It was worth while to set up an office or warehouse that would endure, and a house in which a man might live in comfort, even through the hot weather. So the old-time traders built fine mansions, spacious and durable, planned with no more concession to Eastern ideas than was necessary for shelter against the Eastern sun. You see these stately dwelling-houses behind the masts and funnels, as you steam up the river along Garden Reach. Society has deserted this quarter now; it has migrated to others nearer the

centre of the city and the *Maidan*, and here the manufacturers, the men of business, and the high officials live, in handsome houses, behind white walls, over which the *bougainvilleas* droop their purple blossoms.

"In most of the Indian cities the members of the governing race are poor, and what wealth there is seems to be chiefly in native hands. But Calcutta in this respect differs noticeably from its rival on the West coast.

TOLLY'S NULLAH, CALCUTTA.

A picturesque waterway near the capital, which crocodiles still frequent.

Bombay, as its residents will sometimes bitterly tell you, is almost ceasing to be a white man's town ; the Asiatic is so pushing and so thriving. But the Bengal capital is still the seat of a highly affluent European community, which dominates commerce in spite of the Hindu *bania* and the versatile Marwari dealer. The great jute-mills, the cotton-mills, the ironworks, the shipping lines, are in Western hands. It is a thriving manufacturing centre, where England holds her own, though the Germans are active too;

RICE BOATS ON A BENGAL CANAL.

The boats are very narrow and are hewn out of a solid piece of timber. They draw about 3 inches of water and are able to navigate any small irrigation stream. Rice is brought down to Calcutta in great quantities by this means and from great distances, mostly from places where railways have not so far touched.

a haunt of comfortable people, who can afford to dress their wives in garments for which the up-country ladies sigh in vain, to give resplendent dinner-parties, to keep half a dozen excellent clubs in high prosperity, and to make the Tollygunj racecourse on a Cup day look rather like Ascot or Goodwood.

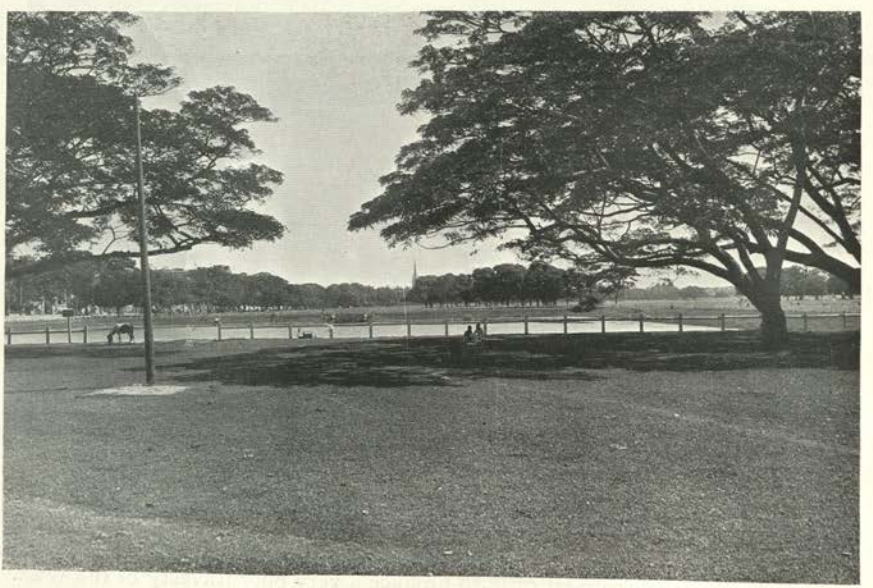
"It is a great native town, too, though it is not one of which white Calcutta affects to be proud. It has the squalor of the East without its picturesque colour—a nest of mean streets, unpaved, dirty and shabby,

JAGGERNATH BATHING GHAT, CALCUTTA.
On the east side of the Hughli River adjoining the Hughli Bridge.

lined with dingy shops and malodorous hovels. The poorest bazaars of most Indian cities have a redeeming touch of local character; but in Calcutta they are Western or cosmopolitan. There are busy thoroughfares, which are as ugly as the working-class suburbs of an English seaport; there are rows of small houses, where the Chinese carpenter plies his trade; and there are back alleys which have the shiftless untidy aspect of Southern Europe. Native Calcutta is like some of her own citizens; she has departed from the ways of the East only to produce a very poor travesty of the West.

HOWRAH BRIDGE.

Connecting Calcutta with Howrah. The only bridge spanning the Hughli. This is a pontoon bridge and is continually undergoing repair. The traffic across it is enormous.



THE CALCUTTA MAIDAN.

The Maidan is bounded on the west by the Hughli and the east by Chowringhee. It is nearly 2 miles long and 10 miles broad.

"Yet there is an Oriental Calcutta which is still primitive enough, and you need not go far to find it. You may see it any morning, close beside the great Howrah bridge, over which the clerks and shop-assistants and labourers are pouring in to their work in an endless stream, like that which rolls across London Bridge or Blackfriars. A stone's throw distant is the pile of steps leading down to the river, from which the people bathe in crowds; for the Hughli is a branch of the Ganges and its waters are credited with the virtues of that sacred stream. They come from remote inland districts of Bengal, from Behar and Orissa, from Sikkim and Assam.

"To the English resident the typical Bengal native is the babu, the man of the clerkly, semi-educated, class. It is certainly not that rather interesting person's own fault if he is not well known. He has pretty nearly the best brains in India and the readiest tongue. His memory is prodigious and his fertility in talk inexhaustible. He is something of an Irishman, something of an Italian, something of a Jew; if one can conceive an Irishman who would run away from a fight instead of running into it, an Italian without a sense of beauty, and a Jew who would not risk five pounds on the chance of making five hundred. He is very clever, but his cleverness does not lead him far on the road to achievement; for when it comes to doing rather than talking, he is easily passed by people of far inferior ability. The wealth of Bengal is not exploited by him; the profits of the local industry are not his to reap. He has shown little of the capacity of the indigenous native in Bombay for asserting himself successfully in trade. The active Parsis, the shrewd Hindus of that Presidency and the Deccan, are getting the business of the Western capital into their hands, buying up the shares in the old cotton-mills or starting new ones, elbowing the Europeans out of commercial and financial enterprise. The Bengalis have developed differently. The banks, the offices, the engineering-works, the cotton-mills, the jute-factories, are still English. If the mercantile predominance of the ruling race is threatened it is not by the Bengalis, but by immigrants from the other side of India, who carry on most of the trade and much of the finance. The babu orator perorates about Bengal for the Bengalis, but he allows the Marwari to come from the deserts of Rajputana and pluck away the most lucrative commerce from under his very nose.

"The babu makes an excellent minor official; indeed, all India ought to be grateful to him, for it would not be too much to say that the administration of the country could hardly be run without him, so largely is he

THE HIGH COURT, CALCUTTA.

Built after the model of the Town Hall at Ypres. A fine example of the Public Buildings in Calcutta.

employed in doing the clerical work and filling the subordinate offices. Properly supervised, he does useful service, being adaptable and intelligent, with more capacity than most other natives for learning to write and read English. As we all know, he learns it rather too well, having a taste for ornate sentences and mellifluous phrases, mingled with fragments of idiomatic colloquialism. Much easy wit has been expended over babu-English, which is indeed a peculiar dialect.

"The college man, failed or otherwise, who does not get a post in the public service or in private employment often fares badly. Bengal is full of educated or semi-educated hangers-on, waiting for something to turn up. It is this material of which, in every country, agitators are made, and in Bengal they are numerous and voluble. Some of them take to journalism and write anti-Administration articles in a swarm of vernacular newspapers. Many more gravitate to the law, and become pleaders, or attorneys, or barristers; for India has a passion for litigation, and there is some sort of a living to be made by a whole host of practitioners, from the Small Cause Court lawyer, who touts for clients at two rupees a case, to the leader in the Calcutta High Court, who earns an income which would be deemed handsome in Lincoln's Inn. The calling suits the Bengali, with his subtlety, his ingenuity, and his readiness of speech. And when promoted from the Bar to the Bench he often does very well there. The High Courts and Chief Courts of the various Provinces are seldom without native Judges, who obtain and deserve the respect of their European colleagues.

"As we know him best and hear most about him, the Bengali is a babu. Yet all babudom would make but a small island in the sea of population that floods the valley of the Lower Ganges and the lands adjacent. The true vocation of the man of Bengal, away from artificial urban conditions, is that of the agriculturist. If you want to see him *au naturel*, you must leave the great cities and the railways, and wander among the villages, which cluster all over the rich alluvial plain. Very different are they from the bare brown mud-walled hamlets of the North. The tiny cottages, with their conical roofs of thatch, look like beehives; and like bees the people swarm in and out, and over the rice-ground, and among the lanes shadowed by palm-trees and bamboos. There is no solitude on this countryside, for it is such a breeding-ground of human animals as exists scarcely anywhere else on earth, outside China. Here, as he hoes and rakes his fields, with sedulous though slovenly labour, or lies under the spreading banyan tree

Lake in the Botanical Gardens.

One of the beauty spots in the Botanical Gardens.

Palm Avenue, Botanical Gardens.

Under the Banyan Tree, Botanical Gardens.

during the heat of the day, or walks by his bullock-cart along the road, above all when he sits and gossips outside his shanty in the evening with his brood about him, the Bengal peasant seems fairly content, in spite of malaria, the fever, the moneylender, and the land-lord. If he is poor enough in the world's goods, he is usually rich in sons and daughters and uncles and aunts and cousins and nephews; for he is essentially a family man, soft and kindly and philoprogenitive and he esteems himself happiest when his quiver is fullest. Indeed, in the plenitude of his paternal bounty he does not limit his regard to his male offspring, but will sometimes even display a quite demonstrative affection for a favourite little daughter; and he will mortgage his financial future for years, in order that she may be suitably married, with all the honours of a ruinously expensive wedding-feast, at the mature age of seven."

Calcutta abounds in public parks and gardens, Eden Gardens, Horticultural, Zoological and Botanical Gardens. The Botanical Gardens have a river frontage of nearly a mile, and are charmingly laid out. They are of considerable extent, occupying an area nearly equal to that of Hyde Park. The collection of orchids is one of the best in existence, while the magnificent avenues of palms, deodars, mahogany, casuarina, and other tropical trees, and the beautiful ornamental lake, add much to the attractiveness of this famous garden. Its great curiosity is the famous banian (*Ficus Indica*) tree. Though it is little more than a hundred years old, its trunk is more than fifty feet round, while, including its 200 "air roots" running from its branches to the ground, it is more than 800 feet in circumference.

In the early years of the nineteenth century Calcutta was something of a fearsome place. The jungle adjoining the *Maidan* and some of the principal streets, wherein, in former days, Warren Hastings went tiger and boar shooting on elephants, was not effectively cleared, the roads were rough tracks, and the great river the accredited sewer of the city, into which five thousand corpses were flung from Calcutta alone, in one year, while the captains of ships were compelled to send sailors every morning to clear the anchor chains from their dreadful drifting flotsam. About this time the famous Calcutta lotteries provided sufficient money to transform the low, swampy bank of the river, on its city side, into the nucleus of the present Strand Road, and some years after, the Misses Eden, sisters of Lord Auckland, the bachelor Viceroy, presented to the city the beautiful Eden

THE BURMESE PAGODA IN THE EDEN GARDENS.

Brought from Prome Burma, in 1856. Near the Pagoda is the Bandstand which is the fashionable rendezvous in the cool of the evening.

Gardens which have grown, through long and appreciative usage, one of the necessities of existence to the Calcuttaite.

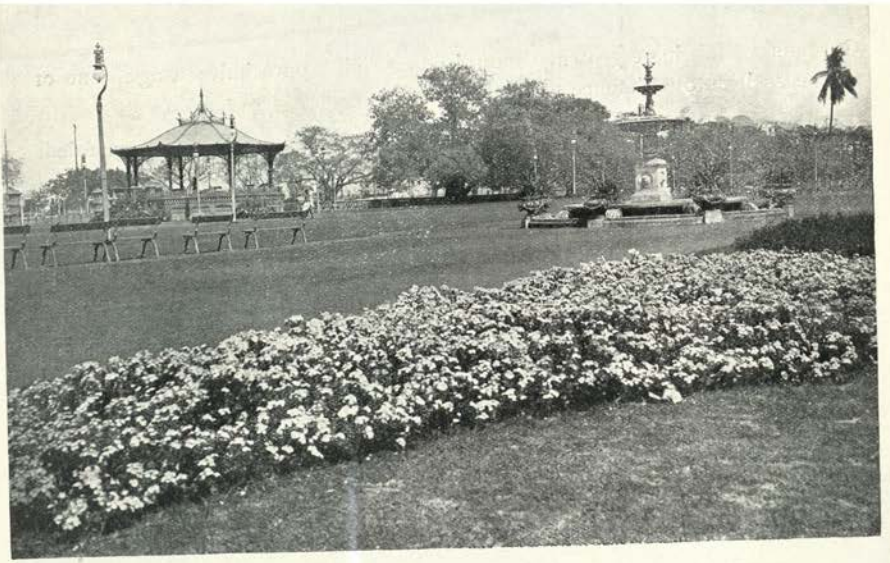
In the Eden Gardens stands the Burmese Pagoda, dragon guarded. The Pagoda is elaborately carved and bears mocking, sensual faced goddesses at its angles, but moss and mildew are forcing apart the cunningly fitted joints and stray weeds run their devastating roots among the delicate fretwork. Beneath the Pagoda stands a finely carved chair of stone, the shrine of some long dead priest who performed the rites of his religion in

THE BANYAN TREE, BOTANICAL GARDENS.
Covers ground of nearly 1,000 ft. in circumference and has about 250 aerial roots.

this temple when Thibaw was King of Burma, and on the stone floor is the following inscription :—

"The above specimen of Burmese ornamental architecture was removed from the city of Prome in the months of August and September, 1851, and reconstructed on this site in 1856."

The gods which guard three sides of the Pagoda are alarmingly hideous. Griffin monsters grin with bared teeth and the heads of horrible goddesses taper away to alligator bodies.



BANDSTAND, EDEN GARDENS.

THE RED ROAD.

The favourite drive through the *Maidan* to the Eden Gardens.

Calcutta has many palaces, magnificent public buildings, private mansions and great commercial houses, but no monuments like Delhi, Agra and other great cities of India. But though not historic in the conventional sense its archives are rich in historical memories of the glorious achievements of the British during two centuries. "It is rich, in short, in the results of the miracles done by that brace of mighty magicians, Clive and Hastings." The old Cathedral—St. John's Church—for Calcutta can boast of two Cathedrals, has little architectural beauty, but it should be visited on account of its historical associations.

Amid the swirl of commerce and traffic, in the busiest part of the city it stands, serene, austere, hallowed by associations with the earliest days of the English settlement, containing records of inestimable value in the history of India, her soldiers, her statesmen and her citizens.

St. John's was not the earliest Protestant church in Calcutta. Early in 1700 was consecrated the beautiful St. Anne's, which was destroyed by Seraj-ud-Dowlah in the sack of Calcutta fifty years later. For another forty years the settlement worshipped where it might—in the Catholic Portuguese church or in a temporary structure built of the ruins to which Seraj-ud-Dowlah had reduced the Fort. Through the interest and exertions of Warren Hastings and a chaplain named Mr. Johnson was the building of St. John's begun, and Maharajah Nubissen, the "Munshi" of the Company, who waxed a millionaire in their service, gave the ground. It was originally intended to build the church from great masses of stone and marble which lay scattered at Gaur, marking the site of the ancient capital of Bengal, but the project was abandoned and from China came the fine white marble which still paves the altar alcove. In June 1787, the church was consecrated in the presence of Lord Cornwallis, Governor-General, and a "very numerous and respectable company." Twenty-five years later punkhas were introduced into the church and the clock was added to the steeple, which is remarkable as being the only entirely stone edifice in the whole of Calcutta. The bell, cracked now almost in halves, bears the date 1777, and is believed to have been brought from the older place of worship which was erected in the ruined Fort, and the communion plate of richly chased silver was presented many years later by the East India Company to "the People of Calcutta," and has been constantly used for considerably more than a century. In the old registers, jealously treasured within the church, practically every name famous in Indian history is represented. These registers form an exhaustless treasure house for the diligent

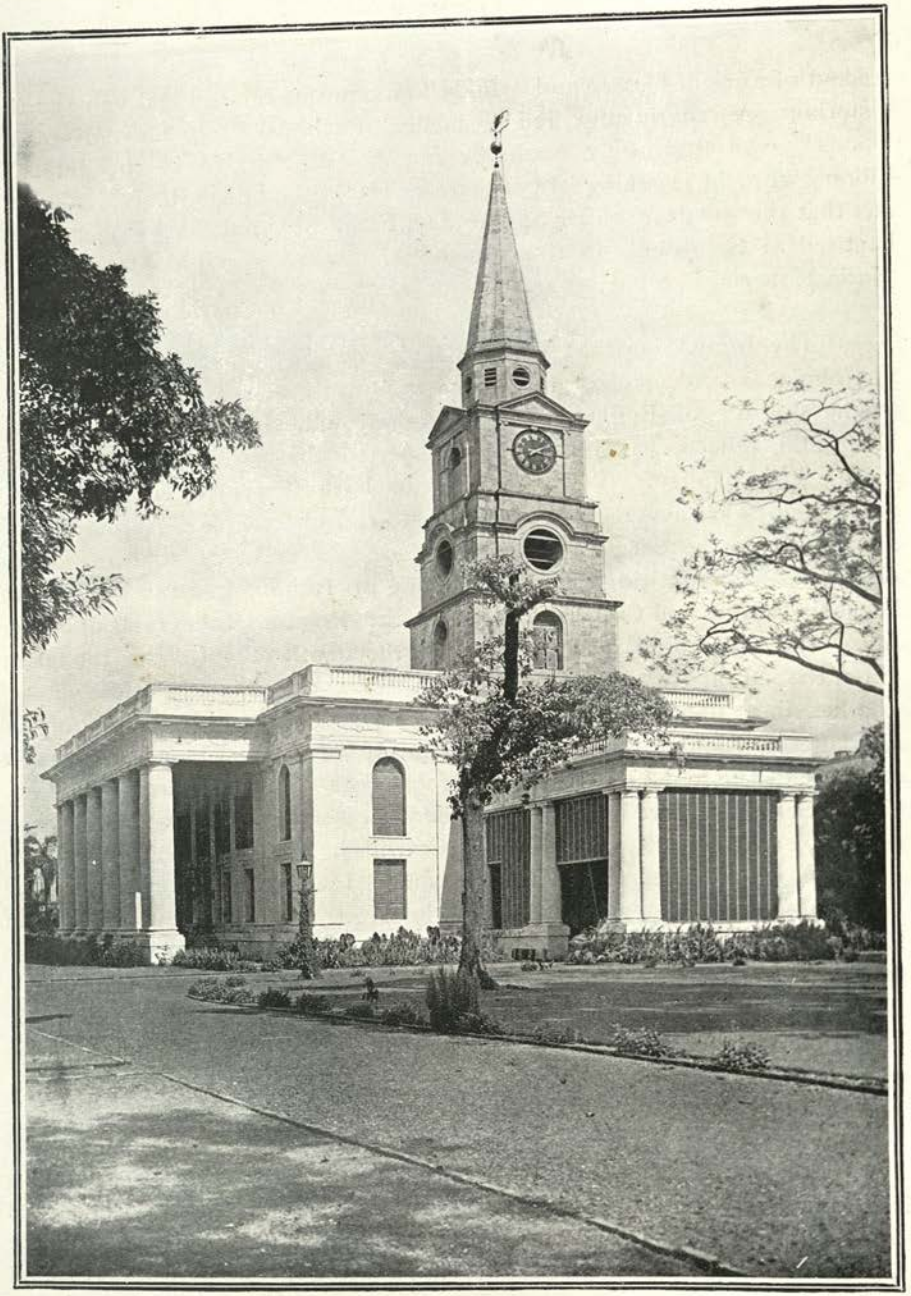
SIR STUART HOGG MARKET, CALCUTTA.
The Shopping Centre.

CLIVE STREET, CALCUTTA.
A Street of imposing Office premises.

student of ancient history and "finds" of supreme interest and value to the historian are continually being made. Perhaps the greatest of recent "finds" was that lately made by Mr. E. W. Madge of the Imperial Library who, in searching old registers, established the hitherto unknown fact that the greatest soldier of our day, Field Marshal Earl Roberts, was baptised at St. John's in the year 1834, as was also his sister, Harriet Maria Roberts, in a later year.

The knowledge that William Makepeace Thackeray was baptised at St. John's is widespread, and many thousands of those who do homage to the genius of England's greatest novelist, including our present King and Queen, have personally inspected the faded old entry which records the baptism. The marriages of both Thackeray's parents and grandparents are also registered in the old church records. Among earlier ceremonies is the entry of Warren Hastings's marriage to Anna Maria Appolonia Chapusettin, the divorced wife of Imhoff, and the wedding of Francois Grand and Catherine Werlee—the Princess Talleyrand of a later day. The old records include a note on the death of "Robert, the infant son of the Hon. Robert and Margaret Clive, aged 7 months and 6 days," who lies in a nameless grave in Park Street cemetery, a record of the marriage of Richard Barwell to "the lovely Miss Sanderson" and of the marriage of the first Lord Northbrook's parents—Thomas Baring and Mary Ursula Sealey. Here in 1807 G. J. Siddons, a son of the great actress, was married, and in 1847 Mrs. Jane Crawford, now Countess Dowager of Lovelace, was married to her first husband. Her second spouse was Earl Lovelace, who had previously wedded the Hon. Ada Byron, only child of Lord Byron. The Gladstone family is represented in the registers, and also the Fitzclarences, descendants of William IVth of England. Lord Macaulay's sister, Hannah, was married at St. John's to Sir C. E. Trevelyan, Bart., in 1834, and twenty years earlier the brother of the beautiful Rose Aylmer, beloved by the poet Landor, died while acting as A.-D.-C. to the Governor-General, and lies in an unknown grave in one of the old cemeteries.

Prominent amongst the beautiful and historic possessions of St. John's is the famous picture of "The Last Supper" by Zoffany, by him presented to the church in 1787. Zoffany is believed to have been compelled to leave England owing to his fondness for caricaturing public personages in his pictures. A picture representing Queen Anne of England in an equivocal position incited the royal wrath of that lady, and the Royal Academician was



ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, CALCUTTA.

Hallowed by associations with the earliest days of the English settlement and containing records of inestimable value.

forced to precipitately flee. The finely executed "Last Supper" was the subject of a dispute, according to popular tradition, through Zoffany painting as Judas Iscariot a gentleman who fondly believed himself to be posing for John the Baptist. Judas, in the painting is the most prominent figure, and his face, dark, passionate and evil, is magnificently conceived and executed.

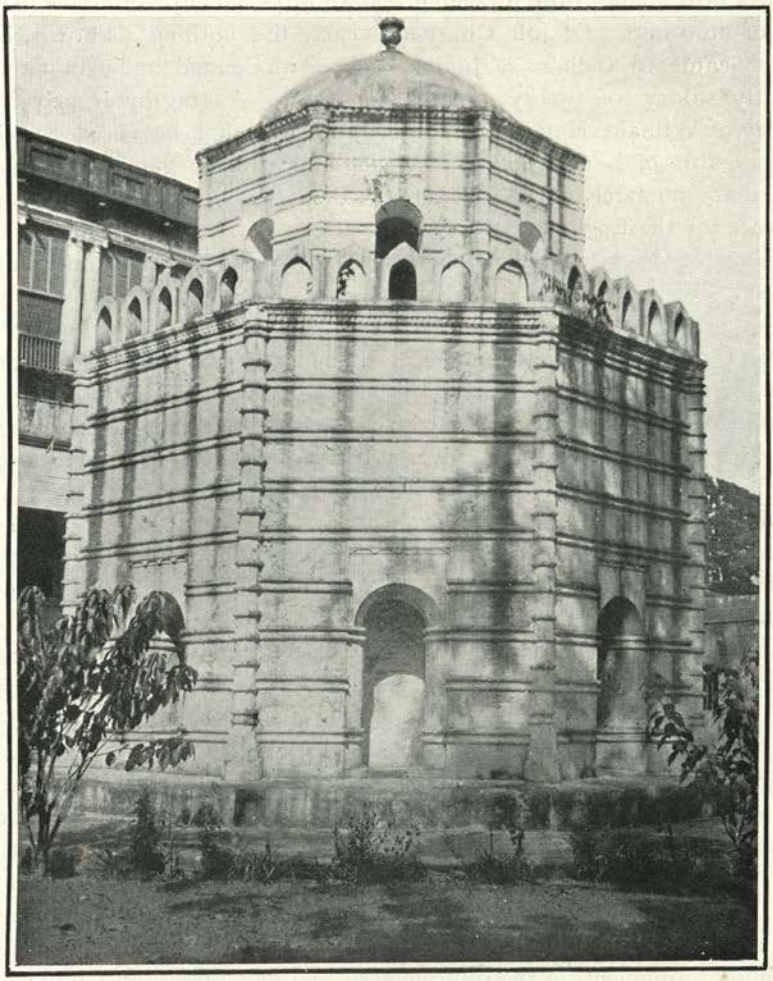
The magnificent monuments within St. John's are justly famed, two especially being worthy of unstinted admiration. One is the monument to Alexander Colvin, a great and successful merchant in the days when Warren Hastings was overlord of India. This tribute represents, in white marble, an exquisitely sculptured figure of a Hindu woman, draped and braceletted in the ordinary fashion of her class, with beautiful, yet typically Oriental features. This monument was the work of Richard Westmacott, who is also responsible for the handsome memorial to James Achilles Kirkpatrick, the famous resident of Hyderabad, who married the Begum Khair-un-nissa, built himself a royal palace and lived in unparalleled splendour and state. The daughter of Kirkpatrick was the Kitty of whom Carlyle wrote so frequently in his reminiscences, and who is believed to have been the original of Blumine in Sartor Resartus. Her baptismal name was Catharine Aurora and she died at Torquay as late as 1889. In Hyderabad, Kirkpatrick was known as Hushmat Jung—"Magnificent in Battle"—and this title he frequently signed in despatches. Coming to Calcutta in 1804 to confer with Lord Cornwallis on state affairs he was seized with illness and died shortly after his arrival. His grave has been vainly sought for in the old cemeteries, for the monument above it has entirely disappeared, but the great memorial in St. John's, which represents two figures, Justice, with a plummet, and Science with a telescope, will long recall the memory of this great warrior. The Kirkpatricks were descended from a fine old Scottish family of no small account in the days of Robert Bruce, but not one of the valiant family lived a stranger, more romantic, or uncertain life than did the James Achilles of Hyderabad.

Another notable memorial is the plain marble slab before the altar, inscribed T. F. M. D. D. Obiit VIII Julii 1822. Under it lie the ashes of Thomas Fanshaw Middleton, first bishop of Calcutta, who died from heat stroke after an illness of five days. About the walls are the funeral hatchments of the first four bishops who died in the City—"The first and Right Reverend Lords and Fathers in God,"—Bishops Middleton, Heber, Thomas

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, CHOWRINGHEE.

An imposing edifice in Hindu Gothic style. The Cathedral contains a number of interesting memorial tablets.

and Turner. These hatchments are believed to be unique in Indian churches save for a few in the old church at Hughli—the oldest place of worship in Bengal.



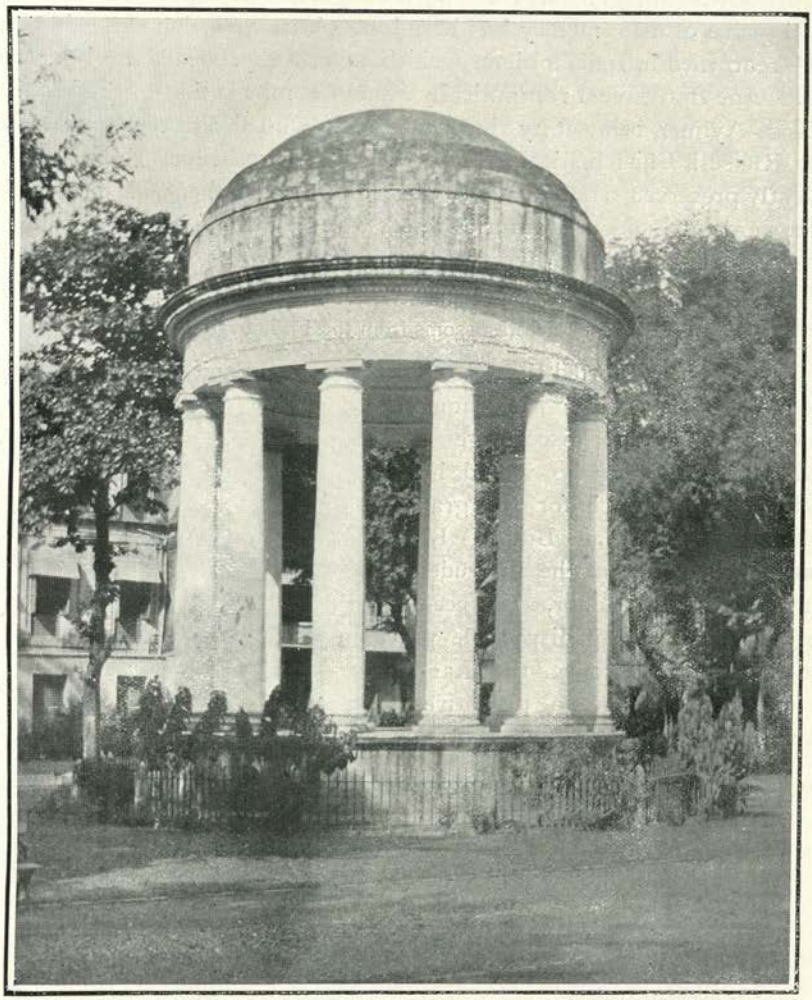
THE CHARNOCK MAUSOLEUM.
Which Calcutta just y regards as a Shrine of peculiar historic interest.

Without the church, in the small cemetery, lie the tombs of many famous men. Job Charnock, "Father of Calcutta," rests here his bones, and two of his daughters lie close by. The Charnock mausoleum bears a sonorous

Latin inscription and Calcutta justly regards it as a shrine of peculiar historic interest, for did not Job Charnock, Chief Agent of the East India Company, decide on an August day in 1706 that a settlement should be made where Calcutta now stands, little forseeing that an imperial city would rise from his knot of mud huts. Of Job Charnock's early life nothing is known, but in 1655 he came to India as a junior member of Council and was paid the beggarly salary of twenty pounds per year A lengthy inscription in memory of William Hamilton, surgeon, records that he cured the King of Hindustan of a malignant distemper and thereby gained much favour with that monarch. It is more to the point that he gained much tolerance for the English settlers and helped to obtain for them the grant of the village of Calcutta. Hamilton died in 1717. A renowned woman of the olden days lies buried in the small graveyard—Mrs. Frances Johnson, better known as the "Begum Johnson." She was the daughter of the Governor of Fort St. David on the Coromandel Coast, and was married to her first consort at the age of thirteen. Her third husband was the William Watts who figured so prominently in the intrigues and negotiations which preceded Plassey, and Mrs. Watts spent adventurous months at Murshidabad ere the fate of the English in India was decided. A daughter of these Watts married the Right Hon. Sir Charles Jenkinson, Earl of Liverpool, and a son is now the holder of that title. After the death of Watts his widow married again for the fourth time. Her last husband was the chaplain Johnson to whom Calcutta is mainly indebted for St John's. Mrs. Johnson died in 1812 at the age of 87 and the whole city mourned her loss. The Rohilla monument is the most graceful of all St. John's memorials. Erected ninety years ago by two I. C. S. patriots, it is a beautiful domed cenotaph set upon twelve Grecian pillars. An inscription records the names of the officers who fell at Rampur during the second Rohilla war and pays tribute to the gallant conduct of the men whom they commanded. A full score of other tombs lie in this tiny cemetery, eloquent in their quaint inscriptions.

Kipling and others, who wrote before and after him, have recorded the spell and the romance, the tragedy and the history connected with the grey crumbling monuments in the old cemetery in Park Street, off Chowringhee Lane. It lies in the heart of Calcutta, a place of exceeding peace whose sunshine is barred by monstrous shadows from great pillars and domes—a link with the past—a truce to the future.

There can be no gallery of pictures, no library of records, no tattered regimental colours more eloquent than the crumbling tombs of this old graveyard. It was consecrated in 1767, about the time that Warren Hastings



THE ROHILLA MONUMENT, CALCUTTA.

A beautiful domed cenotaph set upon twelve Grecian pillars.

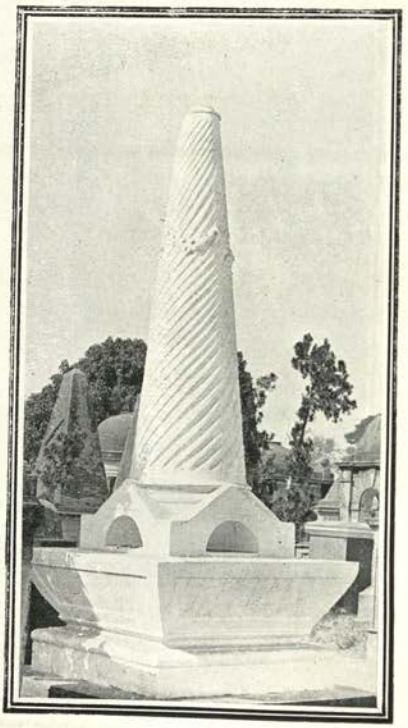
came to Calcutta for the second time having been appointed a Member of Council at Fort George. This was probably the most picturesque period of Calcutta's history. Nuncomar was hanged for forgery to the intense horror

of native India. Phillip Francis landed in Calcutta shortly after Hastings, and refused one duel on account of his entanglement with Madame Grand—India's most written of woman—and fought another with Hastings through political antagonism, receiving a dangerous wound in the side. The first old grave of the cemetery has been long obliterated, but there is scarce a name renowned in India's history which is not represented on its monuments. One of the most romantically famous tombs is that of the Honourable Rose Aylmer, beloved by the poet Landor, who died at the house of Sir Henry Russell, Chief Justice of Bengal, 2nd March 1800. Her tomb is excellently preserved, a tall white, twisted column, wreathed with immortelles and bearing not Landor's immortal verses to her, but a fair substitute.

"What was her fate Long, long before her hour
Death called her tender soul by break of bliss,
From the first blossoms from the buds of joy."

It has been reported that Rose Aylmer accompanied her aunt to India at the instance of relatives who thought that distance might discourage her passion for Landor, who would have been but a poor match for the granddaughter of an earl. But if Rose Aylmer was saved from the imprudence of a marriage with Landor, she speedily slipped away to the undisputable prudence of death, aged 20, and that Landor had not found distance a palliative is evinced by his verses.

"Ah, what avails the sceptred race?
Ah what the form divine?
When every virtue, every grace,
Rose Aylmer, all were thine,
Rose Aylmer whom these wakeful eyes
May mourn but never see,
A night of memories and sighs
I consecrate to thee."



THE TOMB OF ROSE AYLMER.

Lucia, storied by Kipling, is the rival in romance of Rose Aylmer. Her grave is shadowed by an arched monu-

ment which shelters a slab of extremely fine marble, cracked, now with age but still plainly lettered. The slab records that underneath lies Lucia, wife of Robert Palk, Esq., deceased, 26th November 1771, aged 25. Robert Palk, we know, was a Judge of the Court of Cutchery and first committed the Brahmin, Nuncomar, to jail on the charge of forgery. Kipling was entranced by the exquisite verses on Lucia's tomb and under their spell re-incarnated the dead girl into a lovely vision who was the belle of the city, the toast of the garrison. In "The City of Dreadful Night" we have a tender if imaginary chronicle of Lucia's career, conquests and pitiful death. However historians may disprove the romance of Kipling's idyll there are none to cavil at the sculptured verses of Lucia's tomb which make her memory something more personal than merely the recollection of a beautiful woman.

"What needs the emblem, what the plaintive strain?
What all the art that sculpture e'er expressed?
To tell the treasure that these walls contain,
Let those declare it most who knew her best.
The tender pity she would oft betray
Shall be with interest at her shrine returned.
Connubial love connubial tears repay,
And Lucia loved shall still be Lucia mourned.
Tho' grief will weep and friendship heave the sigh,
Tho' wounded memory the fond tear will shed,
Yet let not fruitless sorrow dim the eye,
To teach the living die the sacred dead."

Kipling has helped to spread the fame of Lucia and sentiment now decrees that her tomb shall be one of the most popular shrines in the old cemetery.

A strange, dark tomb is that of Major-General Charles Stuart, commonly called "Hindu Stuart." It counterfeits a Hindu temple embellished with carvings of goddesses, yogis with fleshless ribs, lotus flowers and other emblems of the Hindu faith, while keeping guard over the whole is the finely carved head of an Indian goddess, smiling, sensual, enigmatic. Major-General Stuart, it is believed, married a Hindu wife and conformed to her religion, as did Job Charnock, the Father of Calcutta, the latter being credited with having offered sacrifices in native custom, on the grave of his wife at every yearly anniversary of her death. Amongst the thick strewn array of tombs in the old graveyard are scores of names whose fame is more than local. Judges, belles, baronets, councillors, soldiers, pilots, mourned or unmourned, famous or infamous, lie here in that last, universal dignity and democracy of death. A lineal descendant of the great Pitt is here

and also Lady Anne Monson, great grand-daughter of an English monarch, being descended from the first Duke of Cleveland, the son of Barbara Villiers and Charles II. Mary Bowers, one of the three women, who are believed to have survived the horrors of the Black Hole in 1756, found a last refuge here, and De Rozio, the East Indian poet, whose virtues and verses are only now beginning to receive the attention they merit, is buried near to the "Beautiful Miss Sanderson," bride of Richard Barwell, a Member of Council, who supported Warren Hastings against the famous Philip Francis, whose animosity to Hastings was not stated when, mainly

SIR JOHN WOODBURN, DALHOUSIE SQUARE.
The last public statue erected in Calcutta.

through his malevolence, the great Pro-consul stood impeached at the Bar of the House of Lords and suffered seven years of obloquy as the reward of his magnificent work in India.

Two other antagonists of Hastings, the Hon. George Monson and Sir John Clavering also lie here and an immense pyramid covers the site sacred to Sir William Jones, a Judge of the Supreme Court, the Founder of the Asiatic Society in 1784, the greatest of early Oriental scholars, the friend of Burke and Johnson, uncle by marriage to Bishop Heber and one of the most loved and honoured citizens of Calcutta in his day. Across an avenue

of trees and a dusty road lies yet another portion of the cemetery, neither so old nor so famous as the original shrine of the great dead, yet possessing infinite interest. Colonel James Fitzpatrick lies here, but his monument has crumbled beyond identification. He married a Begum of enormous wealth and fought against her enemies so grandly that he earned the title of "Magnificent in Battle." Their daughter, Kitty Fitzpatrick, was the Kitty Fitzpatrick of "Carlyle's Reminiscences," and very probably also the original of Blumine in "Sartor Resartus." A pathetic record is the monument erected to the memory of Henry Graham who "died gloriously" at the age of 16 when voyaging out to take up a civil appointment through wounds received in an engagement with a French frigate at the mouth of the Hughli.

But the monument most deserving of attention in this part of the cemetery is the great, plain obelisk, stained and fretted with time and weather, which bears the name of Richmond Thackeray, the father of England's greatest novelist William Makepeace Thackeray, who died at Alipore in 1815, aged 32 years. The novelist was born in Free School Street (as it now is) at the building now used as an Armenian College, and only went to Alipore when his Father was appointed a Collector. From 1812 until 1815 he lived in the house famous as having been Philip Francis' Lodge, and only left it on his father's death to journey to England for his education.

Infinite romance, passion and futility are hidden in the inscriptions on these old tombs with their quaint lettering and weird emblems of death. Many, very many of India's heroes lie here unremembered, but of our scant knowledge we may say of many more: "They died for England and the least made greater Her great name."

A well-known writer has not inaptly suggested that the title "City of Statues" typifies Calcutta more appropriately than its more ambitious epithet—the "City of Palaces." No city in India or the colonies, or even in Great Britain, contains so many magnificent monuments to the makers of empire. The statues of Lord Hardinge, Lord Lawrence, Lord Mayo, Lord Wellesley and Lord Hastings are amongst the most noteworthy and the most artistic, but these do not by any means exhaust the list. Either ornamenting the streets and squares, or enshrined in public buildings, are statues of Lord Auckland, Warren Hastings, Lord Dalhousie, Lord Bentinck, Lord Napier of Magdala, Lord Dufferin and Lord Roberts, whose statue is acclaimed by art critics to be one of the very finest of modern works

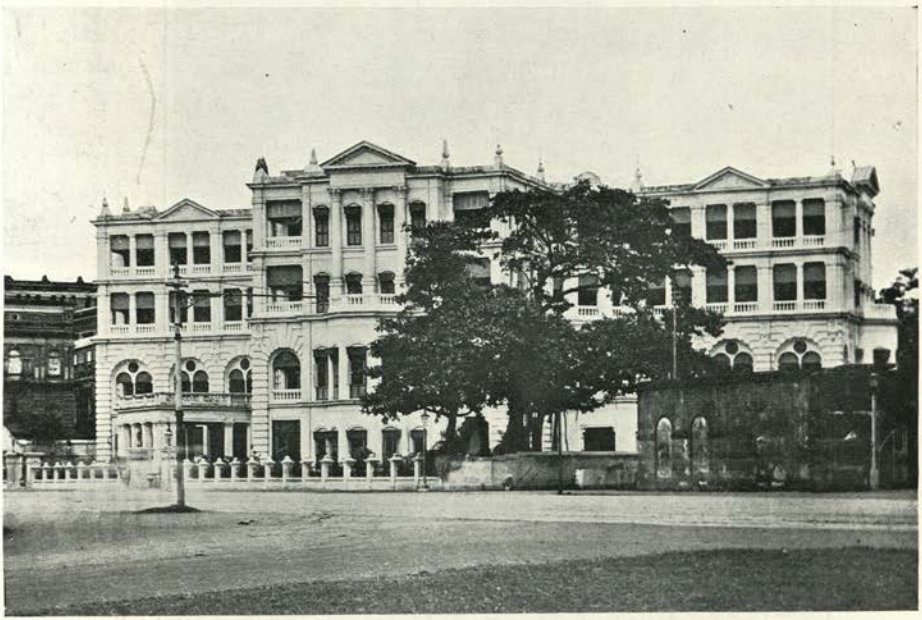
and was cast in one piece from metal obtained from cannon which the Government gave for the purpose. The allegorical figures of War and Victory on either side of the marble pedestal are also very fine, and the statue is something of a god to certain sections of the native public who lay frequent tributes of flowers at the base. The last statue to be erected in Calcutta commemorated the rule of Sir John Woodburn, late Lieutenant-

STATUE OF SIR JAMES OUTRAM, CALCUTTA.

Faithful servant of England; large-minded and kindly ruler of her subjects. In all the true knight—the Bayard of the East.

Governor of Bengal, who died at Belvedere in 1902. Another remarkable statue is the one erected to honour the memory of Sir James Outram, well-known by his soubriquet, "The Bayard of the East." The great man is sculptured with a drawn sword in his hand, in the act of reining in his charger, and the inscription ends with the words, "Faithful servant of England; large-minded and kindly ruler of her subjects; in all the True Knight, the Bayard of the East."

In Chowringhee Road are the United Service Club and the Bengal Club. The former Club is the largest and most luxuriously appointed of any club-house in India. It was practically rebuilt in 1905. Close to the curious Saracenic column raised to the memory of Sir David Ochterlony, is the huge four-square bulk of the Imperial Museum, known to the natives as the Jadu-ghar (the "House of Magic"). The Imperial Museum is magnificently housed in an imposing building fronting the *Maidan*. It has a large number of departments admirably classified and arranged, and, what is of equal



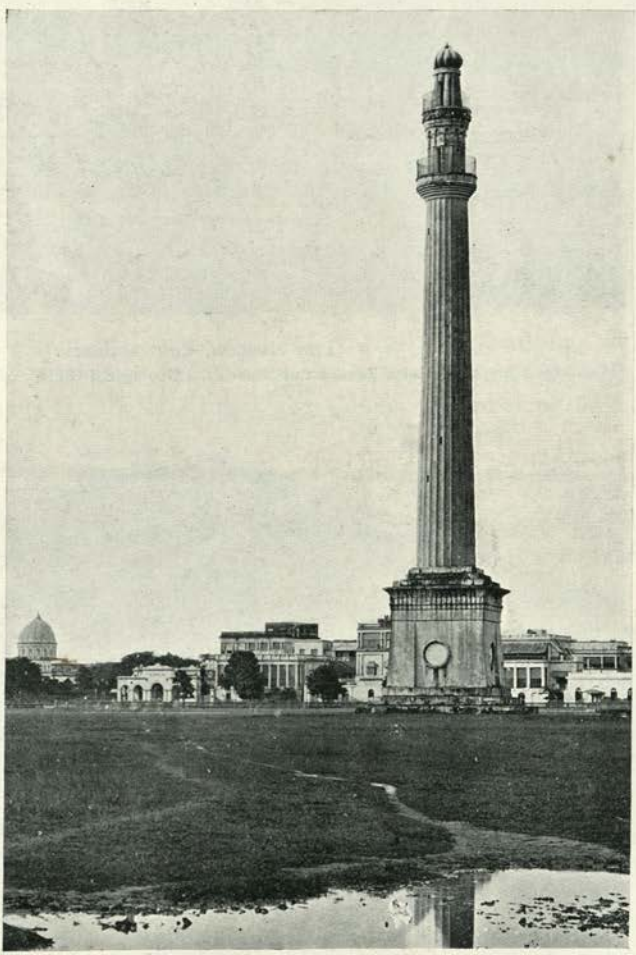
BENGAL UNITED SERVICE CLUB.
Said to be the handsomest and best appointed club-house in the East. Founded in 1845.

importance, there is a really good and exhaustive catalogue. In the Archæological Galleries are to be found a comprehensive selection of antiquities and sculptures from the ancient Brahmin, Buddhist, and Mohammedan cities of India. In the northern part of the city, not far from the Sealdah terminus of the Eastern Bengal State Railway, is the academical quarter of Calcutta, in and round College Square. Here are the Senate House of the Calcutta University, the Presidency College, the Medical College and Hospital, and still farther to the north, the General Assembly's Institution, and the Free Church Institution.

THE OLD BENGAL CLUB, CALCUTTA.

In this house, from 1834 to 1838, Lord Macaulay gave his famous "Friday breakfasts."

Government House is a massive and imposing building, but scarcely beautiful. It stands, a dazzling white pile relieved only by its green shutters, fronting that vast public park known as the *Maidan*. Everybody knows that this striking looking building, with its four wings radiating from a domed centre, was modelled on Kedleston Hall, the ancestral home of Lord Curzon of Kedleston. Indeed, no written description of Calcutta seems adequate which does not contain a reference to this coincidence. The reception rooms are magnificent, and admirably adapted for entertaining on a large scale, as was strikingly exemplified by the great State ball which was given to celebrate its centenary, one of the grandest functions of the kind that Calcutta has ever known. It is related that the sum spent by Lord Wellesley (nearly £1,000,000) on building Government House was considered gross extravagance by some of the East India Company directors. One



THE OCHTERLONEY MONUMENT, WITH GOVERNMENT HOUSE IN THE DISTANCE.

This column, 165 ft. high, was raised in 1823 in honour of Sir David Ochterloney who brought the Nepal War to a successful conclusion.

THE MUSEUM, CHOWRINGHEE.
Contains a fine collection of Fossils and Minerals, a Geological Gallery of Antiquities and Library.

THE IMPERIAL LIBRARY.

wonders what they would have said to the expenditure of half-a-million pounds (the cost of the Victoria station at Bombay) on a mere railway station. All the State rooms are shown to visitors, but the most interesting are the throne-room, with the throne of Tipu, and the magnificent ball-room.

Walking from the stately stairs of Government House we come upon Wellesley Place, which recalls one famous proconsul, and Dalhousie Square, named after another. A tablet on a corner wall in the vicinity tells one that a few yards distant was the Black Hole, that torture-chamber, twenty-two feet by fourteen, where 146 human beings spent the night of an Indian June; and we can walk across to the marble obelisk, renovated by Lord Curzon, which one of the twenty-three survivors erected to the memory of his fellow-sufferers.

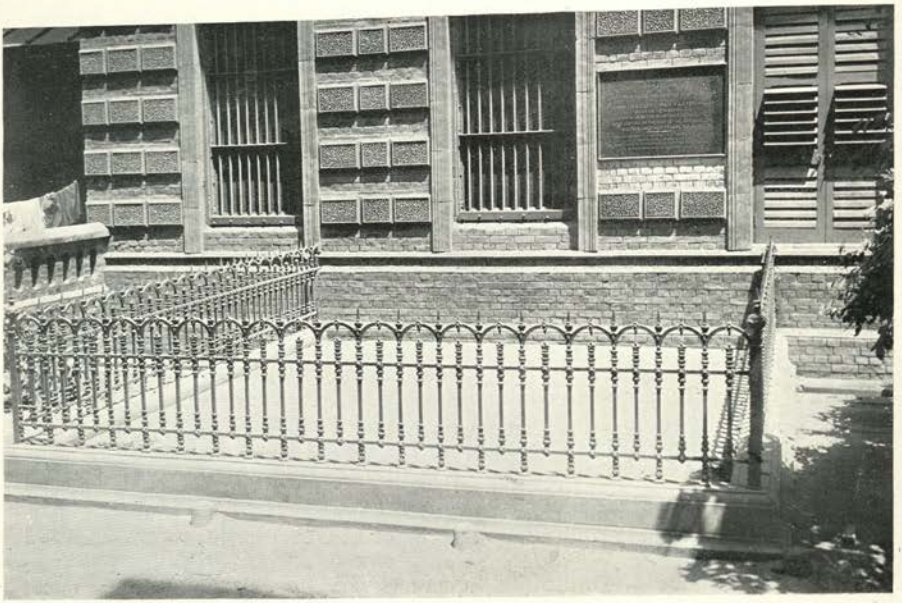
Not far from these records of a dire tragedy is Hastings House, which has been restored and acquired by the Imperial Government.

On one side of Dalhousie Square is the Bengal Secretariat, once known as Writers' Buildings. This is an old Anglo-Indian building which has been faced with red brick and terra-cotta, and the rotunda at its western end is the Parliament House of Bengal, the Council Chamber of the local legislative body.

In a few years one of the most prominent and striking architectural features of the capital of the Indian Empire will be complete—the national memorial to the late Queen-Empress Victoria. The foundation stone was laid by the Prince of Wales in January 1906.

"Let us have a building—stately, spacious, monumental and grand—to which every new-comer to Calcutta will turn, to which all the resident population—European and native—will flock; where all classes will learn the lessons of history and see revived before their eyes the marvels of the past; and where father shall say to son, and mother to daughter: 'This Statue and this great Hall were erected in the memory of the greatest and best Sovereign whom India has ever known. She lived far away over the sea, but her heart was ever with her subjects in India, both of her own race and of all others. She loved them both the same. In her time and before it, great men lived and great deeds were done. Here are their memorials. This is her monument.'"

In these moving words were the purpose and significance of the Victoria Memorial felicitously embodied by the then Viceroy, Lord Curzon.



SCENE OF THE BLACK HOLE.

The size of the Black Hole was 22 ft. × 14 ft. and its probable height 16 to 18 ft. One hundred and forty-six human beings were forced into it on the night of June 20, 1756, by Seraj-ud-Dowlah, Nawab of Murshidabad; twenty-three only survived next morning.

THE GENERAL POST OFFICE.

The Black Hole is situated in the G. P. O. Building.

The stately monument, which will commemorate "the glory of an unequalled epoch, and the beauty of a spotless name," has been designed on a heroic scale. It consists of an enormous hall standing on a terrace some seven feet high—a noble structure of white marble crowned by a swelling dome surmounted by a gilded figure of "Victory." The style chosen by Sir William Emerson is the Italian Renaissance, with a suggestion of Orientalism in the arrangements of the domes and minor details. The general plan consists of two wings linked by a curved arcade, the wide terrace running

HOLWELL MONUMENT AND WRITERS' BUILDINGS.
This Monument was erected by Mr. L. Holwell, the principal survivor of the Black Hole tragedy.

all round the building with towers at the corners. The north porch will be approached by a sweeping flight of stairs, at the head of which will stand the bronze statue of Queen Victoria, by Frampton, to be transferred from the Red Road. The Queen's Hall is to be lined with white marble and coloured panels of Indian marbles, and mosaics and frescoes.

The Memorial will not be merely a great monument, but a living, acting epitome of the life and times of Victoria "the Good." In the Central Hall will be mementoes of the Great Queen. Amongst these will be auto-

graph letters from Her Majesty to Viceroys and Governors-General, and Queen Victoria's chair and writing-table from Windsor. In the Sculpture Gallery will be busts and statues of great men specially identified with India; in the Art Gallery paintings, engravings and pictorial representations of persons, and historical scenes which will give an almost continuous record of Anglo-Indian worthies, battles, sieges, landscapes, buildings, forts and scenes during the last two centuries. In the Princes' Court will be displayed memorials of Indian history, contributed or lent by Ruling Chiefs. Then in the inner courts and quadrangles will be commemorated in frescoes such historic scenes as the three battles of Panipat, the self-sacrifice of the women of Chitor, the first audience of the British factors with the Great Moghul, and the Delhi Durbar of 1903. The Hall will, in short, be not only a Victoria Memorial but an Indian Valhalla

CALCUTTA TOWN HALL.

A Bengali Dhoby at Work!

The above illustration affords ocular demonstration as to the methods and means by which the Indian washerman assists "Swadeshi" in his own peculiar way.

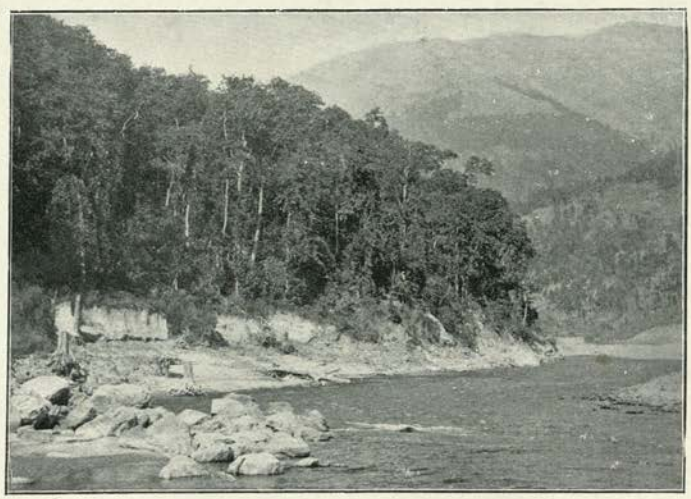
THE NEW "EMPIRE" THEATRE, CALCUTTA.

DARJEELING.

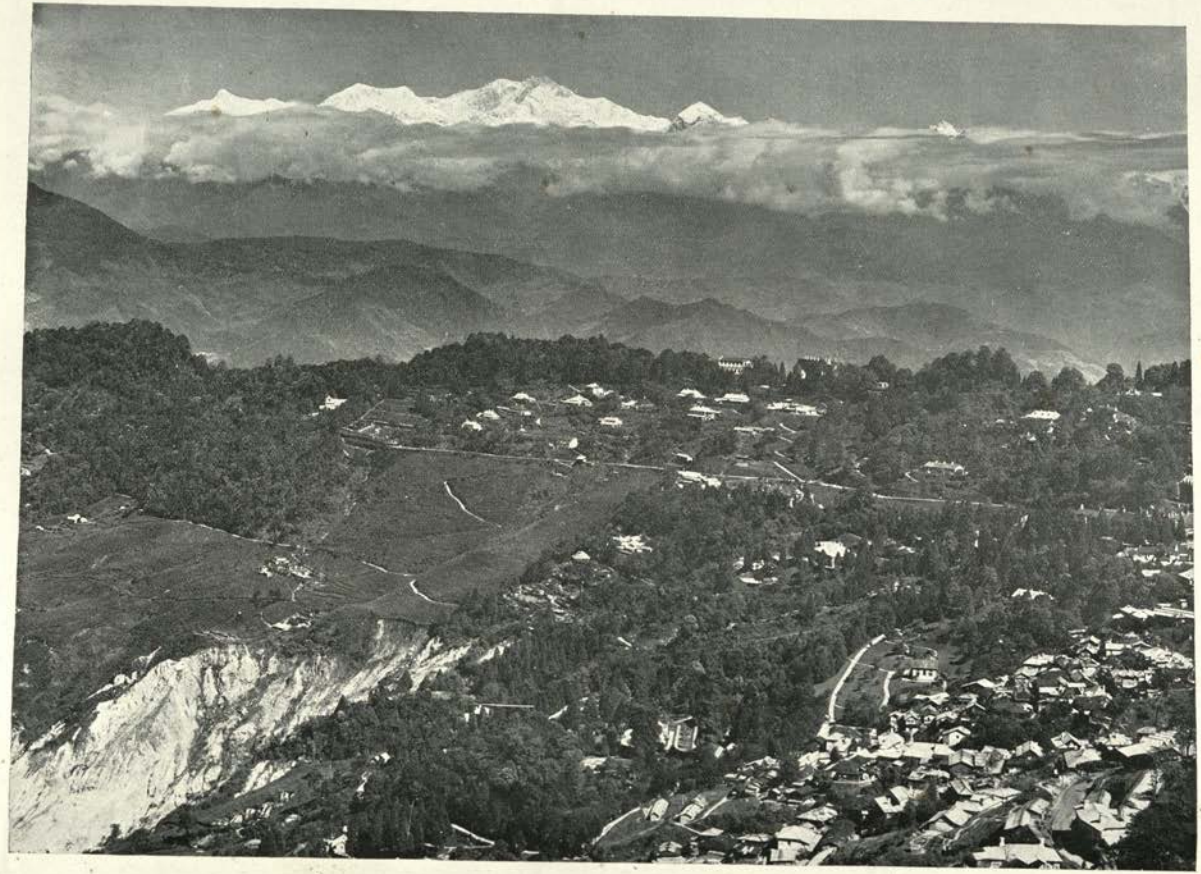
BRITISH CONNECTION—THE ROAD—FIRST IMPRESSIONS—THE SNOWS—THE BHUTIAS—KINCHINJUNGA AND MT. EVEREST—THE SEASON.

Darjeeling—the "Queen of the Hills"—is the great summer resort of Bengal, and dates its British connection from 1816 when at the close of the war with Nepal the "*terai*" tract which had been wrested from the Raja of Sikkim and annexed by Nepal, was again made over to him. In 1835 the nucleus of the present district was created by a cession of a portion of the hills by the Sikkim Raja as a sanatorium. A military expedition against Sikkim rendered necessary in 1850 by the imprisonment of Dr. Campbell, the superintendent of Darjeeling and Dr Hooker, resulted in the stoppage of the allowance granted to the Raja for the cession of the hill station and in the annexation of the "*terai*" at the foot of the hills and a portion of the hill country beyond. In August 1866 the hill territory east of the Teesta river was acquired as the result of the Bhutan Campaign and added to the jurisdiction of the Darjeeling district.

The road to Darjeeling is like no other journey in India or, perhaps, in "the wide, wide world." The start from Sealdah by the Eastern Bengal State Railway seems a very ordinary one, and there are not as many people at the station as are seen at Howrah or the Victoria Terminus, Bombay; but, after some hours, the Ganges river has to be ferried, and, then, by train one goes on meter gauge to Siliguri, where all passengers have to get into a tiny mountain-train with open cars. This portion of the line, the Darjeeling-Himalayan Rail-

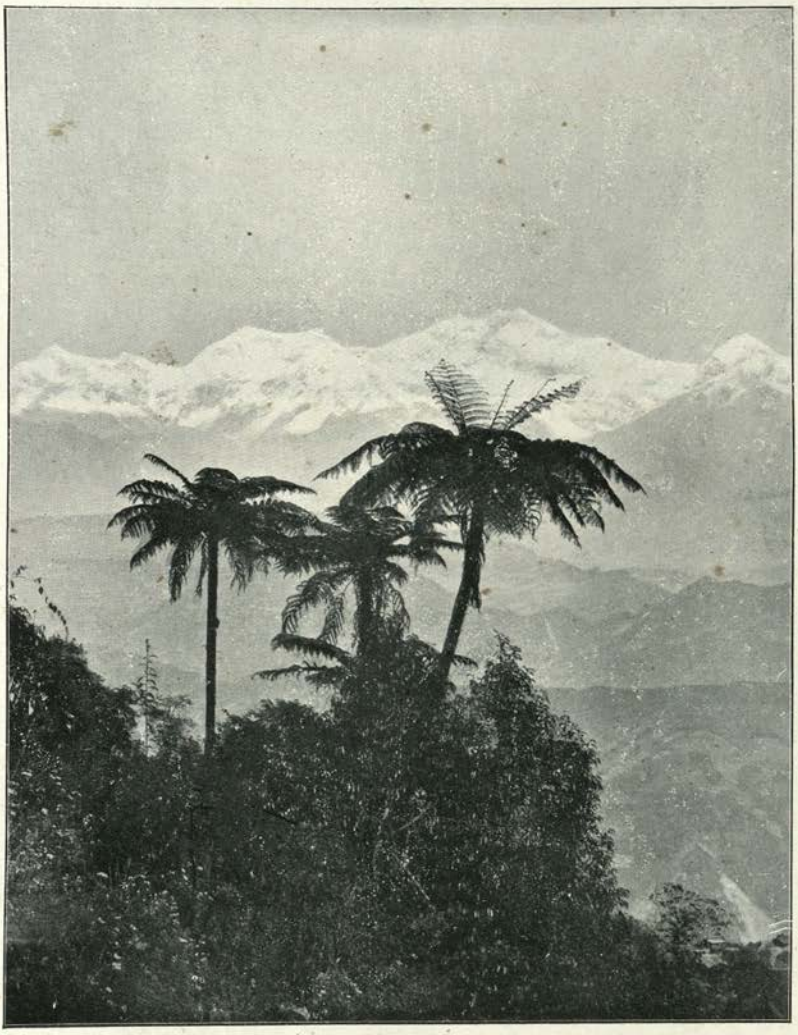


INDIA AND BEYOND.
The Teesta River on the Sikkim Frontier, near Darjeeling.



General View of Darjeeling from Jalapahar.

way has a two feet gauge. The figure "8" the letter "S" and the loops are charming things to look at in a picture, and inspire admiration for the engineer who designed them; but on a first journey to Darjeeling



TREE FERNS AT DARJEELING.

they are apt to make the passenger nervous. After this feeling passes away, the varied beauties of the landscape absorb the attention. First, the

THE SINGLE LOOP.
Darjeeling Hill Railway.

REVERSING STATION.
Darjeeling Hill Railway.

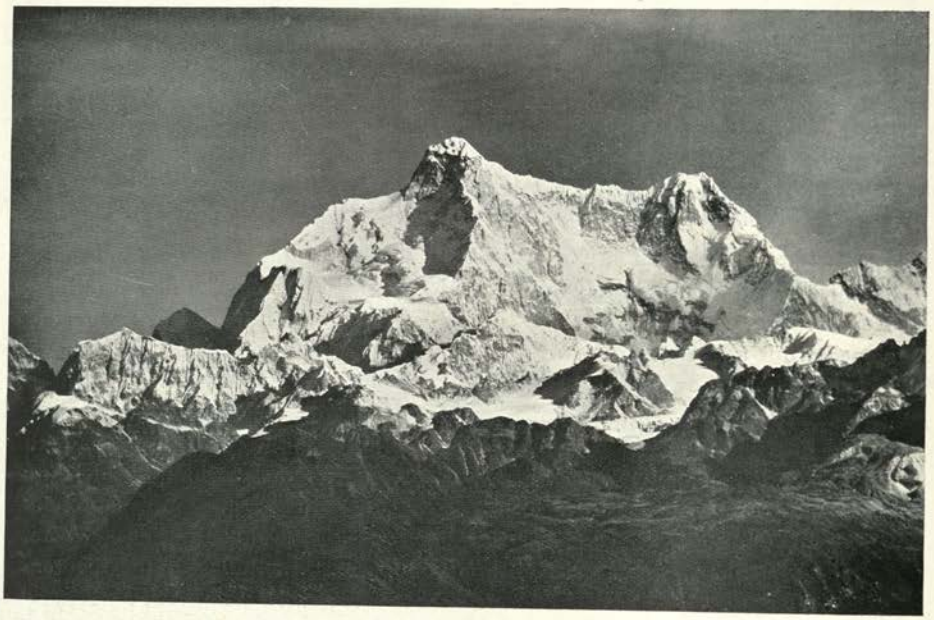
verdant far-away plains of India, then the oaks and golden bamboos which become giants here, then the peaches and the tree ferns and then after viewing the many tea plantations which bring to mind the pleasant life in Kurseong, of which all planters speak, one mounts up and up, past terrific precipices, until the top of the range is reached, and one can look over the way at Kinchinjunga, only fifty miles away.

From afar off Darjeeling wears a look of assertive impudence. The primary impression when first viewing the unfolded heart of the mighty mountains is that nothing but folly might fling such a handful of pigeon boxes against the precipitous slopes of the Himalayas and be immune. But a nearer acquaintance reveals that the mountains have kindly terraces and steppes whereon the gabled houses may nestle like brooding doves under the shelter of pine and birch, secure from the white mountain torrents which tear past blossoming gardens and the rocky abyss which drops sheer to the tufted velvet of the valley below.

The mountains are awful in their grand magnificence, but more astonishing, more intimately lovely, to the plain dweller are the flowers which ever wreathe Darjeeling into the semblance of a bridal bower. Every grassy slope is but a background where flowers may riot into a tangled rainbow, every thicket is jewelled with multi-coloured stars. Scarlet salvia stand in brilliant rows like a battalion of patient soldiers, masses of mauve and white lupins lift their hooded heads, geraniums and dahlias gem the hills with blood-like splashes, cosmos nod their butterfly blooms on banks which are smothered in their feathery foliage, rose bushes, shrouded in a shower of pink and red, throw their tendrils over the rocks. Clambering everywhere, from the patched roof of the Bhutian "dhobie" to the pillars of the Lieutenant-Governor's mansion, are nasturtiums, nodding with their great amber and brown and gold eyes from flat saucer leaves.

Everyone who has been to Darjeeling makes an attempt to describe the snows. Everyone has talked of Paradisean hills, Heaven's temples and marble gates, then apologised finally by saying they are wonders of the world—and indescribable. They are. The snows in their wonderful inaccessibility and purity somehow recall the legend of The Holy Grail. There is something of the same throbbing of ice and blood and fire, the same radiant, white mystery, the same faint, wonderful symbolism. What wonder that the Bhutias look inscrutable at the impregnable rampart which seemingly towers so high above the world in which we live—older than we

can know and more terrible than we can guess—and worship a great snow goddess, a deity of all power and purity, whose temple is the everlasting snow. Another god is shrined on a round hill which crowns the township, a god whose only visible presence is a blackened stone. Around this flutter innumerable strips of coloured cloth and paper closely covered with Tibetan writing. These are the prayers of the devout, hung before the god that, night or day, he may be reminded of the petitions. And the prayers? Just the same that the whole world prays for—happiness, good fortune, health,

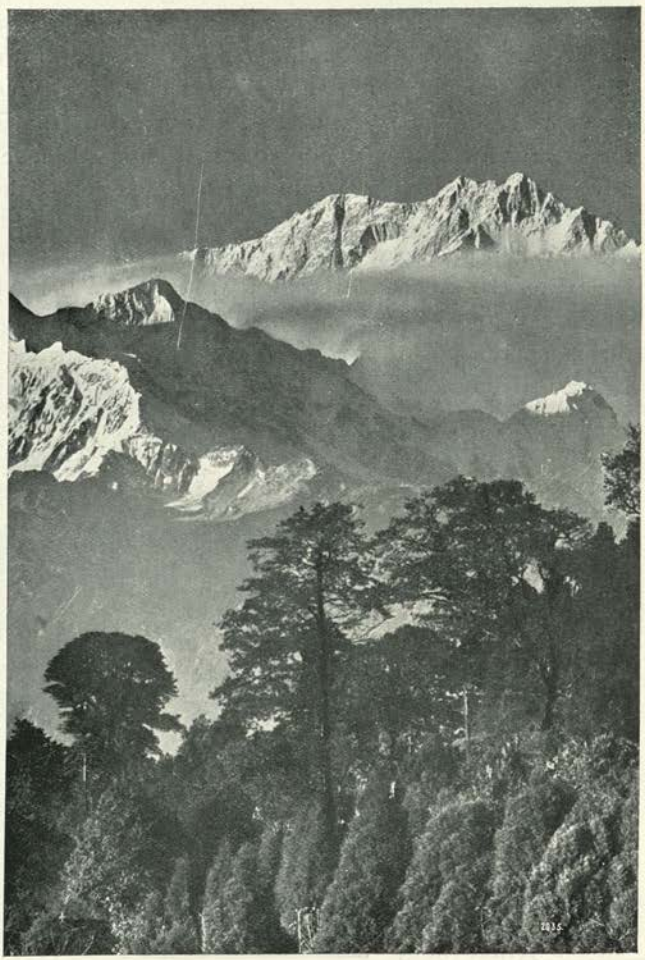


MORNING ON JANNU FROM SANDAKPHU.

children to the childless and peace to the aged. Each morning a Lama comes to this shrine with his wife, burns incense, ties up new prayers, offers wine made from rice on the blackened altar, and rings the Tibetan prayer bell while he chants a refrain which sounds like "Oh, monna baba, monna baba"—and which the Tibetan scholar will translate as "Oh, the jewel born in the lotus." With these simple people is none of the jealousy with which the Hindu guards his religion. The wife of the priest who attends to the sacrificial fire is not averse to smiling at the big Norfolk-coated Englishman who stands watching the ceremonies, nor does veneration

for the god restrain her from plucking prayers off the bushes to present to the men who find favour in her sight.

"There may be other more fascinating hotel windows in the world than those in Darjeeling, but to the average person it is a mind and heart opening experience to stand at the window and see not one, but a succession of the highest mountains in the world. Mount Everest cannot be seen from Darjeeling itself, but one has only to walk a little way to see the panorama of the Himalayas. After seeing this panorama of snow-clad monarchs in a chain of majesty for quite one hundred and fifty miles, it seems nothing to think of the Alpine panorama from Milan Cathedral or from the Rigi Kulere, except for the beautiful lakes nestling among the Swiss hills. Kinchinjunga, across the Ranjit valley, is 28,000 feet high; and by riding a few miles out in the early morning, it is possible to see the sun rise on Mount Everest, which used to be in the geographies as 28,002 feet high. How proud this mountain must be to be two feet higher than

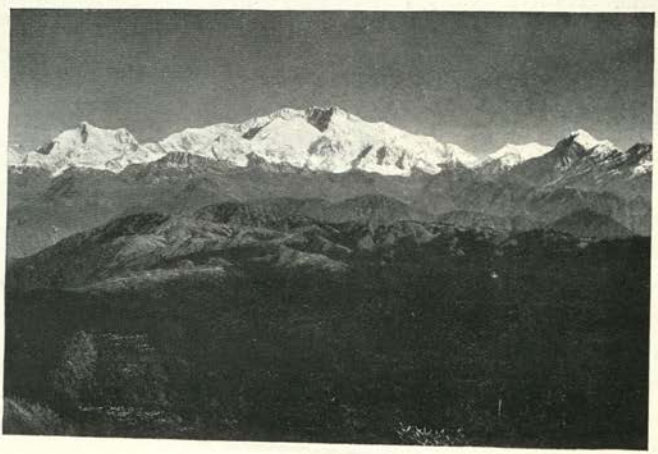


SUNSET ON KINCHINJUNGA.

Kinchinjunga! What Sapper officer of the Survey of India decided the feet and inches of these giants; and how did he do it?"

Down a road which coquettes with a flower-starred precipice on one hand and a vine-wreathed cliff, streaked with torrential streams, on the other, lie the soldiers' barracks at Lebong. They are the abode of numberless pink faced, clean limbed men, the friendliest, heartiest soldiers that you may chance across in India. Perhaps that may be partially the effect of the mountains, for decent people are under obligation to forget much of smallness and meanness under the shadow of the snow's magnificence. The general way to Lebong lies a-back a Bhutian pony's back for ordinary people although the *barra* folk are permitted walers and rubber-tyred rickshaws and thus are deprived of much amusement, for apparently the Bhutian pony possesses the identical freakish humour of the Bhutias themselves, and therefore any adventure is possible when you start out to explore the world from his back.

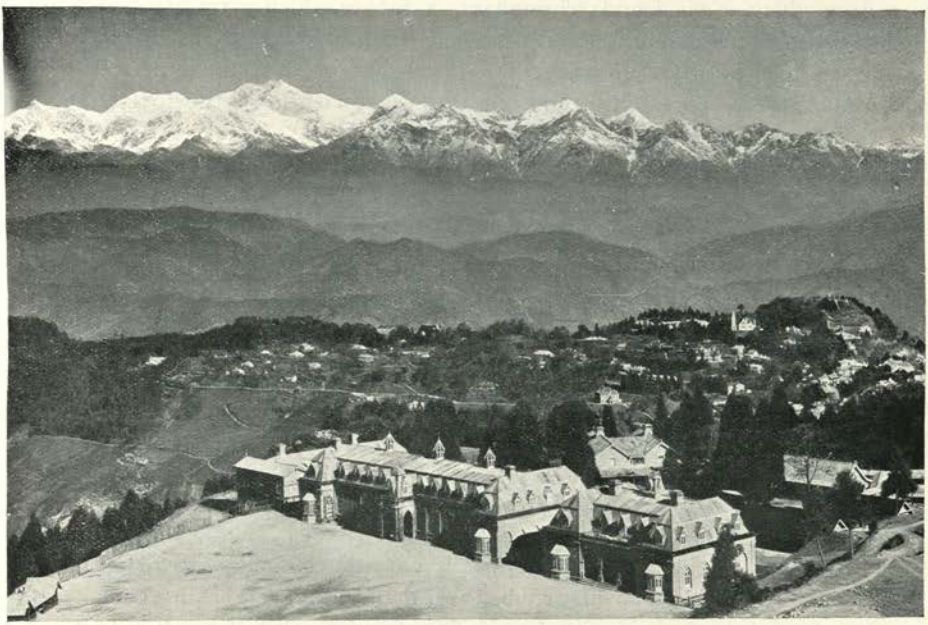
When people go to Darjeeling they go for health, whether they take a house for the season (seven months) or in the "Pujas" for fifteen days, or whether they rush up in June for the ten days prior to the break of the monsoon. Darjeeling is not a very desirable place in the rains. It is a little cooler than Calcutta, that is all; and those who remain there during this period may not see the sun for days, because of the rain and the banks of fog and mist. When it rains in Darjeeling it does the thing thoroughly. The buildings are not striking in size or architectural design. St. Andrew's Church is a quiet, homely place attended by large congregations during eight months of the year, and very often gay with bridal processions; but its chief charm is its homely look outside and inside where the simple old liturgy of the Church of England is joined in by



THE KINCHINJUNGA RANGE FROM SANDAKPHU.

all sorts and conditions of men and women, without great functions, even though the Metropolitan of India worships there daily for five months in the year.

The best time is in May or November. European residents in India go in May, but the children, who are the living advertisements of Darjeeling air, go up on the 15th of March and come down on the 15th of December. It is bitterly cold in November and December, but as bracing as Scarborough in



DARJEELING FROM ABOVE ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL.

January. There are only two great industries in the Darjeeling district, *viz.*, tea and quinine Tea is, of course, a private enterprise. Darjeeling tea was started a year before the Mutiny, and the gardens now number about 200.

Darjeeling has had its tragedies like each other earthly heaven—nights when men have walked over the cruel stone cliffs to fall screaming to the valley below; mornings when landslips have buried young children for ever beneath their rocks and earth. Also there are people who find cause for daily grumblings within view of the snowy hill ramparts—such people as descend to details like the mica-laden earth being dazzling to the eyes. But they are the folk who would complain of dew drops for the same reason.

ORISSA.

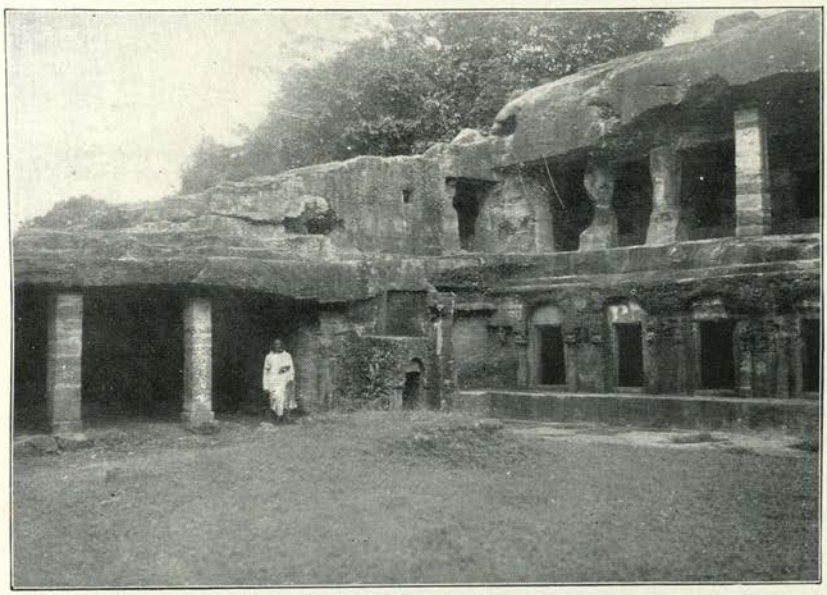
THE HOLY LAND OF THE HINDUS—BUDDHIST CAVE TEMPLES—BHUBANESHWAR—PARASARAM—THE "BLACK PAGODA."

Orissa, although in that happy state of having no present history, has had a past. Absorbed, now, in Bengal, Orissa once possessed her kings, her glories, her civilization. In common with so much of India she is now living through a present which is merely a state of transition, with a past which is vivid and triumphant, a future which is merely prophetic. The past of Orissa has been recorded from the second century before Christ—nay it dates still further back, but its people of the stone period were a primitive race, living and dying in a simple, eventless, aboriginal state. Orissa now means the districts of Cuttack, Balasore, Angul and seventeen Tributary States; in those years, before the birth of the Messiah, it formed a part of the great kingdom of Kalinga. And this kingdom of Kalinga was most decisively conquered by Asoka 262 years before Christ and the famous rock edicts of the conqueror record that on his victory 150,000 people were carried into captivity, 100,000 were slain, and that double that number perished in the destitution which followed the sacking of the country.

For over two thousand years this division of the province of Bengal has been the Holy Land of the Hindus. The first indistinct dawn of Orissa tradition discloses that the spiritual doctrine of Buddha obtained shelter there, but to the Brahmanical archives of the temple of Jaggernath (*see Puri*), we are indebted for the early history of Orissa. These curious relics consist of bundles of palm leaves, neatly cut and written over with a sharp iron point, and a black powder rubbed over the writing, this having been a substitute for ink in those remote days. They furnish a list of one hundred and seven kings and the exact dates of their reigns, from 3101 B.C. Conquered in turn by Afghans, Moghuls and Mahrattas, Orissa eventually came under British rule, the conquest of the province being effected by the Marquis of Wellesley in 1803. In September 1803 a British force marched, with little opposition, to Puri and occupied the town. Scattered fighting followed and the Fort at Cuttack held out for six days, but in October of the same year the whole of Orissa was practically in the hands of the English. A rebellion under the leadership of the Rajah of Kurda disturbed rather considerably the new district later, but with the suppression of this, peace was restored to war-weary Orissa, and to-day it is one of the most loyal and contented districts of Bengal. Cuttack, Balasore, Puri, Kendrapara and Jajpure are the chief

towns of the district, but there is small tendency towards town life in the European sense of the word to be detected in this rural portion of Bengal.

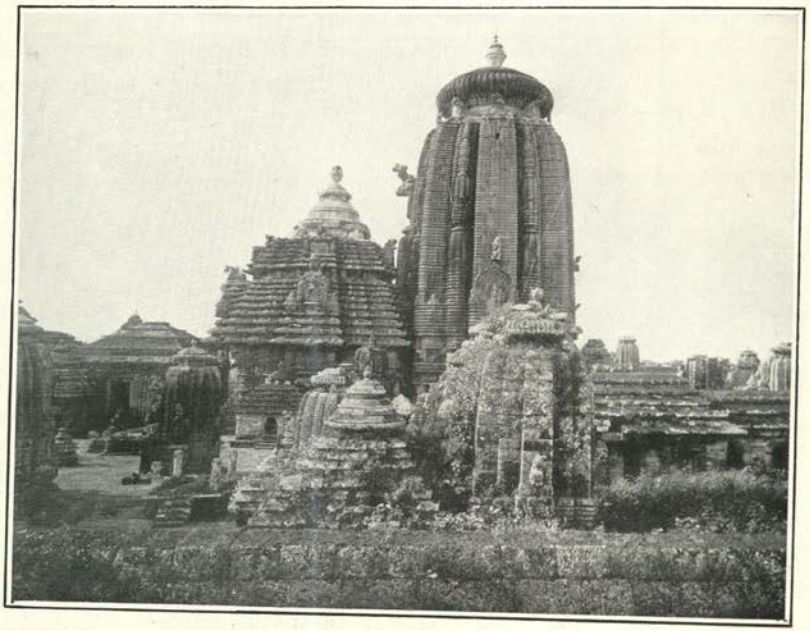
In Orissa, a series of cave temples occur, which, though possessing many claims to notice, are nearly unknown. The Buddhist remains in Orissa are considered some of the oldest in India, and date back to the time of Gautama Buddha in the fifth century B.C. It is evident that these cave dwellings were the first attempts in stone architecture in India. The chief of these is Khandagiri, near Cuttack, which, together with Bhubaneshar within a few



A Primitive Cave Temple at Khandagiri, Orissa.

miles of each other, contain the richest and most interesting collection of antiquities in Orissa. There is no railway to Khandagiri, but there is a path from the railway station at Bhubaneshar, which is next to the junction for Puri. This path lies between low hills, one range of which is called Khandagiri, and the other Udaigiri. These hills contain excavations cut from solid rock, and were designed for the use of Buddhist monks at first, and were later turned into "chaityas" or temples. Bhubaneshar lies on the railway line between Cuttack and Kurda Road, the junction for Puri. Near it is Khandagiri where Indian architecture is seen in its infancy, while here it may be studied at its best. An Orissa temple is always an artistic and harmonious whole.

Bhubaneshar, the Benares of an earlier day, was the capital of Orissa from the 5th to the 10th century. The Kesari chiefs, who then ruled, were devoted to the worship of Siva, hence nearly all the temples here are dedicated to that deity under different names. Siva is the Hindu personification of Evolution. It is said that there used to be thousands of temples in Bhubaneshar, there are hundreds now, the chief being the great temple called Lingaraj Mahadev. It stands in an enclosure 520 ft. by 465 ft.,



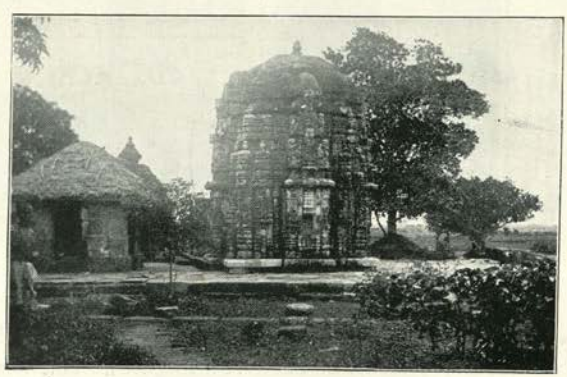
THE BHUBANESHAR TEMPLE.
One of the grandest examples of Indian architecture embellished with a wealth of carving.

surrounded by a high wall containing many minor temples. The great feature of Orissa architecture is that it attained a high degree of perfection without using arches or pillars. The Greeks and Egyptians also did without them. The great temple is absolutely symmetrical, the sanctuary, which is a tower, rising 165 feet high, the lower part richly carved and with two large dog-faced lions poised half-way up its great height. This building took 43 years to erect, and was finished in 657 A.D. The Hall of Offering was built in the 9th century, and the Hall for Dancing in the 12th. The small temples surrounding it are all more or less dilapidated, but look picturesque. The

great tank in front of the temple is called the Bindu Saga, and is one of the most conspicuous objects there ; it is 1,300 feet long by 600 feet broad, and has a masonry island in the centre, on which cranes and water-birds perch. The village of Bhubaneshar is desolate and poor ; where kings once held their court, snakes glide and jackals howl ; where millions of pounds were poured like water, the only wealth is the scanty rice crop. The records of the ancient city lie in the Jaggernath libraries at Puri, written on palm leaves, telling of the unparalleled religious devotion and enormous wealth which created the earlier Benares, while the ruins of the hundreds of temples remain "a relic of the past weeping over a lost civilization and an extinguished grandeur."

Parasaram is another of the interesting temples in Bhubaneshar. It was also built in the 5th century. The whole building is most elaborately carved and the roof is formed by long thin slabs of stone, like beams, thrown across, from one side to the other. The figures of elephants are particularly life-like. A scene in which wild elephants are newly caught, and tied to trees is particularly good. Horsemen are seen riding on monstrous horses, with the heads of tigers or elephants, no saddles are used, but the riders wear riding boots ! There is a specially good frieze, denoting monkeys climbing trees, pulling one another's tails, and others riding on crocodiles. Hindu temples are generally plain inside, this one, on the contrary, is so profusely decorated that it can hardly be surpassed by a temple of its own size in the world. Another temple, called Mukteshar, is the gem of them all. It was built in the 6th or 7th century.

The ruined temple at Kanarak, in the Puri District, is called the "Black Pagoda." It is one of the few remaining memorials of sun-worship in India. Built in the 12th century, it is nothing but a ruin now, the greater portion of the stones having been taken to Puri for the building of the Jaggernath temple there. The few walls that remain are covered with sculpture of all sorts ;



TEMPLE AT BHUBANESHAR.

nymphs, elephants, clubmen, griffins, warriors, prancing horses, and colossal figures of varied shape stand about. A huge chlorite slab, on which were carved emblems of the seven days of the week, tempted some English antiquaries to remove it to the Calcutta Museum. A grant of about five thousand rupees was allowed, but it only sufficed to drag it about 200 yards where it now lies. Over the ancient temple a pyramid-shaped roof rises in terraces of carved granite, divided into three tiers, the pinnacle being lotus-crowned, while the whole is covered with figures of men and animals. It used to be a landmark for ships going into the Bay of Bengal. But as there were frequent wrecks, due to inaccurate bearings or difficulties in the coast, the people attributed them to a huge lode-stone which was kept on the top of the temple, and which used to attract vessels towards it. An irate Mahomedan crew, who were wrecked there, attacked the temple and made off with the lode-stone and since then it has been deserted by the priests, who consider it desecrated. The strange interest in the place is the conjecture as to how the people of those days, with no mechanical appliances, could lift and convey such huge masses of rock, stone and metal, along desert places, through heavy sand, and without any trace of roads.

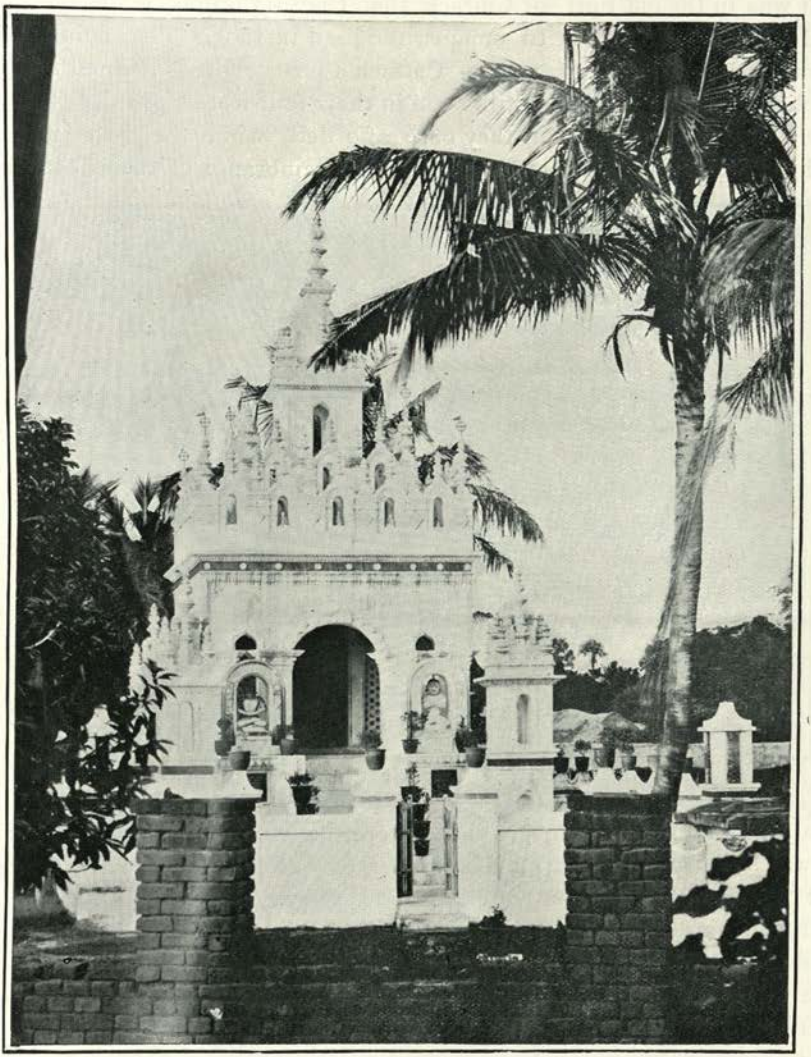
An Ancient Orissa Temple.

CUTTACK.

Capital of Orissa—Ruined Fort—Gold and Silver Filigree Work—the Oriyas.

Cuttack, peaceful, pleasant, somnolent, is the capital city of Orissa. Cuttack is the pleasantest of places—wide, windy spaces, avenues of opaque green, lines of far blue hills on the horizon and quiet terracotta roads winding away beneath magnificent trees which were rising to maturity long ago in the days when the Mahrattas ruled Orissa with arrogant tyranny. And far back from the terracotta roads, amid tangles of flowers and grass and shrubs stand the enormous beehive bungalows characteristic of Cuttack. Indian

Cuttack stretches away through narrow streets until it mingles with palms and jungle grasses-- rows of little mud huts, rows of little mud shops, an occa-



A Wayside Temple near Cuttack.

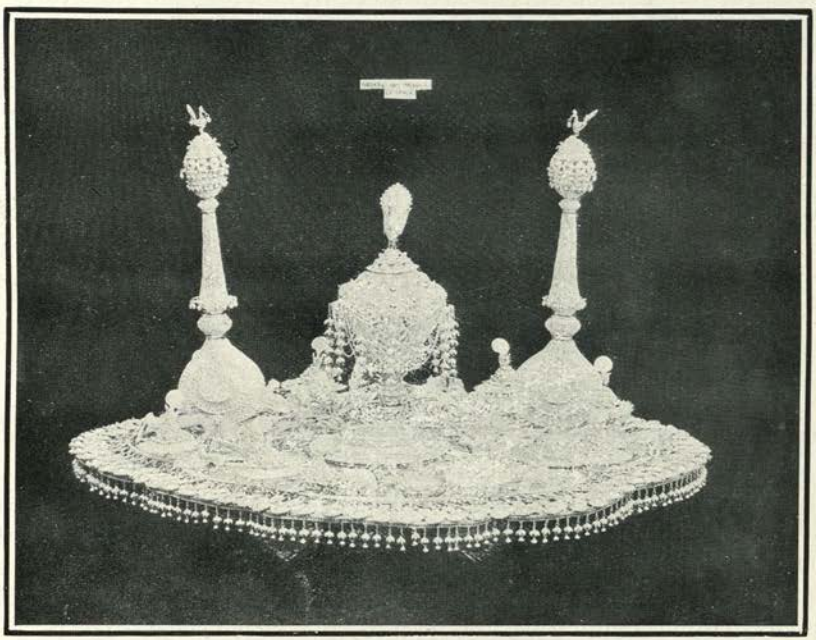
sional house where independent means has erected walls and many latticed windows—each street as like another as peas in a pod, and the whole as like unto any other Indian street in any other Bengal town as beads on a string.

The original name of Orissa's capital was Katak and meant a "Seat of Empire," for Cuttack has been a sovereign city since the tenth century, and it was in the old Fort of Cuttack that the Mahrattas made their last stand when Britain set out to conquer the land in 1803. The ruins of this fort are the most poignant relic of Cuttack's past might. Ruined and half demolished, the walls which still stand in their four feet of granite strength show what mighty protection they once afforded, while the lowering gate which leads into the old fort is a sinister remembrance of the effort which

GROUP OF CEREMONIAL DANCERS AT CUTTACK.

Britain was forced to make ere she entered the walls as conqueror. This fort was built by Makunda Devi between 1560 and 1568 and is known as the Fort of Baraluti. It was a towering edifice of grey granite, contained nine great courtyards and bore a distinct resemblance to the noble structure of Windsor Castle. Relics which include fragmentary carvings, the remains of huge silver chandeliers and ornaments have been recovered from the site, and there is evidence that in the days of Makunda Devi, the last independent Hindu king of Orissa, it was a practically invincible stronghold and a palace of royal pretensions. The English conquest of it was not bloodless. At early dawn in October 1803 the British force attacked the Mahrattas who held it. For five or six hours the attack lasted—then the stronghold was abandoned by the defenders and the heaps of dead showed that their resist-

ance had been valourous. For many years afterwards Cuttack was a British military station. The old fort has been converted into the local club, and tennis, tea and gossip now prevail where the king of Cuttack held his court and the Mahrattas made their last struggle. But for the vandalism of the Public Works Department the fort would even now be in a tolerable state of preservation, but the Public Works officials have had great quantities of the blue granite which composed the fortress removed for the False Point, and other lighthouses.



CUTTACK FILIGREE WORK IN GOLD AND SILVER IS FAMED THROUGHOUT INDIA.

Cuttack has one famous and characteristic industry—its gold and silver filigree work. For many centuries this art work has been prized in India, and buried amongst the unheeded treasures in many old Indian palaces are marvellous achievements of this art. Although the skill of the Cuttack workers is not so wonderfully exquisite as in past centuries, yet the work executed is quite wonderful considering that the workshops and tools are the most primitive imaginable. The amount of silver in one rupee can be drawn out to one hundred and twenty feet in length and this fragile wire is then coiled and arranged into position in the most intricate and delicate designs. Some of the filigree ornaments are a perfect cobweb of meshed

wires and can only be appreciatively regarded with a microscope. This filigree work has a considerable sale and is exported to Bombay, Calcutta, Madras, Mauritius, Cutch, Delhi, etc., but in common with the ancient arts of India, it is declining and but a few hundred families in Cuttack are now engaged in it, while two centuries ago the workers numbered thousands. The district was also once as famous as Dacca for wonderful hand-woven muslins, those fine webs of cloth which the poets of the day called woven moonshine and running water. This industry is now absolutely extinct, killed by the introduction of coarse, cheap cloth of foreign manufacture.

The Oriyas of the Cuttack district are officially described as being, in general, both ignorant and priest-ridden, effeminate and fond of intrigue, not so subtle-minded as a Bengali, but possessing more faithfulness, more gratitude, more honour. Having been for centuries oppressed by conscienceless conquerors they are to some extent still cowed, but the efforts of the British to educate them and restore their old confidence of character have not been without result, and year by year the better class Oriya is responding to the encouragement of Government and proving himself worthy of positions of trust and responsibility.

PURI.

A Place of Hindu Pilgrimage—Bengal's Seaside Resort—The Shrine of Lord Jaggernath—The Great Car Festival—The Sun Pillar.

In the south of the district of Orissa and bordering on the Bay, is the town of Puri, famous the world over for the wonderful temple of the great god Jaggernath—the shrine which has been for centuries the resort of hundreds of thousands of Hindu pilgrims annually and which succeeding monarchs magnified until it became the great pile which stands to-day. The town is separated from the sea by low sandy ridges, and besides the native town, it has a few bungalows built for the European officials, and the wealthy, who go there for a change of air. It is gradually undergoing a transformation, and numerous houses suitable for Europeans are being built near the seaside.

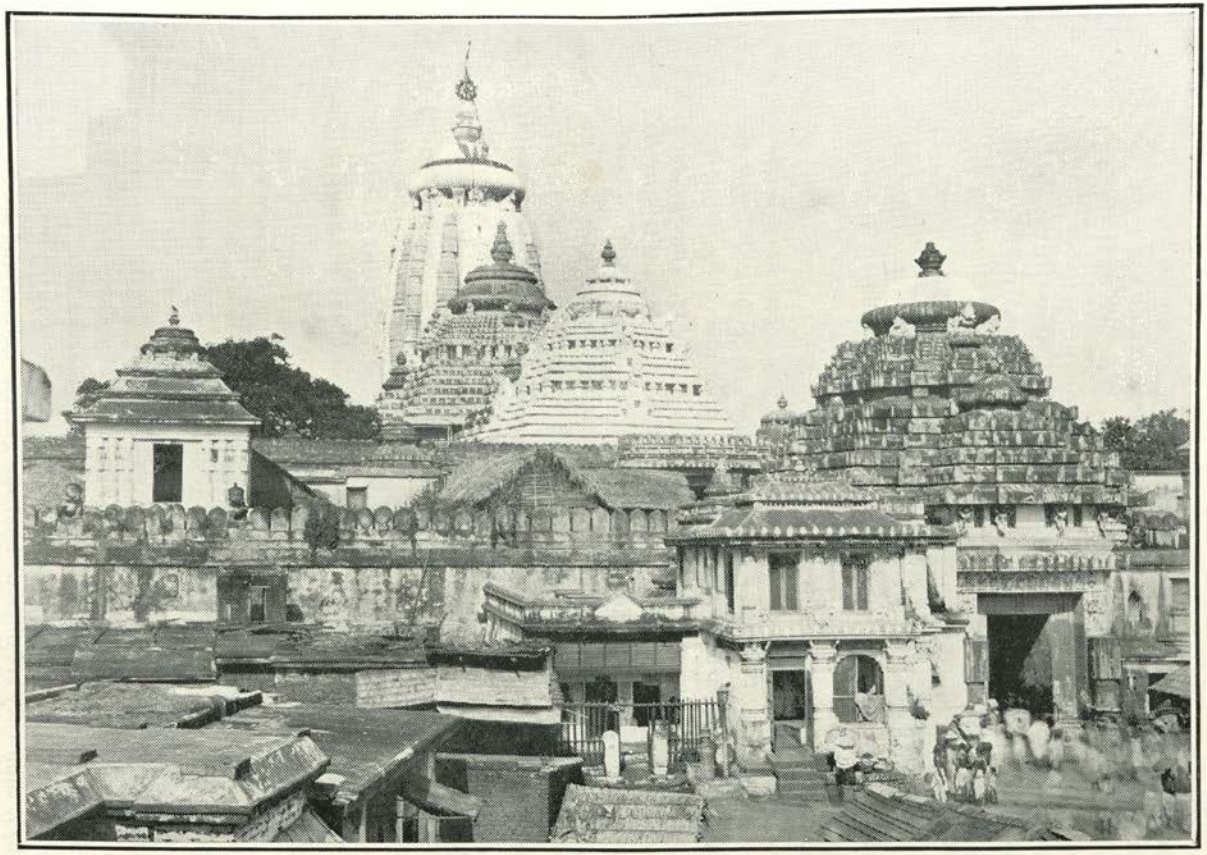
To wake, after a seemingly interminable train journey, in the early morning and hear the booming of surf, smell the salty freshness of the wind and behold banks of cleanly yellow beach sand hemming the horizon, is an experience which a Calcutta dweller, staled with the infinite monotony of hilless land and tideless air, can thoroughly appreciate. And to the train

THE TEMPLE OF JAGGERNATH AND BAZAAR AT PURI.

traveller this is the first revelation of Puri-by-the-Sea, which is practically Bengal's one and only watering place. From the railway station no sea is visible, but twenty minutes trundling in a tonga through avenues of fir trees and hedges of cactus, brings the haven of a hotel in view and the great azure ocean breaks upon the horizon. And, although India lies seething close by, Conservative India, tranced in her traditions and religions, dominated by the great spire of Jaggernath's temple, at the beach the spell ends, the old immortal sea is the beginning of other things, is an outpost of home to every alien.

Away out of sight and sound of the sea stands what the Hindu regards as the jewel of Puri—the wonderful shrine of Lord Jaggernath, kindliest and most powerful among the Hindu gods. The sacred enclosure of the temple is in the form of a square 652 feet long and 630 feet broad. The interior is protected from the public by a massive stone wall 20 feet high. Within are about 120 small temples dedicated to the various Hindu gods, but the largest of all belongs to Jaggernath himself. Its conical tower rises like a carved sugar loaf 192 feet high, surmounted by the "Mystic Wheel" and "Flag of Vishnu," and black with time. Outside the principal entrance, or "Lion Gate," is the square where the pilgrims chiefly throng—and close by stands an exquisite monolithic pillar which stood for centuries before the "Temple of the Sun," twenty miles up the coast. The Jaggernath's special abode consists of four chambers communicating with each other—the "Hall of Offerings," the "Pillared Hall" for the musicians and dancing girls, the "Hall of Audience," and the Sanctuary itself, containing rude images of Jaggernath, his brother Balabhadra, and his sister Subhadra. Jaggernath is represented without arms.

For many years the European mind has pictured Jaggernath as a demonic monster who demands the torture and death of his devotees. Thousands of English school children have been taught that the misguided Hindu mothers throw their infants under the wheels of Jaggernath's car and that his progress in the famous car is an orgie of slaughter and torment. Concerning the present and immediate past, at least, these statements are grossly untrue. Jaggernath, as interpreted by his pious priests, is a god of kindly tolerance, abhorring the sight of blood, debarring from his temple all beings who earn their bread by taking the life of fish, flesh or fowl, accepting sacrifices only of fruit, flowers and jewels. Such then is the Jaggernath of to-day, but if the record of the first Englishman ever known to have visited Puri be believable, the worship of the "Lord of the Universe"



Another View of the Jaggernath Temple, Puri.

was not ever of so mild a character. Apart from miracles and legends it is a stupendous and unique fact that within Jaggernath's temples, the rigorous caste distinctions of India are obliterated and all men meet for worship on the same material and moral plane. In olden days, the sun was almost universally worshipped throughout Orissa and from that primitive religion was slowly evolved the worship of Vishnu, Radha, Krishna and Jaggernath. In the earliest dawn of Indian history we are told that the great tooth of Buddha remained for centuries in Puri.

Jaggernath, the great god whose tower dominates the City of Puri and whose sanctity hallows the earth within a radius of ten miles has had an eventful existence. The idol is believed to have been several times sunk under the waters of the Chilka Lakes, to have been carried away by Mogul invaders and only rescued by supernatural aid, and to have been for many years lost in the jungles of Orissa. This wonderful god Jaggernath, who counts his pilgrims by hundreds of thousands and whose influence is paramount over the greater part of Bengal, is in reality, a misshapen and rude image roughly hewn from a log, with stumps for arms and blurred features. His brother and sister are as crudely made, but the defects in their fashioning are hidden on festival days by priceless robes of brocade and cloth-of-gold, while chains of jewels are twisted wherever there is space. For Jaggernath's shrine is one of the richest in Bengal, the temple treasuries are filled with priceless silk embroideries, gold work, and jewels and in the libraries are historical records of which the value is incalculable. It is a noteworthy fact that the celebrated diamond, the Koh-i-noor was bequeathed to Jaggernath's temple by Ranjit Singh in 1839, but through intervention the jewel did not become a part of Jaggernath's riches. A diamond of fiery lustre and great worth is set in the middle of the idol's forehead and some of his other gems are both historical and of supreme value.

The devotion of centuries has made Jaggernath a very wealthy god. His income varies from ten to twelve lakhs a year in land-rents and offerings. The attendants on the god are divided into seven classes, the head of whom is the Raja of Puri, the representative of the ancient Royal House of Orissa—he is the sweeper of Juggernath—there are the decorators of the idol, priests who look after the wardrobe ; cooks, dancing girls, grooms and artisans of every sort ; the dancing girls are about three thousand in number. Every morning the idols are bathed, rubbed with spices, and radiantly robed, then they are offered food on golden salvers and dancing girls and musicians are called for the god's amusement. The food is afterwards sold

THE PASSING OF THE JAGGERNATH CAR, PURI.

The streets are densely crowded with a passionate throng who prostrate themselves before the god and shriek in jubilant fervour.

to pilgrims, who regard it as sacred from having been offered to Jaggernath, and thus considerable revenue accrues to the temple. Pilgrims also make offerings and if a family visits the famous shrine nothing less than Rs. 5 will be paid in offerings in addition to sweets and flowers. Wealthy pilgrims frequently donate thousands of rupees to the temple.

During the great Car Festival, which usually takes place just before the rains, more than a hundred thousand people flock there, and before the most stringent sanitary arrangements mitigated the evil, it was a centre of disease caused from over-crowding and want. The great car is 45 feet in height and 35 feet square, and is supported on 16 wheels of 7 feet diameter. The brother and sister of Jaggernath have separate cars a few feet smaller. When the sacred images are brought forth and put into the cars, thousands fall on their knees and bow to the ground, then the vast multitude surge forward and drag the cars down the broad street which leads to the country house of the Lord Jaggernath, less than a mile distant. Music of all kinds, drums, and cymbals, strike upon all sides, the people shout, and the priests harangue the multitude with coarse allusions which are received with roars of laughter from the multitude. This festival represents a little jaunt Jaggernath makes to his country house, in which he wished to be accompanied only by his sister Subhadra, but fearing to arouse the jealousy of his wife, he is obliged to ask his brother Balabhadra to accompany them. The cars are so enormously heavy that the wheels sink into the sand of the road, and it takes days to reach the end of the journey. At first the pilgrims are all eagerness to draw the car, and thousands who have never been accustomed to exposure or exertion drag at the heavy ropes with all the fervour of religious fanaticism, but they soon tire, and were it not for the four thousand regular paid car-pullers, the car would be left. Naturally in the crush and excitement of the first rush to the ropes, many are thrown down and trodden on, and perhaps a few, suffering from all the ills that flesh is heir to, may occasionally cast themselves under the wheels. Still it is not a regular thing for people to throw themselves beneath the car, for Jaggernath, as previously mentioned, is above all a bloodless God, and does not approve of self-immolation. Very few, save the priests, know all the mysteries of the sacrifices which go on inside the walls of the temple. The grove to which the Jaggernath is driven also contains a temple, covered with obscene effigies and carvings, and there he spends a fortnight every year. It was on the return journeys, after the festival before the advent of railways, that thousands of pilgrims perished. They found

the rivers and streams in flood, and had to wait weeks for a boat to carry them across. Hundreds died upon the roadside from exposure to the rains

THE ENTRANCE AT JAGGERNATH'S GARDEN HOUSE, PURI.
To this garden-house the god journeys on the occasion of the great Car Festival.

and want of food. Thus the annual sacrifice to the car of Jaggernath used to be computed as quite 10,000.

THE SUN PILLAR, AND THE ENTRANCE TO THE FAMOUS JAGGERNATH TEMPLE, PURI.

The great dark pillar before the entrance to the Puri Jaggernath temple perpetuates the idea of the Sun's sanctity. The pillar is known as the Sun pillar and in its slender towering height is strongly reminiscent of Nelson's pillar in Trafalgar Square. Around this pillar gather grain sellers, flower and fruit vendors, money changers and others, and of all that stream of people ceaselessly flowing through the narrow, dark doorway which leads into the sanctuary of the god, scarce one refrains from buying some offering, for to approach Jaggernath empty-handed is to insult him profoundly. Jewels and money are laid before him by the wealthy, flowers and fruits by the poor. Into the dark doorway they press,—those believers in Jaggernath—pilgrim, priest, herdsman and prince; women, infants, the aged, the crippled, the youthful, the happy, and those wearied unto death, into the grimy doorway impelled by that ceaseless endeavour towards immortality which dominates all human life.

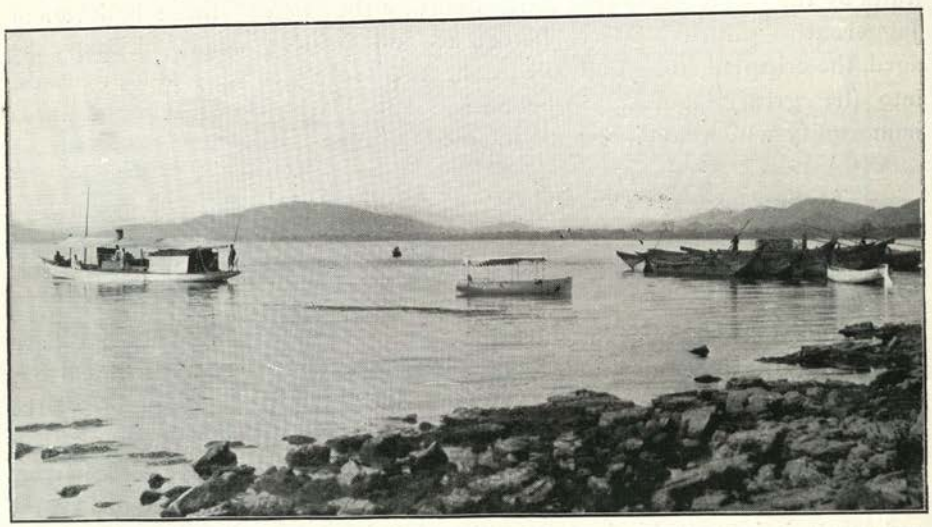
CHILKA LAKE.

AN INLAND SEA—THE REED FOREST—A PARADISE FOR SPORTSMEN.

The Chilka Lake in which the great god Jaggernath is said to have three times found a watery abiding place, is, in reality, a shallow, inland sea, situated in the south-east of the Puri District, Orissa, and extending into the Madras District of Ganjam. A long, sandy ridge, in places not more than 200 yards wide, separates it from the Bay of Bengal and a single narrow mouth, cut through the sandy ridge, connects it with the sea. On the west and south, it is walled in by lofty hills, while in the north, it tosses itself in endless hollows, sedgy banks, and islands just peeping above the surface, formed year by year from the silt which the rivers bring down. The lake spreads out into an expanse of water 44 miles long. The average breadth of the northern part is 22 miles, while the southern half tapers into an irregular curve barely five miles wide. The average depth is from three to five feet, but scarcely anywhere exceeding six feet. The narrow stream which connects the lake with the sea, keeps the water salt from December to June; but once the rains set in and the rivers come pouring down upon its northern extremity, the sea water is gradually driven out, and the Chilka passes through various stages of brackishness, until it almost becomes a fresh-water lake. The Chilka might almost be called a gulf of the Bay of Bengal. On the south, a bold, barren spur of hills runs down to the coast. On the north, the land making rivers have pushed out their rounded mouths and flat deltas into the

ocean. Nor has the sea been idle; but meeting and overmastering the languid river-discharge that enters the Chilka, it has joined the two promontories with a bar of sand, and thus formed a lake.

The scenery of the Chilka is very varied. In the south and west, hill ranges bound its shores; and this part is dotted with a number of small rocky islands. One of these is the famous "Breakfast Island" a small room and a tower, the same size as the island, built in the days of John Company. The miles and miles of this wonderful inland sea fill the casual traveller with



View of the Chilka Lake.

a pleasant surprise, but the impression soon fades. It is practically deserted by all but fisherfolk, and yet, a hundred years ago, the banks of the Chilka at Rambha was the resort of some of the smartest folk from Calcutta and Madras. Midway across the Chilka lake is Nalbana, literally, "the reed forest," an island about 5 miles in circumference, scarcely anywhere rising more than a few inches above the water-level. This island is uninhabited, but is regularly visited by parties of thatchers from the mainland, who cut the reeds and high grass with which it is entirely covered. On the east side are the Islands of Parikud; the northern sides of these islands slope gracefully down to the lake like an English park, dotted with fine trees, and backed by noble masses of foliage. Salt manufacture is largely carried on here.

Water-fowl, and in the winter enormous quantities of duck, are to be found in every part of the lake. Parties of sportsmen come down for duck shooting regularly. Black buck and other varieties of deer are also common on the islands and on the shores, while larger game can be had among the hills. The lake abounds in all kinds of fish, especially in prawns and crabs. Oysters, too, are found towards the sea; these are supposed to produce an inferior kind of pearl. It is a paradise for the angler, provided he can find a spot away from the traps of the prawn-catchers. A beautiful canal, 7 miles long, connects the Chilka with Ganjam. It was built as a relief work during the terrible famine of 1866, when the whole district was destroyed by floods. This canal is supposed to be an ideal spot for the angler.

A few travellers' bungalows are to be found along the shores, but the chief residence is that of the Raja of Kallikota, at Rambha, who also has a house on the Island of Borakud, in the middle of the lake and in the midst of the most exquisite scenery. It was here, before he became Viceroy, Lord Curzon was heard to exclaim that he thought the view from the house the finest in India.

BEHAR.

THE CRADLE OF BUDDHISM—TOMB OF SHAH MAKHDUM—BUDDH GAYA, OR MAHA BODHI—GAUTAMA—ANCIENT TEMPLES—THE "TREE OF WISDOM"—EMPEROR ASOKA—ARCHÆOLOGICAL RESEARCH.

Behar, situated on the Panchana river, is the headquarters of the Behar sub-division of the Patna District, and is supposed to have been the capital of the ancient kingdom of Magadha soon after the commencement of the Christian era, but its early history is involved in obscurity. The kings of Magadha were at one time the lords paramount of India, their court being traditionally represented as one of the most brilliant in the East. But the ancient province of Behar is chiefly interesting as having been, six centuries before the Christian era, the cradle of Buddhism. Numerous buildings and sculptures of great antiquity and interest found throughout the province show how firmly the religion of Gautama had established itself in this part of India. The province takes its name from "Vihara," meaning a Buddhist monastery. The city of Behar contains several ancient mosques and tombs and the ruins of an old fort covering more than three hundred acres of ground. On the south bank of the river the tomb of Shah Makhdum is resorted to by many thousands of Mahomedans, once a year a large fair being held on the occasion.

SMALL "STUPAS" AT BUDDH GAYA.

Few travellers in India turn their steps in the direction of this spot sacred to a lost faith—lost as far as India proper is concerned—in contra-distinction to Burma, or Further India, where it is the prevailing religion, though elsewhere in Asia it counts its votaries by hundreds of millions. Buddh Gaya, as is well known, is the spot where Gautama Buddha, during the course of his wanderings after leaving his father's kingdom, rested and meditated for some years and where, as Buddhists express it, he finally "obtained enlightenment." To Buddhists all over the Buddhist world, it is the great centre of their faith.

The buildings at Buddh Gaya owe their existence to the Emperor Asoka, who ruled in Northern India from 272 to 236 B.C., and who was grandson to Chandragupta—the Sandrocottus of the Greek historians, and founder of the Maurya dynasty. Asoka, becoming early in his reign a convert to Buddhism, spared no efforts in spreading that faith to the most remote parts of his kingdom and even beyond it. He also built at what is now known as Buddh Gaya, or Maha Bodhi, numerous "viharas" and other monuments in honour of the spot where, sitting under the shade of a "pipal" tree, ever after known to his followers as the "Bodhi" or "Tree of Wisdom," Gautama became the Buddh or "The Enlightened One."

The extent of Buddh Gaya was at one time much greater than it now is, and the Chinese traveller, Hwen Thsang, who in the 7th century visited the spot, leaves an interesting account of it, as it then was. He tells us that "the 'Bodhi' tree is surrounded by a brick wall, and is about five hundred paces round. Within the wall sacred traces touch one another in all directions. In one place are 'stupas,' in another 'viharas,' in the middle of the enclosure is the 'Bodhi' tree under which is a diamond throne called Bodhimanda. On this Buddha sat and attained the holy path of wisdom."

The whole place is eloquent of the founder and of the long-gone splendour of Indian Buddhism. The temple itself, a characteristic and shapely structure, stands upon the spot where the original shrine was erected by the Emperor Asoka, and portions of that monarch's beautiful carved stone railing (one of the finest archæological remains and perhaps the most ancient sculptured monument in India) may be seen standing in the position which it originally occupied nearly 2,100 years ago. The celebrated "Tree of Wisdom" has long ago disappeared, but a lineal descendant of the famous fig is now within the courtyard of the great temple and is reverenced

as the sacred tree itself both by Hindus and Buddhists, many of the latter coming from Nepal, Burma and Ceylon on pilgrimage to the holy spot. Remains of all the ancient dwellings mentioned by Hwen Thsang as well as fragments, very much decayed, of the holy "pipal" tree, were found during the excavations. It is owing to the exertions of that most indefatigable archæologist, General Sir A. Cunningham, that anything of Buddh Gaya is left—above ground at least—as for many years it was buried deep in the soil, and it was not till the "sixties" of the last century that at his instigation clearings were begun there under the superintendence of Major Beale, the work being finished in the later "seventies."

ASOKA'S TEMPLE, BUDDH GAYA.

GAUR and PANDUA.

OLD-TIME CAPITALS OF BENGAL—ANCIENT TOWER—THE ADINA MOSQUE—THE IMAMBARA.

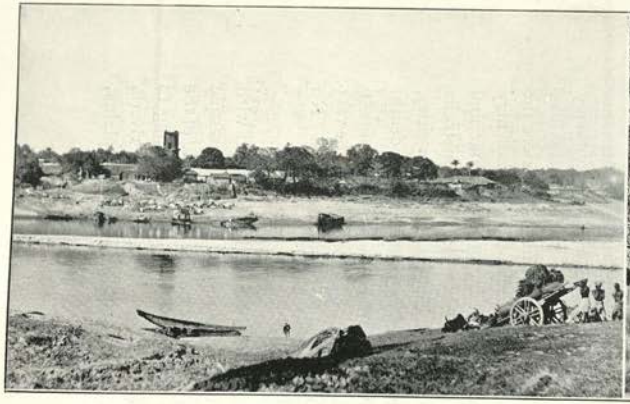
Hidden away in a now remote corner of Bengal stand the picturesque ruins of the once famous cities of Pandua and Gaur, the successive capitals of the Mahomedan rulers of that fertile land. Not many years back the buildings were overgrown with jungle. Their form and shape were merged in an all-pervading tangle of forest trees and tropical creepers, while history relates that the only inhabitants were tigers, pelicans and rock pythons. The place was difficult and dangerous of access, and none but the enthusiast in ancient architecture or the Government officials of the district attempted to penetrate beyond the outer fringe. For nearly four centuries the banyan tree

had reigned supreme in this desolate region, and slowly but surely pushing its tender shoots into the interstices of the masonry had proved as destructive as the iconoclast's hammer.

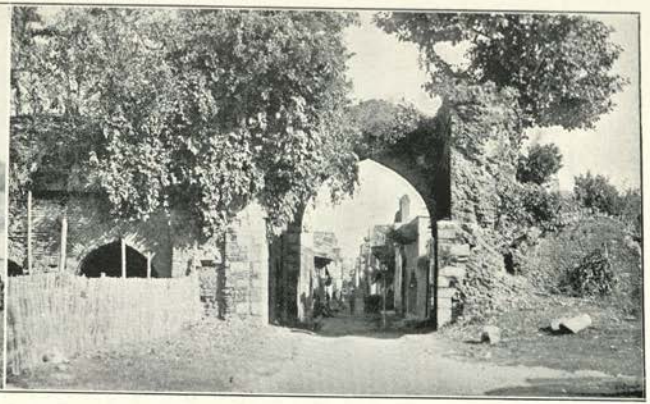
Gaur, the earlier of the two cities, is supposed to have been built on a site of the ancient metropolis of Bengal under its Hindu kings, but its origin and history are lost in the labyrinths of conjecture. Its ascertained history begins with the Mahomedan conquest in 1240 A.D., though the partially obliterated sculptures on blocks of stone embedded in the walls of mosque and mausoleum are conspicuously Hindu. When the Afghan kings of Bengal established their independence of Delhi they transferred the seat of government from Gaur to Pandua, and for their new capital ruthlessly plundered Gaur. Later on, when Bengal was reconquered by Akbar's generals, Gaur was again made the seat of government, but was almost immediately after finally deserted owing to a pestilence which carried away the general, the victorious army and almost the entire countryside (1575 A.D.).

From time to time small sums of money had been spent and spasmodic efforts made by the Bengal Government to arrest the desolation which threatened to wipe out all signs of previous habitation, but with little result. Some few years ago, however, the late Sir John Woodburn, Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, visited the ruins, and by a fairly liberal grant of money and much personal interest rescued these monuments of our predecessors from complete obliteration. The denizens of the jungle have fled before the strokes of the woodman's axe and the mason's hammer, and the visitor may now wander under corridors of lofty Saracenic arches, by broken pillar and desolate pulpit and, through ruined cloisters, peer into the sombre penetralia of domed mausolea, fit emblems of a dead past. Like most Indian cities, Pandua and Gaur have been the scene of battle, murder, and sudden death. Plundered by its own kings, repeatedly besieged and more than once taken by storm, of the walls, forts and palaces little is left, and nothing in the vast ruin tells of the life that pulsated through these once populous cities. No secular monument intrudes on church or tomb.

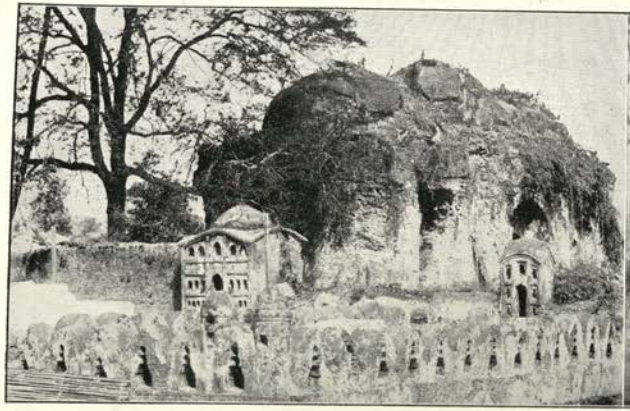
Crossing a broad sheet of water at the confluence of the Kalindri with the Mahanadi we land within about one hundred yards of the picturesque gateway of the old Fort of Malda. Looking back across the "Meeting of the Waters" a striking object in the landscape is a tower, which, according to local tradition, was built as a watch-tower when pirates infested these rivers. From the fort the road to Pandua runs for ten miles through flat plains,



"The Meeting of the Waters."



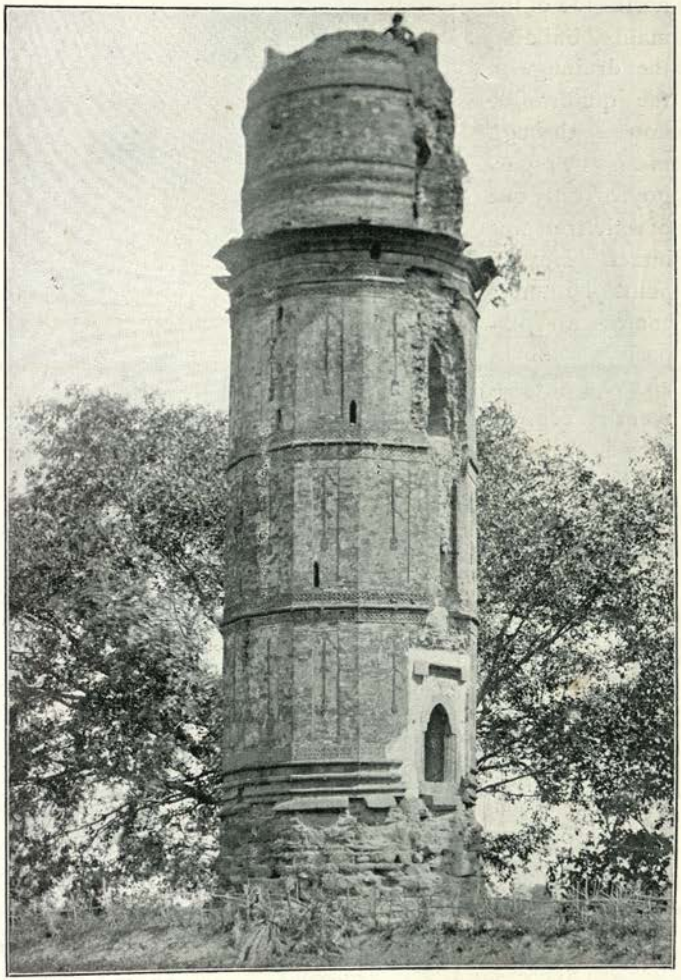
The Old Fort at Malda.



An ancient Mahomedan Graveyard.

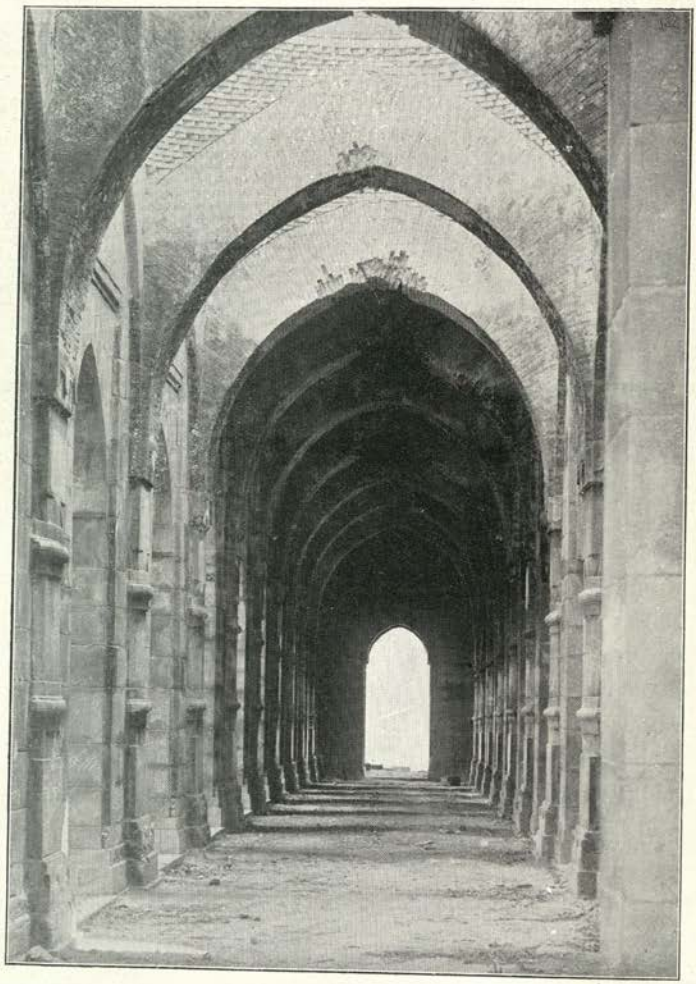
The Eklaki Tomb (15th Century A.D.).

and there is little to suggest the extent of the old city except perhaps at long intervals a solitary segment of the great walls, a heap of masonry debris or the crumbling ruins of a lofty arch. Nearing Pandua a primitive graveyard claims attention. And not till a turn in the road brings one into full view of the imposing façade of the great Adina mosque is it realised that there is something more tangible than fancy to dwell upon Built by Sikander Shah in 707 of the Mahomedan era (1307 A.D.) the Adina mosque is said to be the most remarkable example of Pathan architecture which exists. Extending nearly 500 feet from north to south and 300 feet from east to west, the building forms a great quadrangle surrounded by massive walls which support what is left of the ruined cloisters. The mosque proper, now cleared of debris, is in a wonderful state of preservation, and the highly polished pillars and arches are most beautiful specimens of the Indo-Saracenic style.



Tower of Feroz Shah, Gaur.

From the floor of the mosque below, a flight of steps, recently restored, ascends to the Royal Chapel, which is raised on massive columns 8 feet above the floor. This chapel has been recently repaired, the original flooring having fallen in. Through an archway the royal worshippers commanded a view of the pulpit, beside which a niche, elaborately ornamented in black marble, indicates the direction of Mecca. The great nave, now roofless, is of magnificent proportions and grandly picturesque in its decay. On the north side of the main building the drainage of the quadrangle flowed through monster gargoyles, only one of which remains intact. Next in point of interest comes an imposing tomb of the early fifteenth century period, with a frontage of 80 feet. Inside, three humble stucco cenotaphs occupy the centre of the floor, the dome is spacious, but the interior is disappointing. Of Gaur, which was despoiled to make the more recent capital of Pandua, little of



CORRIDOR WITHIN THE GOLDEN MOSQUE, GAUR.

TOMB OF THE AFGHAN SHER SHAH WHO DEFEATED HUMAYUN, SASARAM, SHAHABAD, BENGAL, 1545 A.D.

outward and visible interest remains; but the Tower of Feroze Shah, the Golden Mosque and the Imambara still redeem it from complete extinction. The Imambara is a massive rectangular building of brick faced with stone, built by Nazrath Shah in the fifteenth century A. D. and stands in a quadrangle 200 feet square. One very beautiful corridor in an almost perfect state of preservation, and an imposing but ruined gateway, faintly recall the glory of this beautiful building. The forts and strongholds which once covered the land have passed away with the advent of the *Pax Britannica* and the labour expended on palace, mosque and mausoleum has long since been diverted into the channel of progress.

SASARAM.

THE TOMB OF SHER SHAH, EMPEROR OF DELHI.

Sasaram, in the Shahabad district, and situated on the Grand Trunk Road some sixty miles south of Arrah, has much declined in importance of late years. It is noted as containing the tomb of the Afghan, Sher Shah, who conquered Humayun 1545 A. D. and subsequently became Emperor of Delhi. The tomb, which is in a wonderful state of preservation, is in a mausoleum at the west end of the town within a large tank. The tomb itself consists of an octagonal hall surrounded by an arcade which forms a gallery. The acoustic properties of the great dome produce weird effects. Sasaram is on the Gaya-Moghul-Sarai section of the East Indian Railway and was visited by Lord Curzon when Viceroy of India. The ornamental stucco work on some of the kiosks and cupolas was restored and repairs within the tomb executed as a result of this visit.

The history of Sher, the Afghan, forms an interesting episode in an interesting period of Indian History. When Humayun, eldest son of Baber, succeeded to his troublesome inheritance, he marched from Gujerat to the eastern provinces and having reduced Chunar, entered Bengal. He conferred the government of Behar and Bengal on his regent, Sher Afghan, on his paying a slight tribute in acknowledgment of dependence. By an act of perfidy, however, Sher defeated Humayun, who became a fugitive in the land. Sher then assumed the imperial title of Shah, reduced the provinces to obedience, and it is said that "no Government, not even the British, has shown so much wisdom as the Pathan," but it was left for one of his British successors in the Government to visit and renovate his mausoleum.

THE HOLY HILL OF PARASNATH.

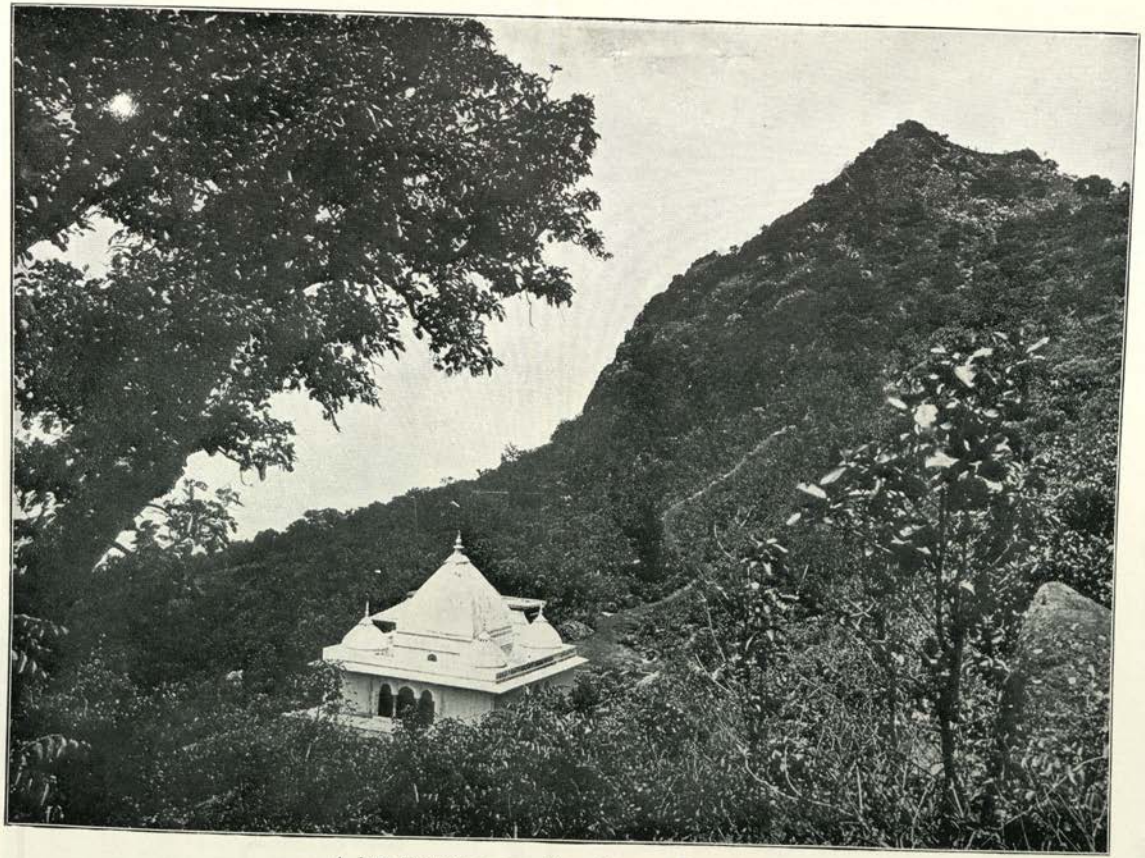
PARASNATH.

THE HOLY HILL—MECCA OF THE JAINS.

India is a mysterious country, and not the least of her mysteries is the "mystery of holy shrines," of which Parasnath in Chota Nagpur is the greatest and most blest in the eyes of the Jains. This sacred mountain rises nearly 5,000 feet above sea level, near the Hazaribagh plateau in Bengal. The picturesque temples which surmount so many of the great rocks and "kopjes" of India's plains, dominate the surrounding country in more than one way on the Holy Hill of Parasnath, a temple, or group of temples cluster on each prominent point. How easily a very little hint may enlarge the idea that the local deity is intimately connected with the forces of nature, which make or mar the fortunes of the year. Does the sun shine, a benign splendour radiates from the temple rock, and its shadow shields the sultry town; does the storm burst, it is from that same dread abode that the lightnings seem to flash, the terrible thunder environs it, and then perhaps, longed for streams of rain descend on all the sunbaked land. Some influence of the kind has, no doubt, assisted the Jain in his selection of the commanding heights of Parasnath as the Mecca of his religion, the holy place which each devotee aspires to visit ere he dies.

In the cold weather streams of pilgrims may be seen travelling along the road from Giridih, some on foot, some in "doolies" and some in that unique mode of conveyance, the "push-push" of Chota Nagpur. There is a good pathway to the top of the hill which latter still retains much of its old wild beauty. The summit is always in sight, a high, isolated peak on which the chief temple stands, an older one exists among the leafy foliage of the eastern ridge. It is held in much veneration and is said to be five hundred years old. Temples, shrines and rest houses for pilgrims, some near, some remote, are scattered along the way to the great temple at the summit, all must be visited by the devout, and as no one may spend a night upon the holy hill, it is a task of many days before the pilgrim has achieved his duty.

The Jains form an exclusive and refined sect, which though akin to Buddhism and Brahminism, is distinct from both; they may be considered as the modern equivalent of the Buddhist, though in India the more ancient cult has died out, or if it exists at all, it is an exotic introduced by learned cranks. The Jain religion in its close agreement with Buddhism has the same fatal flaw of atheism. It is a religion for the ascetic, there is nothing in it to sanctify the home and family life, it is not in accord with the practical callings of



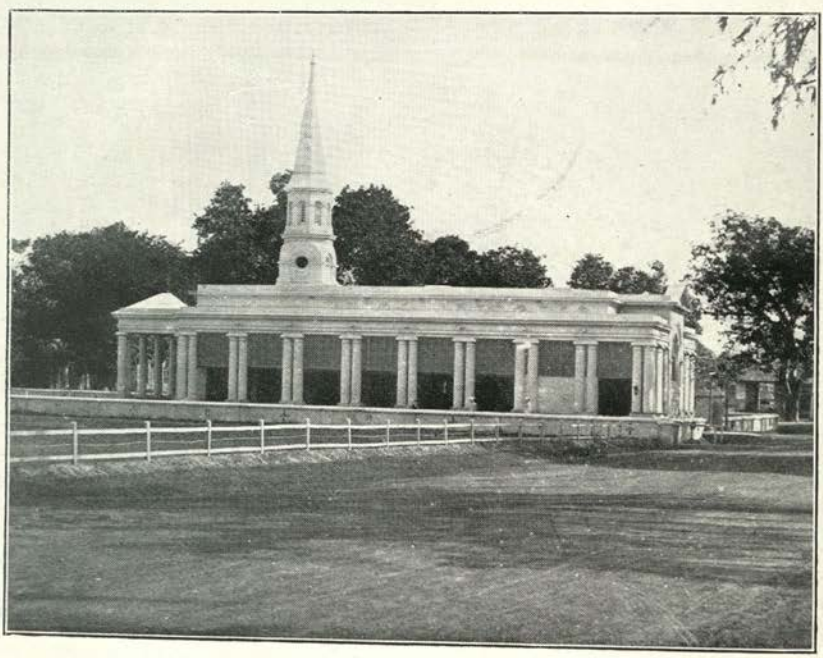
A Jain Temple on the Holy Hill of Parasnath.

a work-a-day world. Parasnath, in poetic language, is called the "Home of the Gods," but strictly speaking the Jain has no gods, his temples are built to enshrine some relic or to commemorate one of their saints. The Jain objection to destroying life, even in its most minute forms, is notorious and they have other admirable doctrines.

BARRACKPUR.

A Place of Peace—Sepoy Mutinies—Tomb of Lady Canning—Viceregal Residence.

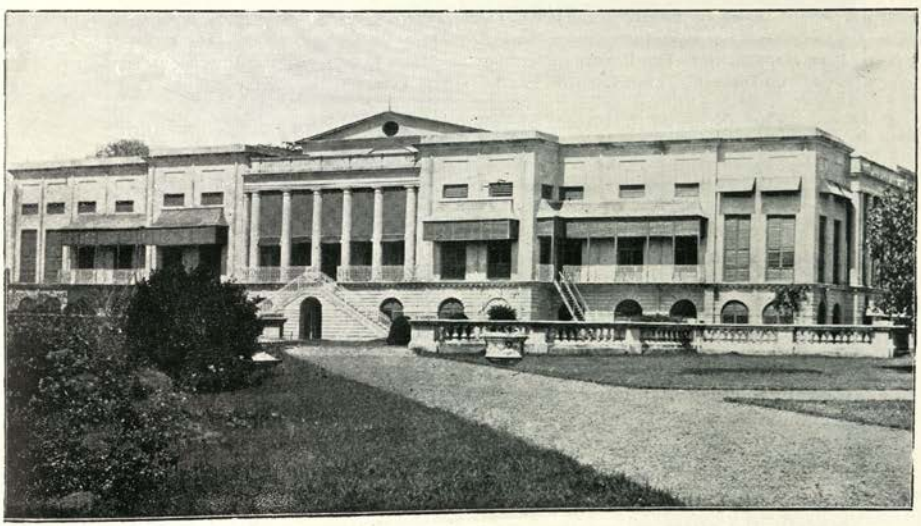
Barrackpur is situated on the river Hughli some fifteen miles distant from Calcutta. It has been described, and rightly so, as "a place of green peace, of majestic river, of grassy park-lands and patriarch trees." The native designation for the town is "Chanak," named after Job Charnock, the founder of Calcutta. The name Barrackpur is said to be derived from the fact of troops being stationed there. The town has played an important part in two sepoy mutinies, the first in 1824 when a regiment of Bengal Infantry stationed there and warned for active



St. Bartholomew's Church, Barrackpur.

service—the Burmese War—revolted, owing to false rumours as to a reverse to the British arms. Severe punishment was meted out to the regiment and its name removed from the Army List.

In 1857, the black year of the Mutiny, Barrackpur harboured a cloud which threatened to engulf the capital in massacre and spoliation. At the time when Delhi, Cawnpore and Allahabad were the scenes of indescribable horror, there were, in the barracks of Barrackpur, three and a half regiments of sepoys, fully armed and bitter for revolt. Another regiment lay at Fort William and only the prompt interference of the Highland regiment from Chinsurah, who marched in breathless haste to Barrackpur and disarmed the mutineers, prevented the union of the sepoy regiments and the repetition in Calcutta of the horrors of Cawnpore. Lord Canning, the steadfast pilot of the Empire, through those anguished months of the Mutiny, has left an indissoluble link with Barrackpur, for the body of his beloved wife lies at a bend of the river near Viceregal Lodge. Lady Canning's tomb is magnificent—the epitaph it bears was written by the bereaved Viceroy who survived her only seven months.



VICEREGAL LODGE, BARRACKPUR.

"Lord Wellesley, that man of magnificence, had the present Viceregal Lodge erected."

To the south of the cantonment is Barrackpur Park which is laid out with much taste, and is two hundred and fifty acres in extent; here golfers go on Saturdays to revel in one of the finest views to be obtained on this side of the Himalayas. In the distance the pillared church of St. Bartholomew lifts its spire. Within the park is the suburban residence of the Viceroy of India, built by Lord Wellesley. The first Lord Minto reigned at Barrackpur a few years after Lord Wellesley and exulted in the exquisite beauty of his home. "Barrackpore," he wrote, "is really delightful, and takes the sting out of India." But it was the "Father of Calcutta" who had first appreciated the quietness and calm and peace which a residence at "this delightful riverside village" afforded. And there, in 1689, Job Charnock built an unpretentious bungalow, and though no trace of it now exists, a visitor inspired by the spirit of these old-time associations and memories may find at Barrackpur, to-day, tucked away in modest seclusion amongst sheltering trees, a tiny hotel named after the famous Englishman whose name is writ large in the history of India's capital city.

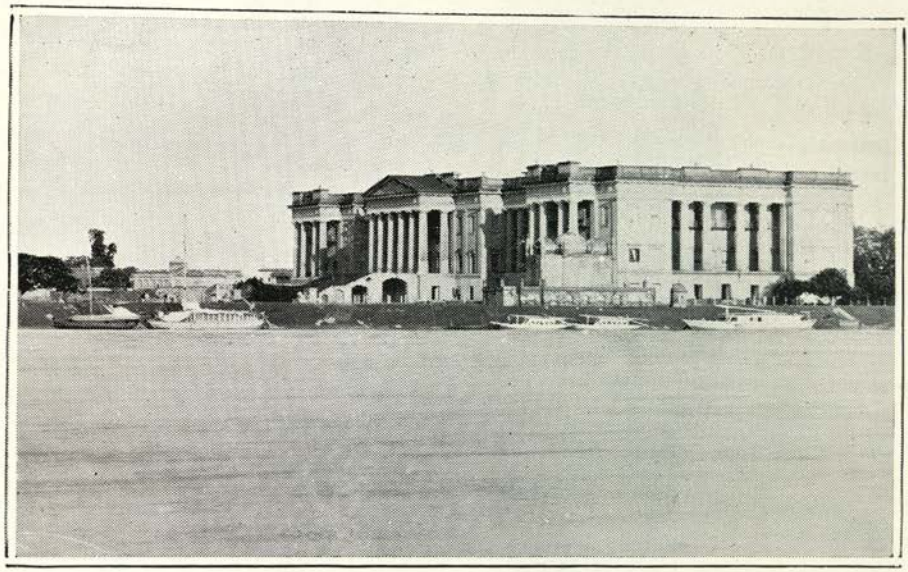
MURSHIDABAD.

Past Magnificence—The Palace—Residence of Meer Jaffar—Burial Place of Seraj-ud-Dowlah—The "Lake of Pearls"—The Great Gun—Katra Masjid.

The history of the city of Murshidabad is the history of Bengal during the 18th century. In the year 1772 it ceased to be Bengal's last independent capital, to-day it lies idle, empty, ruinous, and saddening beyond all description. In row after row of shops but two or three will be tenanted, in street after street of pretentious dwellings but half a dozen will be habitable, amongst scores of mosques but half a dozen are in use, while the jungle is creeping slowly into the very heart of old Murshidabad, blotting out even the ruins. One-and-a-half centuries ago the city extended for miles along the river and its streets and bazaars were thronged with merchants and their wares, now but a small community of villagers and a few descendants of princely houses dwell amid the ghostly memories of the city which was Murshidabad the "Magnificent," the "Queen of Bengal," the "Paradise of Nations." Current tradition ascribes to Murshidabad enchanted palaces, ghostly cavalcades, and wailing spirits, and surely a city was never more fitly haunted. It is now less a city than a sepulchre, a vast tomb, crumbling beneath the stress of weather, strangling amid the tenacious onslaught of the jungle.

Of industries it has practically none. Murshidabad silk is made in the vicinity, a few dozen people weave baskets and mats, a score mould images from mud and paint them vividly, the remainder plough and sow and move torpidly amid the deathlike stillness which has silenced the mirth and rejoicing and the murmurings of dark deeds, which were the voice of Murshidabad in the days of Plassey.

Amid the grey desolation of Murshidabad, the palace and its surroundings stand out vividly as the one scene which upholds the tradition of



THE MAGNIFICENT PALACE OF THE NAWABS OF MURSHIDABAD.

old dominion. The Palace of the Nawabs is, indeed, magnificent ; a fitting residence for the direct descendant of the ruler of Bengal, Behar and Orissa. It took ten years in building and was completed in 1837 at a cost of £167,000. The grounds are walled about strongly and great gateways give access to the Palace, which is built after the style of Government House, Calcutta, and is justly esteemed one of the grandest mansions in Bengal. The treasures it contains are famous, the armoury, library and picture gallery being perhaps unique in their collection of priceless objects, while the Record Room contains treaties and letters bearing the signatures of the Emperors of Delhi, Lord Clive, Warren Hastings and others. The Throne Room is

remarkable for its magnificent silver candelabra of one hundred and fifty branches presented to the present Nawab by Queen Victoria, and the two great marble thrones which are used only on State occasions. In the Drawing Room are couches and chairs of solid ivory, vases of gold and silver, exquisite

H. H. THE NAWAB OF MURSHIDABAD,

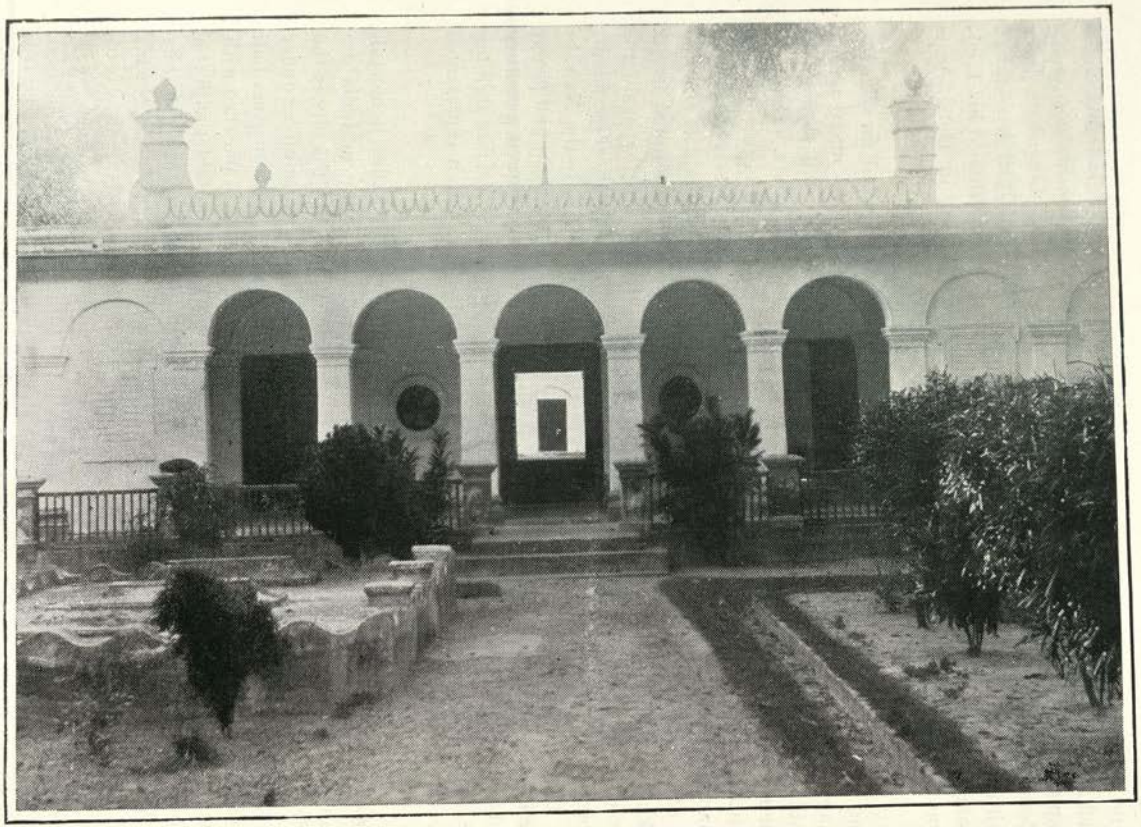
Who is acknowledged the premier noble of the Provinces of Bengal, Behar and Orissa
He is seen wearing the Order of the K. C. S. I., which mark of Royal favour was
bestowed on the occasion of the last New Year's honours.

statuary, and an immense picture presented by King William IV to the great-grand-father of the present Nawab. The Palace Dining Hall is a stately apartment, 189 feet in length, floored with the finest marble and contains many pictures and ornaments, while in another room the collection of china would be the despair of authorities did they but behold it.

In ruins, legends and historic associations the city of Murshidabad is rich. When in the year 1704, Dacca was dethroned from her position as capital of Bengal, Behar and Orissa, Murshid Kuli Khan—Guardian of the Country, Promoter of the State, Helper in War, The Defender—moved with his court from Dacca to Murshidabad, and there established his kingdom. At this time the Emperor Aurungzeb was reigning in Delhi, Anne was England's sovereign and Marlborough was the hero of the hour.

Job Charnock was dead, and while Calcutta struggled for security, and slowly built up old Fort William, Murshidabad leaped into supreme magnificence and power, her wealth and glory were renowned throughout India, her rulers built like emperors and reigned as autocrats. Dacca, at the noontide of her power had not one tithe of the majesty and might which centred in Murshidabad. When Clive entered the city, after Plassey had changed so decisively the history of India, he found it as great, as rich and as extensive as London then was. The Municipal taxes amounted to six lakhs, from the turrets of seven hundred mosques might be heard the Moslem call to prayer, and the palaces were of the utmost grandeur. Plassey ruined Murshidabad, and although for thirty odd years the Nawabs of the city continued the titular rulers of Bengal, wealth and power declined, and now, when the accomplishments of Clive are past a century and a half, the city is little else but a vast ruin, a limitless sepulchre shrining the memory of all that majesty, power and profligacy which represented sovereign and independent Bengal.

Relics of those tempestuous days which throned Meer Jaffar, immortalised Clive and laid the foundation of British supremacy in India are countless in Murshidabad. One of the famous palaces in the city is the Jaffranganj Deori, the residence of Meer Jaffar when he was an officer under Seraj-ud-Dowlah. Its towers and fortifications are gone and the great hall of audience is now used by a money-lender. The house is panelled with squares of emerald and ruby glass and inset in the wall is a tablet with the following inscription :—"Here resided, when Paymaster-General of Nawabs Ali Verdi Khan and Seraj-ud-Dowlah, Meer Jaffar, afterwards Nawab Nazim of Bengal. From 1757 to 1760 and again from 1763 to 1765." It was to this house that Watts, the agent of the East India Company, came a week before Plassey to urge Meer Jaffar to remember that sworn treaty, witnessed by Clive, to which he had affixed his signature, and which began :—"I swear by God and the Prophet of God . . . the enemies of the English are my enemies."



BURIAL PLACE OF SERAJ-UD-DOWLAH.

The legend runs that when the body was buried by the side of Ali Verdi Khan, who had ruined Seraj-ud-Dowlah with indulgent love, the grave of Ali Verdi burst open and blood flowed from the rent.

On the heroic field which bears the magic name of Plassey stands to-day a plain obelisk with the one word "Plassey" engraved upon it. No swelling words tell what befell there, no stirring verses aid the imagination to picture the momentous combat of that June day, over a century and a half ago. Plassey was fought and won on 23rd June 1757, and Seraj-ud-Dowlah got to his capital at midnight. Next morning Meer Jaffar marched into the city and the fallen prince at length was driven to realise that his power was broken and his life in danger. Loaded with jewels and accompanied by his favourite wife and young daughter he fled. A week later he was captured and taken back to Murshidabad. Taunted and reviled he learnt the meaning of ignominy and suffering. Meer Jaffar would have spared him, but Miran, son of Meer Jaffar, had decided that the grave would be the safest custodian of Seraj-ud-Dowlah, who had deemed himself something greater than human. While Meer Jaffar slept even as Seraj-ud-Dowlah had slept a year before, while English men, women and children were slowly suffocated in the inferno of the Black Hole, assassins entered the cell where the vanquished prince lay and carried out their fell purpose.

Near the house of Meer Jaffar is the accredited spot where Seraj-ud-Dowlah was murdered. The cell in which the deed was committed has long since crumbled away, but history records that a neem tree grew close by and the trunk of a fallen neem tree is to-day pointed out as the remains of the tree which sheltered Seraj-ud-Dowlah's cell. The body of Seraj-ud-Dowlah was taken across the river and buried in a garden where a small marble slab now marks the spot. Near by lies the body of Ali Verdi Khan, Seraj-ud-Dowlah's grandfather.

The burial ground of Meer Jaffar and his descendants at Jaffraganj is beautiful. Row upon row of tombs in the form of miniature mosques, with minarets and domes, topped with gilded spires, stand in this cemetery, glittering in gold and white, while the scent of faded jasmin garlands is pungent in the hot sunshine. The Begums of the princely house lie within walled enclosures—"purdah nashin" even in death. The grave of Meer Jaffar himself, friend of Clive (of whom he spoke as "The Light of my Eyes") and, wittingly or unwittingly, the most potential ally of Britain in India, is a small plain tomb without dome or spires to honour his memory. A tiny slab has been placed at the grave-head by Government to record the name of the first prince of the present house of Murshidabad and also the date of his death. On January 17th, 1765, he was lowered into his grave, resting on the right side, with face towards the West, where lies holy Mecca as befits a faithful follower of the Prophet.

JAFFRAGANJ CEMETERY, MURSHIDABAD.

Row upon row of tombs in the form of miniature mosques, with minarets and domes, topped with gilded spires, stand in this cemetery.

Intimately connected with Clive was the palace of Mhoti Jheel or Lake of Pearls. Shahamat Jang built it, and also the beautiful white mosque which stands to this day. Mhoti Jheel became the house of Lord Clive. Warren Hastings also lived here. To-day nothing but crumbling foundations remain of the house where Seraj-ud-Dowlah feasted and murdered with a fine impartiality; where Clive lived after Plassey, closely guarded, for there were rumours of plots to assassinate the intrepid soldier who had vanquished Bengal in one battle. The flight of entrance steps still

THE GREAT GUN OF MURSHIDABAD.

"During the administration of Islam Khan . . . this dragon-like gun was manufactured for the destruction of the Emperor Shah Jehan."

exists in a dilapidated condition and the extent of the foundations shows that the palace was of great size and that the Lake of Pearls washed it on one side. Two sturdy palm trees and a carpet of weeds now clothe the foundations, and show how ancient is the desolation which has overtaken the lovely house of Mhoti Jheel. Plassey changed the history of both Europe and Asia, and though Murshidabad has fallen from the magnificence and power which made it the equal of London; it is to-day, though ruined, deserted, ghostly, the most historically important city in India, memorable as the birth-place of British rule as the cradle of English supremacy.

Of greater antiquity than Clive is the great gun of Murshidabad—Jahan Kosha, "Destroyer of the World." It lies on the outskirts of the city, where once a great entrance gate stood, and is embedded in the side of a giant "pipul" tree, which, with its growth, has lifted the huge weapon from three to four feet above the ground, and has festooned it so tenaciously with roots that only the destruction of them would release the gun. This is a sister cannon to the one which lies in the bazaars at Dacca, as is clearly proved by its inscriptions, although Dacca folk protest that the companion gun was dropped into the river and has long become a water god. The Murshidabad cannon has nine brass tablets upon its monster sides, and one, which runs in verse, has been deciphered thus. "During the just and equitable administration of Islam Khan, that accomplished Ruler by whom the large country of Bengal was brought into order, and whose generosity, like clouds, showered down blessings everywhere, and at whose door Fortune attended as an insignificant slave, this dragon-like gun was manufactured for the destruction of the enemy of the Emperor of the time, Shah Jehan." Another tablet records that the gun was made at Dacca in 1637, that it weighs 212 maunds and the charge of powder required to fire it is 28 seers. Eight metals are believed to have formed the composition of which the gun was made—gold, silver, copper, lead, zinc, mercury, iron and tin, and in this admixture was supposed to centre certain good fortune in war. The gun is now a god to the simple village folk who live near, and offerings of milk and red stuffs are poured over its mighty nozzle each morning, while its devotees pray to be delivered from the demons of plague, cholera and famine.

One of the grandest memorials to old Murshidabad is the great mosque which the founder of the city built, the Katra Masjid. It had in its day been one of the finest mosques in Bengal, crowned with five immense domes and innumerable minarets, while the entire courtyard was walled with domed apartments which once were the home of the seven hundred priests of the mosque. Two huge towers, now partially fallen, stood at the rear of the great domes, and the terrace before the mosque was one hundred and ten feet in width. Beneath the steps leading to the terrace lies Murshid Kuli Khan, the builder of Murshidabad. His tomb is perfectly preserved and is canopied with a green silk curtain and strewn with fresh flowers. The vicinity of the tomb is believed to be entirely free from cholera and other diseases, through the prayers of the dead ruler who now is venerated under the name of The Living Saint. The entire Katra Masjid was in tolerable preservation until the earthquake of 1897, which shook down several of the

domes and injured those remaining. On a marble slab over the main doorway is an inscription as legible as the day it was cut and inset, nearly two centuries ago. It runs :—"The triumph of Mahomed of Arabia is the glory of Heaven and Earth. Let the dust of his feet fall on the head of him who is not as the dust of his door."

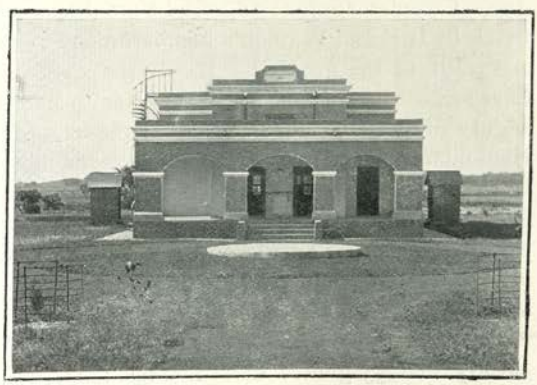
PLASSEY.

"We are the Masters of the Days that Were.
We have lived, we have loved, we have suffered even so."

—E. W. Henley.

About one hundred and twenty miles from Calcutta stands an obscure little railway station. It is a typical commonplace little station. All around it are plains which grow yellow in the heat of April and May, but glow in emerald stretches when the monsoons have nourished the young rice. Palm-thatched huts hedge the plains, herd boys with a whisp of scarlet round their loins and a huge palm leaf hat on their heads saunter after the humped oxen, mild-eyed women, carrying brass lotas of water, stand to watch the hurry of the train. It is an utterly inconsequent little station, but the name upon the station board has power to invest it with a wonder and significance which stirs the pulses. Plassey is that name ; this is Clive's Plassey.

Away to the left, to the banks of the River Bhagirathee, stretch the plains whereon Robert Clive justified his stupendous self-confidence, the plains upon which Britain won the kingdom of Bengal, and, with it the suzerainty of India. The mango grove wherein Clive's pitiable little force lay entrenched has almost disappeared, the hunting box of the Murshidabad Nawab, from which Clive is believed to have obtained a view of the battle, crumbled away long ago ; even much of the historic ground has been swallowed by the river.



The new Dak Bungalow at Plassey.

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But the name and fame of Clive are more stable, and so long as the memory of the British shall continue they shall endure.

Plassey was predestined when on June 20th, 1856, Seraj-ud-Dowlah, of execrated memory, marched into Fort William as conqueror, when on that same evening one hundred and forty-six prisoners of war were crowded into the Black Hole, and when in the months that followed two-thirds of the fugitive English died in the marshes of Fulta from fever and privation. It was Robert Clive and the gallant Admiral Watson who rescued these same fugitives when they sailed up from Madras in the *Kent*, the *Tyger* and the *Cumberland*, arriving at Fulta just before Christmas of that black year, and it was Clive and Watson who struck the first retributive blow at the fort of Budge-Budge, and who, on January 2nd, 1757, stormed Calcutta and Fort William and re-hoisted the flag of England in place of the Mahomedan crescent. In the next month Seraj-ud-Dowlah concluded a treaty with the British, whereby he agreed that they should have all their former privileges of trade, that all buildings, factories and stolen goods should be returned to their possession, that a mint should be established in Calcutta and that the Fort should be rebuilt and fortified. The Nawab, even while the treaty was being drawn up, jested at its contents, and when war broke out between England and France he openly supported the French at Chandernagore. Upon Chandernagore marched Clive with his vagrant little army. The bitterness of feeling between the French and English was acute. To further their dreams of a great Indian Empire, the French had aided Seraj-ud-Dowlah in his march on Calcutta the previous year; they had sold him gunpowder, they had raised no protest when men, women and children were tortured in the Black Hole.

Chandernagore, the proud Versailles of the East, fell before Clive's attack by land and Watson's bombardment by river, and the order was given to raze it to the ground. And in the execution of that vengeful order of Clive's, died the dreams which the French had long cherished of the sovereignty of the Tricolour. From Chandernagore Clive marched to Plassey. His audacious gallantry could not protect him from the torture of doubt. It is on record that at first he decided to retreat before the overwhelming forces of the Murshidabad monarch; it can easily be surmised that he desperately dreaded the issue of Plassey. Clive's army consisted of 900 Europeans, including about 200 men of mixed blood, 50 sailors from Admiral Watson's ships, and a company of 2,000 sepoys, whose loyalty was a debateable matter. Seraj-ud-Dowlah's army mustered 50,000 infantry, 18,000 cavalry and 53 guns. Clive had ten small cannon. The confidence which

THE OLD MONUMENT ON THE BATTLEFIELD BEARING THE ONE SIMPLE AND ELOQUENT WORD "PLASSEY."

could dream of confronting such a host was colossal, but Clive had reliance to a great extent on that solemn oath sworn by Meer Jaffar, the most potential noble in Seraj-ud-Dowlah's camp:—"I swear by God and the Prophet of God to abide by the terms of this treaty while I have life. . . The enemies of the British are my enemies, whether they be Indians or Europeans. . . ."

And to Meer Jaffar, also, the eve of Plassey was a critical time. Sworn, as he was, to support the English in their advance, outraged and insulted as he had been by the youthful tyrant of Bengal, he yet scarce conceived it possible that Clive's tiny army might stand before the Nawab's hosts. But, true to his compact, he sent Clive a message on the night before the battle, bidding him advance and reiterating that sonorous oath, "I swear by God and the Prophet of God . . . the enemies of the British are my enemies. . . ."

And Meer Jaffar's fealty must be remembered as a stupendous factor in the fate of Plassey. Without his influence Clive's achievement must have been almost beyond the bounds of human possibility, although without Clive's sublime and inspiring courage it is easy to understand that Meer Jaffar would never have risked life and fortune beneath the star of England which had, apparently, set with ignominy a year before in the sack of Calcutta. But Meer Jaffar, second in command of the army of Seraj-ud-Dowlah, trusted all to the inconquerable daring of the English Captain. Clive had faith in his ally and the die was cast for empire or annihilation. The order to advance was given, the British crossed the Bhagirathee River and encamped in that historic mango tope on Plassey field. Every man was wet through with the heavy rain which accompanies the first great burst of the monsoon, every man was wasted with fatigue,

THE SITE OF THE MANGO GROVE AT PLASSEY.

privation and fighting. A mile away Seraj-ud-Dowlah's army feasted, tomtoms beat, and within the tent of priceless embroideries Seraj-ud-Dowlah, the most beautiful and best hated prince of his century, lay on silken cushions, amusing himself with dancing girls and sycophants, who painted luridly the confusion which would overtake the British on the morrow, the horror of their end, and the added glory to Seraj-ud-Dowlah. At daybreak the Nawab's army moved out to the attack, but the British force, covered by the mango tope, held their position and beat off their opponents. Again and again the Mahomedan force assaulted Clive's little army without success, and at noon they temporarily retreated, having lost far more men than had the British. The most efficient portion of the Nawab's force was the band of Frenchmen under St. Frais, who had escaped when Chandernagore was bombarded and now sought to avenge that defeat by aiding Seraj-ud-Dowlah. St. Frais was an adventurer of indomitable valour, his followers were of like disposition, and the party possessed four light field pieces. When Seraj-ud-Dowlah's army again returned to the attack the French fought with something akin to viciousness, but their efforts were vain when Meer Jaffa's command lowered their weapons against Clive's advance. The French fell back at 5 o'clock, the Nawab's army, shaken and demoralized by the day's affray, allowed Clive to advance with scarce a weapon being raised in defiance. Seraj-ud-Dowlah had already left the camp on a fleet camel for his capital, and, amid the wreck of the bewildered Murshidabad army, Clive marched to the ruler's tent, victor of Plassey. The British loss was astoundingly small; seven Europeans were reported as killed and thirteen as wounded, while thirty-six sepoys were killed and thirty-six wounded. The enemy lost well over two thousand. Plassey was fought on June 23rd, and a week later Clive marched into Murshidabad in triumph, escorted by two hundred English soldiers and three hundred sepoys. The same day he led Meer Jaffa to the Musnud of Bengal. Three days later Seraj-ud-Dowlah was captured while fleeing from Murshidabad and brought, with indignity, to the capital. A few days later he was assassinated against the will, and without the knowledge, of either Clive or Bengal's new ruler.

The treasuries of Murshidabad were filled to overflowing with wealth, for Seraj-ud-Dowlah's exactions had been heavy. More than half a million pounds were shipped to Calcutta as compensation for the outrages the Honourable East India Company had sustained at the hands of the tyrant,

and the palmy days of the Company began. As for Robert Clive, clerk, soldier of fortune and hero of Bengal, he himself wrote that on the day he entered Murshidabad, he, "being under no kind of restraint, might have become too rich for a simple subject." And he who might then have carved his way to a throne and ruled King Robert of Murshidabad, went back to Calcutta to face petty jealousies, to spend long years striving to make stable the foundations of English rule, and to die, despairingly, charged with corruption and oppression. We judge our Clive more justly now; we realise more greatly what a heritage his heroism has bequeathed us. On Plassey battlefield is one great obelisk erected by the Government of Bengal carved with the simple but eloquent word "Plassey." Another and more elaborate monument was erected by Lord Curzon ere his departure for England. The mango tope has almost entirely disappeared; only a few young trees mark the site, for the last patriarch which helped to form Clive's bulwark on the great day of Plassey fell about ten years ago, and was cut up for souvenirs. In Murshidabad Palace are old, rusted cannon which played against the English at Plassey and daggers and swords which that day dripped blood. And in the city of Murshidabad lives the memory of Clive as a demi-god. It was left to his countrymen to revile him, not to the people to whom he came as a deliverer and conqueror. Through Lord Curzon's fealty to the hero of Bengal, we shall presently have, in the capitals of England and India, statues to Baron Clive of Plassey, but no statue or monument will have the magic for interpretation which that little inconsequent station on that little inconsequent railway possesses, with its domed huts, its herd boys, its stretching, hungry plains, and the crown of its fateful name above all.

THE NEW MONUMENT AT PLASSEY ERECTED BY LORD CURZON.

SERAMPUR.

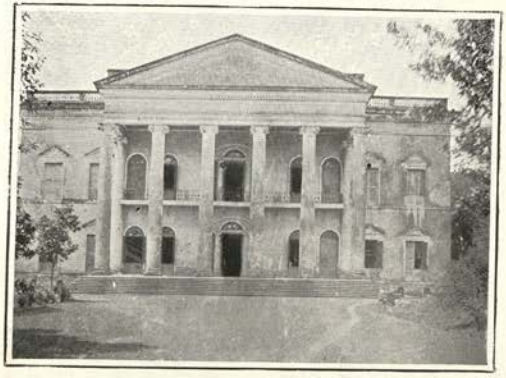
PERIOD OF DANISH OCCUPATION—SCENE OF WILLIAM CAREY'S MISSIONARY LABOURS—BAPTIST COLLEGE—MARTYN PAGODA.

The name of Serampur is less than a century old, yet the history of the little settlement on the Hughli dates back to 1756 at least, for in that year the Danish East Company paid Seraj-ud-Dowlah, the detested, a little more than a lakh-and-a-half of rupees for land by the river, and Fredericksnagore—the Serampur of to-day—was founded. Even before that date the Danes had won tolerance from the Mussulman rulers of Bengal, for an old chronicler speaks of the fact that they kept a great "thacht house, but for what reason they kept a house I never could learn." The Danish shipowners and "skibscapitains" made huge fortunes during the Seven Years War and the troubles of the Napoleonic era by carrying the goods of the Calcutta merchants to Europe at exorbitant rates, and the prospects of the loyal subjects of Frederick VII of Denmark were indeed rosy. But in 1801 the English and Danes were at war and although the Treaty of Amiens patched up peace, even in Farthest Ind, the trouble re-occurred again seven years later, a British force marched from Calcutta and occupied Fredericks nagore ; the Danish shipping in the river was captured or destroyed, and the hope of a Danish empire in Asia was demolished. For seven years the Honourable East India Company counted Fredericksnagore amongst their possessions, then independence was restored to the Danes. But the golden days of prosperity were over. The Danes recognised the futility of striving against the power which grew so great after Plassey—and made a bargain. For the sum of twelve and-a-half lakhs they sold to the Company all their possessions in Bengal—the town of Serampur, land at Balasore and the settlement at Tranquebar, famous as having been the birthplace of the bewitching Madame Grand. Thereafter the name of Fredericksnagore was changed to Serampur.

The old Danish church still stands in excellent repair. It was opened for divine worship by the famous Baptist missionary, William Carey, in 1805, and a tablet within its walls recalls the ministrations of this wonderful man, also of Ward and Marshman, his co-labourers. The tablet bears the following tribute to the three : "In addition to their many other labours in the cause of religion and humanity from the opening of this church in 1805 to the end of their lives they gave their faithful and gratuitous ministrations to the congregation here assembling." Another celebrated building is the Baptist College of Serampur, built through the exertions of William

THE SERAMPUR CEMETERY,
In which are interred the bodies of the Missionaries Carey, Ward and Marshman.

THE OLD DANISH CHURCH AT SERAMPUR,
Which still stands in excellent repair.



THE FAMOUS SERAMPUR COLLEGE.
The only College of its kind in India which, by virtue of a charter granted by a Danish King, may bestow degrees on its students.

OLD GOVERNMENT HOUSE, SERAMPUR.
The Court House was once the residence of the Danish Governor.

Carey and his colleagues in 1818, the charter being granted by either Frederick VI of Denmark or his sister the Princess Louisa Augusta of Augustenberg, whose mother was full sister to George III of England. By this charter the College is possessed of the power to grant degrees, a distinction which appertains to no other Christian College in India. For many years no such degrees have been granted but the Government of India are bound, by their ancient treaties with the sovereigns of Denmark to recognise such degrees, and the ancient charter is most jealously guarded amongst the records of the College. A picture of the Princess Augusta hangs within the College. For very many years this portrait was supposed to be a representation of the much discussed Madame Grand. The pulpit from which William Carey preached, his arm chair, crutches, and dictionary in thirteen Oriental languages, are also treasured within the College he built, together with the first copy of the scriptures translated into Bengali. Two magnificent flights of brass stairs lead to the library from the lower floor, and these together with the iron gates of the College were a present from the King of Denmark. The beautiful stairways have by some act of vandalism been completely painted over, but nothing can discount their light, graceful curves or the beauty of the pierced steps.

Of the three Baptist missionaries, Carey, Ward and Marshman, to whom the whole of Serampur is practically a monument. Carey was the son of a schoolmaster, Ward had been a sign-painter and Marshman a shop-boy. William Carey early earned his living by cobbling boots, then became an itinerant preacher on eleven pounds a year, and finally helped in the founding of the Baptist Missionary Society in London. He sailed for India in 1793 on a salary of Rs. 50 per month, accompanied by his wife, four children and sister-in-law. Six years later he settled at Serampur and with his colleagues set about converting the natives and translating the scriptures into Bengali and Chinese The first Bengali newspaper was also published here, and an English paper called *The Friend of India*, direct predecessor of *The Statesman* of the present day.

The old house in which Dr. Carey lived and laboured has gone through the depredations of the Hughli which is constantly filching away land on the Serampur side and retreating on the other. The exact site of the missionary's house is indeed supposed to be nearly one hundred feet out in the river. Aldeen House, connected with the Serampur workers, still stands and is occupied by the engineers in charge of the water-works which, from Serampur, supply Howrah, Calcutta's greatest suburb, with drinking

THE MARTYN PAGODA, SERAMPUR.

This old Hindu Temple is believed to be the only one in India which has also served for Christian worship.

water. Close to Aldeen House stand the ruins of the Martyn Pagoda. Henry Martyn, another famous missionary, came to India in 1805 and at Cambridge had been a friend of Dr. Corrie, the first chaplain of the Indian establishment to attain an Indian bishopric. Martyn had been tragically in love with Miss Lydia Grenfell, a Puritan maid of Cornwall, and though she loved the young man who "was burning out with zeal for God," she refused to venture on the long voyage to India.

Martyn then consecrated his life to the conversion of Indians to Christianity and had the Pagoda—once a great Hindu temple—fitted as a chapel. For many years it stood ruinous and deserted but the interest which Lord Curzon showed in historic monuments has borne fruit for, after his visit to the spot, and the affixing of a marble tablet inscribed: "The building was occupied by the missionary Henry Martyn, 1806," the vegetation was cleared from the domed roof and the ground around put into order. No trace of the elaborate carvings which once embellished the shrine of the Hindu god remain, and much of the main building has also disappeared, for in Henry Martyn's day there were numbers of cells without the main chamber. This old temple is believed to be the only one in India which has also served for divine worship.

William Carey, pioneer of Christianity in India, lies buried in the Mission cemetery. A great cupola shelters the ashes of his wife, who died a shrieking lunatic, but only a plain stone slab covers the remains of the missionary who has left, as his truest monument, the College and his famous translations of the scriptures.

THE SÖN CANALS.

PICTURESQUE SCENERY—AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS—WILD-FOWL

Dehri, in the Shahabad District of Bengal and situated on the west bank of the river Sön, is noted as being the head-quarters of the Sön canal system.

To all who have crossed the great railway bridge over the river Sön at Dehri on the Mogul-Sarai extension of the E. I. R., the anicut (or dam) across the river enclosing the head waters of the Shahabad canals must be familiar. The bridge is upwards of two miles from bank to bank (Barun to Dehri) and the anicut runs parallel with the bridge. Approaching from the Bengal side the train passes for miles through the beautiful scenery of

the Sön valley, beautiful at all times but seen at evening when heavy banks of cloud reflect the lurid blaze of a monsoon sunset, and palms, temple, and forest trees forming the foreground, the picture is one not easily forgotten. The head waters of the canal system open into a lake of no inconsiderable size and in the monsoon the surplus water falls in cascades over the two-mile length of the dam. Vast tracts of country once barren have been reclaimed to the plough, but the commercial value of the canals from the point of view of inland navigation has greatly diminished since the opening of the Mogul-Sarai-Gaya section of the E. I. R., which traverses much of the country that benefitted by the cargo and passenger service on the canals.

There is nothing more attractive in these parts than a voyage on the canal, with its interminable avenue of shady trees, its picturesque villages and prosperous farmsteads. Acres of sugar-cane are passed and in the cane harvest we see the village mill at work and the village oxen grinding out the stream of luscious cane juice to the music of the creaking mill. Wheat, oats, rice, Indian corn and garden produce grow under the fertilizing power of the abundant waters of the Sön canals. Duck gun in hand a good bag can be secured on the marshy land lying parallel with some reaches, geese in more remote jheels and an occasional otter lend novelty to the scene. The canals have been an inestimable boon to the dwellers in the irrigated area, and the evidence of that peace and plenty that cheers the labouring swain where once poverty and scarcity held sway ought to be an object lesson to swadeshi sedition-mongers.

KUCH BEHAR.

BIG GAME—MAHARAJAH'S SHIKAR REMINISCENCES—THE PRESENT RULER—TRADITIONAL ORIGIN OF RULING FAMILY.

Kuch Behar is the capital of the Native State of that name, in political relation with the Government of Bengal. The State, which has an area of 1,307 square miles, forms a level plain of triangular shape, intersected by numerous rivers. The greater portion is fertile and well cultivated, there are no hills and no large sheets of water. Natural forests there are none worth speaking of though here and there clusters of "Sal" trees are to be found and patches of brushwood are common enough everywhere. Heavy grass and reed jungle are to be seen fairly frequently specially in the north and north-east portion of the State which borders on Assam and the Bhutan Duars. Here is a veritable paradise for the shikari who is fortunate

to obtain the good-will of H. H. the Maharaja to exploit these famed hunting-grounds. His Highness is himself a very keen sportsman and recently published his big game shooting reminiscences—**A Record of Thirty-seven Years' Sport in Kuch Behar, the Dooars and Assam.* In this interesting

His Highness the Maharaja of Kuch Behar.

volume which is dedicated by permission to his late Majesty King Edward VII, particulars are given in connection with the shikar expeditions in which, during the period of their viceroyalty, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Curzon and Lord Minto took part as the guests of His Highness the Maharaja.

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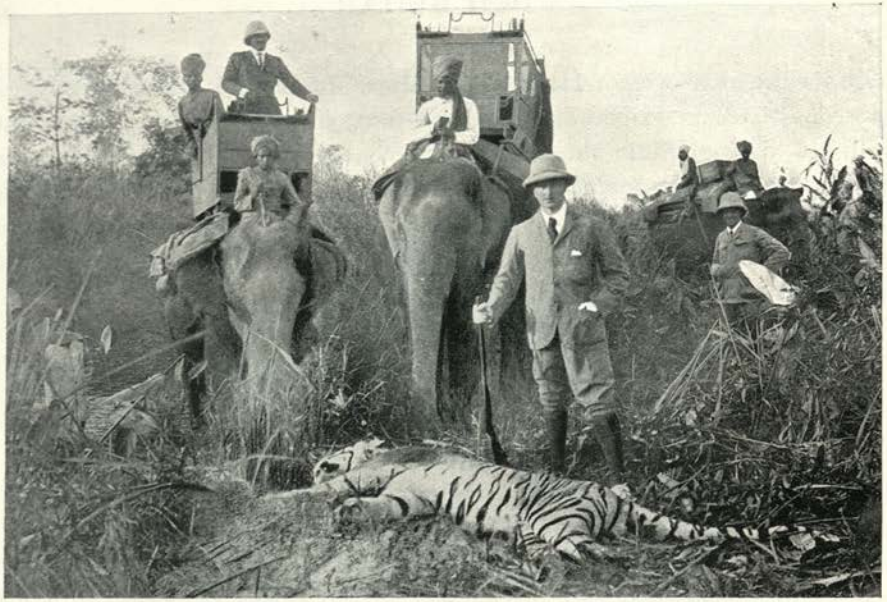
* The "Times of India" Office, Bombay.



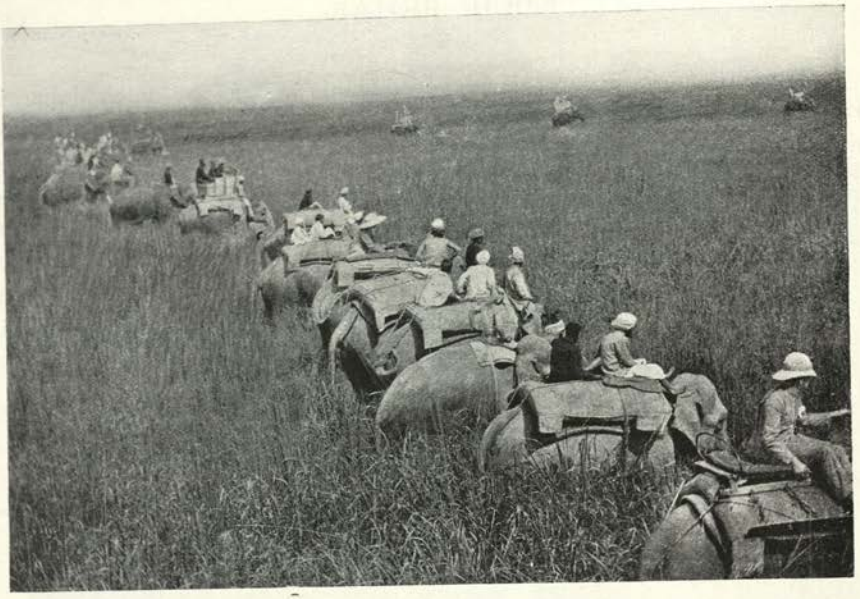
LORD CURZON'S FIRST TIGER.
Bagged whilst out with one of H. H. the Maharaja of Kuch Behar's Shooting Parties

THE LAST SLEEP OF A ROYAL BENGAL TIGER.

The present popular ruler succeeded his father, the late Maharaja Narandra Narayan Bhup, Bahadur, in 1863. He belongs to a Kochi family that has held uninterrupted sovereignty for close on four hundred years. His Highness was educated, first, in the Wards' Institute, Benares, next at the Bankipur College, after which he studied as a law student at the Presidency College, Calcutta. In 1878 he married the eldest daughter of the famous reformer, Keshub Chander Sen, and the same year he was sent to England to finish his education. In 1879 His Highness returned to India

ONE OF LORD MINTO'S TIGERS.
(Bagged in Assam during a shoot with H. H. the Maharaja of Kuch Behar.)

and was formally installed on his ancestral *gadi* by the then Lieut.-Governor of Bengal. Amongst many notable philanthropical institutions with which His Highness is associated as the founder, are the Victoria College for higher education in Kuch Behar, the India Club at Calcutta, the Nripendra Narayan Hall at Jalpaiguri and the Bramo Samaj, or the Reformed Church in the State of Kuch Behar. It was owing to the beneficence of the present Maharaja of Kuch Behar who presented the house and lands for the purpose, that the Lorsis Jubilee Sanitarium at Darjeeling was started in 1887. While in England in 1887 His Highness, who is a high Freemason, received the distinguished masonic honour of Past Grand Senior Warden of



A line of Elephant Beaters out for Tiger.

A Shooting Party getting across Stream.

England. In 1890 he was made District Grand Master of Bengal, and the following year he was installed District Grand Mark Master of Bengal.

Kuch Behar town, which contains the palace of the Maharajah, a splendid building which cost for construction some twelve lakhs of rupees (£120,000), is the only place worthy the name of a town in the State. Within the State are the extensive ruins of two ancient walled cities, capitals of the Kamrup monarchy which was overthrown by the Afghan kings of Gaur towards the close of the 15th century, before the foundation of the Kuch Behar dynasty.

As is the case with many of the Native States throughout India, the ruling family of Kuch Behar lays claim to a divine origin. The tradition is that there were once upon a time two women, Hira and Jira, who are variously described as sisters, or as wives of a common husband. The part assigned to Jira is unimportant ; but the beauty of Hira attracted the love of the great god Siva, by whom she became the mother of a son—Visu or Biswa Singh, the first king of Kuch Behar. The ancestral banner of the ruling family displays a sword and a blade of grass (with which, according to tradition, one of the Maharaja's ancestors cut off the head of an enemy as an offering to the goddess Kali). The supporters are a tiger and an elephant, the crest a "Hanuman," holding a club in each hand.

Throughout Kuch Behar, the top layer of the soil is a light kind of loam and beneath this comes sand, neither of which offers any resistance to a pressure of water. The consequence is that year by year the rivers change their courses and leave behind marshes locally known as "churs," which, valuable as they are from the cultivator's point of view, are an insufferable nuisance to sportsmen. Winter, as a rule, sets in fairly early in November and summer commences in April, the months of March and October marking the ends of the two seasons. In the cold weather, the thermometer falls as low as 49 degrees and rises to 98, or thereabouts, in June or July. As regards the people, there is one important difference between Kuch Behar and other parts of India, in that the village system does not exist. This is due to the laws of land tenure, for the whole state is divided into small farms, and here the farmer has his home, with his nearest relations and occasionally a tenant or two. All the buildings are encircled by groves of plantain, bamboo and other quick-growing trees, and these homesteads form one of the principal features of the country.

PLACING STOPS IN A JUNGLE BEAT.

TWO FINE TIGERS BAGGED IN ASSAM.

BURDWAN.

EARLY HISTORY—RULERS—"THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD"—PALACE AND GARDENS—TEMPLES OF SHIVA.

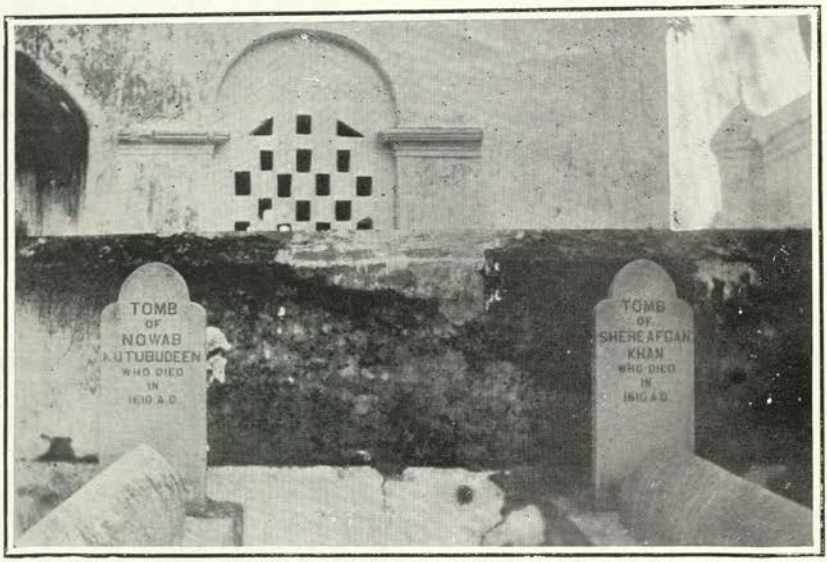
Burdwan is the principal town and civil station of the district of that name in Bengal. It is first mentioned in Mahomedan histories in 1574, in

H. H. THE MAHARAJA ADHIRAJ OF BURDWAN.

which year Akbar's troops captured the family of Daud Khan in the town after the latter's defeat and death at Rajmahal. In 1624 the fort and town of Burdwan fell into the hands of Prince Kharram, afterwards the Emperor Shah Jehan. Some time later the founder of the Burdwan family, Abu Rai, a Kshattrya by caste, immigrated into Bengal from the Punjab and settled

in Burdwan as Kotwal, and henceforth the history of the district is identical with that of the ruling family. The rulers of Burdwan have held rank and wealth since 1657 and the family has ever been profoundly loyal to British rule since it was ceded to the English in 1760.

The Burdwan Raj family are celebrated as being the largest revenue payers amongst the nobles of India, the amount for taxes and cesses collected amounting to the great sum of thirty-four lakhs annually. The district is devoted to agriculture, and bounteous crops girdle the township with emerald-green as far as the eye can reach, testifying to the exuberant fertility of

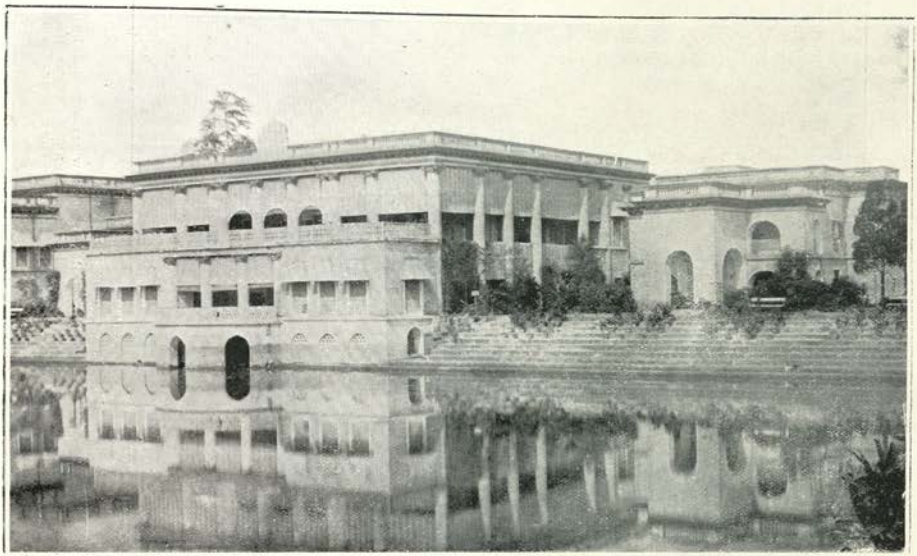


THE GRAVE OF SHERE AFGHAN KHAN.

Bengal's soil. Cutlery of true swadeshi brand is manufactured within the town of Burdwan and several oil-mills ply a busy and prosperous trade. Indeed it may safely be said that Burdwan now, as in the past decades since the march of progress and prosperity commenced, has in no way belied the meaning of its name--"The Prosperous or Increasing."

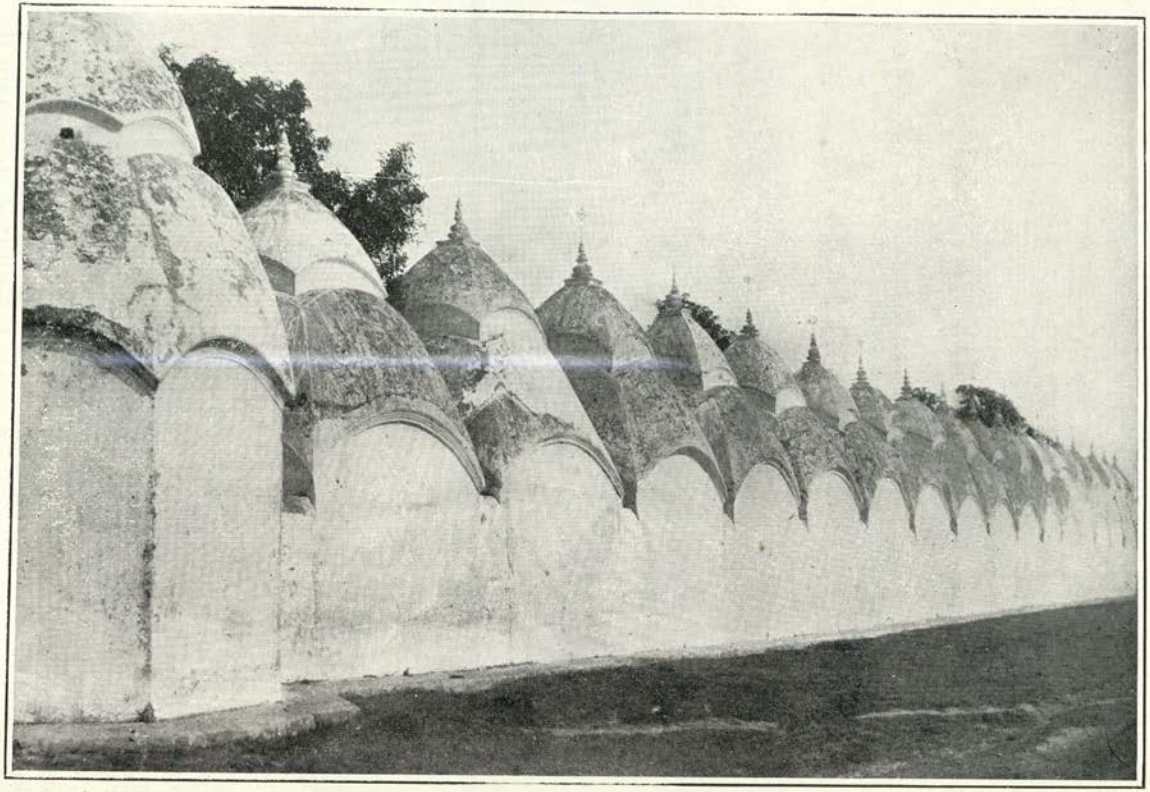
Burdwan treasures little amongst its traditions save the romance of that wonderful woman who was named "Light of the World," "Sun of Women"—the Cleopatra of India, who died the beloved Empress of Jehangir of Delhi. The beauty of Mehr-ul-Nissa—"Sun of Women"—was a wonder and a danger, her wit matchless, her ambition inordinate. The fame of

her personal loveliness and accomplishments spread through the land and inspired a veteran chief, Sher Afghan Khan, to propose marriage. She eventually became his bride, but in after years he was shamefully persecuted for his refusal to allow his beautiful young wife to enter the harem of the Emperor Jehangir. But Sher Afghan was a man of blameless honour and heroic resolve and threatened that death for his wife and himself would be preferable to such infamy.



DILKOOSHA, THE BEAUTIFUL GARDEN-HOUSE OF THE BURDWAN MAHARAJADHIRAJA.

About the year 1609, Sher Afghan removed to Burdwan, as the court of Delhi became more and more hostile, and there met his death at the hands of Nawab Kutubudin and his minions. The great man died worthily, facing some hundreds of mercenaries, and even Jehangir was moved to remorse when the circumstances were related to him. He vowed in penance never again to look upon the glorious face and form of Mehr-ul-Nissa, although she now was free, but that siren beauty was not minded to forego the glories of a throne. She journeyed to Delhi and sought an interview with the Emperor. Her graces enslaved him again and thenceforth she ruled conjointly with him, Empress of Delhi, "Light of the World."



THE TEMPLES OF "SHIVA."

Near Burdwan stand the celebrated Temples of Shiva, one hundred and eight in number, which were built by a Maharani of Burdwan in 1788. The temples built in the form of a huge square have a peculiarly fascinating aspect and each one contains a representation of their patron deity in the shape of a smooth black stone scarred with red and white marks and honoured by gifts of flowers. The number of temples is believed to approximate to the letters in the Sanscrit alphabet, also to the beads of a rosary.

The palace at Burdwan is a fine building whilst the "Garden House" is a miniature mansion worthy to grace one of the wonderful rose gardens of Persia. Built by a great square tank, which has flanking flights of steps on every side, the pillars and parapets of the beautiful building are reflected clear as a carving in the waters of the lake, while the acres of surrounding gardens are shrines of perfume and colour. At Burdwan, too, are the celebrated Temples of Shiva, one hundred and eight in number, built in 1788 by a Maharani of Burdwan; the tomb of Sher Afghan Khan who died in 1610 A.D., and near by the grave of his murderer, Nawab Kutubudin, who had sought to win the governorship of Burdwan by killing the rival of the Emperor of Delhi. Kutubudin died in the same year as his victim, so the worldly honours he schemed for were of little worth in the end.

BHUTAN.

ITS PEOPLE—SPLENDID SCENERY—A SPORTSMAN'S PARADISE.

Bhutan, an independent State on the Tibetan frontier, is still almost an unknown country, and surrounded as it is by snow-covered mountain ranges on the north and west, and almost impassable valleys on the south and east, it is likely to remain so for many years. The recent British Mission sent to Bhutan to be present at the installation of the hereditary Maharajah has, however, brought the country once more into public notice. The whole of Bhutan presents a succession of lofty and rugged mountains, abounding in picturesque and sublime scenery. The hills clothed to their very summits with trees, dark and deep glens and the high tops of mountains lost in the clouds, constitute altogether a scene of extraordinary magnificence and sublimity.

Physically, the Bhutias are a fine race, although dirty in their habits and persons. The houses are of three and four stories, and in appearance precisely resemble Swiss chalets. They are picturesque, well built and comfortable, except that the Bhutias have yet to learn the good uses and advantages of chimneys! The people nominally profess the Buddhist religion, but, in reality, their religious exercises are confined to the propitiation of evil spirits and the more or less mechanical recital of a few sacred sentences. Around their cottages in the hills the land is cleared for cultivation, and here, laid out in a series of terraces, are the little fields, where the Bhutia grows his wheat, barley and various kinds of vegetables, for which the climate is well suited.

BHUTAN, FROM TREMO LA PASS.
(About 17,000 ft.)

YAKS CARRYING WOOL.
(Taken in the Chumbi Valley.)

DUGGYE JONG.
One of the northernmost forts on the Tibetan frontier.

PUNAKHA JONG.
Where the Maharajah's installation took place.

The forests of Bhutan abound in many varieties of stately trees, among them the beech, ash, birch, maple, cypress and yew. Firs and pines cover the mountain-sides, and below these—still at an elevation of eight or nine thousand feet—oaks and rhododendrons flourish. The ranges of hills abound in animal life, but the Bhutias are no sportsmen! Tigers are not common, except near the River Teesta, but leopards abound in the valleys, deer everywhere, and some of them of a very large species. The musk deer is found in the snows, and the barking deer is on every hillside. Pig is plentiful, even at high elevation, and pheasants, pigeons and other small game abound. The language spoken by the Bhutias is said to be the dialect of the Tibetan, more or less blended with words and idioms of the countries on which their territory touches. The climate of Bhutan varies according to the difference of elevation; the cold of Siberia, the heat of equatorial Africa, and the pleasant warmth of Italy may all be experienced in a day's journey. Owing to the great elevation and steepness of the mountains, terrible storms arise among the valleys, often attended with fatal results when the rains descend in floods from the heights.

NEPAL.

HISTORY—A PROSPEROUS STATE.

The independent State of Nepal lies between British India and Tibet on the southern slopes of the Himalayas, and includes, among other lofty peaks, Mount Everest (29,141 ft.). Amid the wild, sterile mountains lie many fertile valleys, the lower hills are covered with jungle, in which wild animals abound. The principal trade route is that between Katmandu and the Bengal frontier (76 miles). Nepal exports rice and other grains, oil-seeds, *ghi*, cattle, jute, &c., and imports cotton goods and yarn, sugar, salt, spices, metals, &c. The annual revenue, realised chiefly from land rent, forests, customs, &c., is over £1,000,000. The aborigines are Mongolian in type, and their religion is Buddhism. The country was conquered in 1769 by the Gurkhas, who are Hindus and claim to be Rajputs. Their frequent aggressions led to a war with the British in 1814-1816. The British Political Resident at the capital, Katmandu, which has a population of 75,000, does not interfere in internal affairs, but foreign relations are controlled by the Indian Government. Complimentary missions are sent quinquennially to China. The Nepal army numbers about 45,000, and by arrangement with Nepal, India obtains many fine recruits for its Gurkha regiments.

A portion of the Temple of Shimboonath, situated to the west of Kathmandu, the Capital of Nepal.

In the year 1843 a nephew of Matabar Singh, Jung Bahadur, the eldest of a band of seven brothers, sons of a "Kaji" or state official, rose rapidly in the army and in favour at court, especially with one of the Ranis, who was of a most intriguing disposition. In 1844 he was a colonel and Matabar Singh expressed some alarm at his growing influence to Sir Henry (then Major) Lawrence, the Resident at the time. This alarm proved well founded, for, on the 18th of May 1845, Jung Bahadur effected the murder of his uncle, and immediately thereafter, with the aid of the Rani, took a prominent part in the government. After a short but turbulent interval of intrigue, Jung Bahadur determined to get rid of his enemies at one fell swoop, and most thoroughly carried out his design by what is known as the Kot massacre, on the 15th September 1846. From that time till the day of his death, Jung Bahadur was in reality the ruler of Nepal. His old friend the intriguing Rani was banished, and all posts of any consequence in the State were filled by Jung, his brothers and other relatives. In 1850 finding himself securely seated in power, Jung Bahadur paid a visit to England, which made a great impression on his acute intellect, and ever after he professed and proved himself to be a staunch friend of the British. On his return in 1851, he at once devoted himself to reforming the administration of the country. Every department in the State in turn felt the benefit of his resolute will, and whatever may have been the means by which he gained power, it must be allowed that he exercised it so as to prove himself the greatest benefactor his country has ever possessed. In 1853 a treaty for the extradition of criminals was proposed, but it was not ratified till February 1855. In 1854 the Nepalese entered into a war with Tibet, which lasted with varying success till March 1856, when peace was concluded on terms very favourable to Nepal.

In June 1857 intelligence of the mutiny of the native troops in Hindustan reached Nepal and produced much excitement. Jung Bahadur, in spite of great opposition, stood firm as a friend of the British. On the 6th June, 4,000 troops were sent off to assist, and these rendered good services in the campaign against the mutineers. Jung himself followed on the 10th of December, with a force of 8,000 men, 500 artillerymen and 24 guns, but somewhat late to be of much use. Many of the mutineers and rebels, including the infamous Nana Sahib, took refuge in the Nepalese *terai*, and it was not till the end of 1859 that they were finally swept out of the country. The Nana was said to have died of fever in the *terai*, along with several others of the rebel leaders, and it is probable that this was the case, although

Buddhist Image of a Thunderbolt, in the Capital of Nepal.

for many years tales were circulated of his being still alive, and of his having been seen in various parts of Nepal and British India. His wives and a few attendants resided for many years near Katmandu.

In return for the aid afforded to the British, Jung Bahadur was well rewarded. He was created a G.C.B. and in 1873 a G.C.S.I., honours of which he was not a little proud. The troops employed received food and pay from the day of leaving Katmandu; handsome donations were given to those severely wounded, and to the relatives of the killed; great quantities of muskets and rifles were presented to the Nepalese government; and to crown all a large portion of the *terai* was restored to Nepal. This ground contains most valuable sal and sisu forests, and yields a revenue of several lakhs of rupees yearly.

From the termination of the Mutiny, Nepalese history has been uneventful. The country has been prosperous, and its relations with the British have continued to be most friendly. Nevertheless, the restrictions on commerce, and the prohibitions against Europeans entering the country, or travelling beyond certain narrow limits, are as rigidly enforced as they were a hundred years ago. Sir Jung Bahadur died suddenly in the *terai* in 1877. In spite of all the exertions he had made to bring about a better state of things, three of his wives were allowed to immolate themselves on his funeral pyre.

The present ruler is H H. Maharaja Dhiraja Prithvi Bir Bikram Jang Bahadur Shah Bahadur Shamsher Jang, born 1875, succeeded 1881.

The Prime Minister, H. E. Maharaja Sir Chandra Shamsher Jang, Rana Bahadur, G.C.B., G.C.S.I., D.C.L., paid a most successful visit to England in 1908.

CHANDERNAGORE.

A BIT OF OLD FRANCE—CAPTURE BY CLIVE—MADAME GRAND—THE TOWN TO-DAY.

About fifteen miles up the Hughli from Calcutta lies the tiny French settlement of Chandernagore, small in extent, of significant dignity. The town stretches sleepily along the yellow river—a straggling makeshift little place which prefers to be regarded with seriousness. Therefore it flies the tricolour prominently; it makes its miniature government a matter of moment; it calls its streets boulevards; was wont to cheer its miniature

army of twenty-five sepoys with enthusiasm before their disbandment, a year or two ago ; it imports the good wines of the Motherland, free of duty, and it lavishes on the stranger within its boundaries that smiling, eager courtesy which so essentially differs from the stolid willingness to oblige which is characteristic of the Briton.

One and a half centuries ago, Chandernagore had a much better conceit of itself. Then it was a city of palaces and prosperity, of ambition and intrigue, and gallant Messieurs dreamed of the day when Chandernagore would reign as the queen city of a great French Empire in India—the Paris of the Orient. But Clive unmade those dreams. He levelled the walls and palaces of old Chandernagore into the dust, spoiled it of its wealth, used its cannon on the field of Plassey and left it benumbed for ever from the thoroughness of its punishment. If excuse be needed for Clive's savage demolition of that fair city of olden India, let it be remembered that the tragedy of the Black Hole was but a few months old, that the French, in their strivings for Empire, were in alliance with Seraj-ud-Dowlah of execrated memory, and that Clive marched directly from the capture of Chandernagore to the field of Plassey there to utterly and finally annihilate the hope of French supremacy in India.

Thirty years later, Chandernagore was rebuilt and had regained comparative prosperity. A magnificent mansion at Gyretty, near Chandernagore, built by a French official in imitation of the Royal palace at Versailles, became the rendezvous for fashionable Calcutta at week ends ; and we have records that both Warren Hastings and Phillip Francis frequently visited there, and that dicing and drinking were indulged in without restraint. These visits were probably responsible for the introduction of Madame Grand into the turmoil and intrigue of Calcutta life ; for about this time she married, at the age of fifteen, George Francois Grand, a servant of the Honourable East India Company. This famous daughter of Chandernagore was the child of a Briton pilot, by name Pierre Werlee ; and the girl who was to set later both Calcutta and Paris aflame, was baptised by the name of Catherine Noel Werlee. That she was of exquisite beauty is beyond dispute. The satirical and pompous Phillip Francis was ready to sacrifice position and reputation for her smiles, when she was but a child of sixteen and though he lost little himself through his improper wooing, he compromised the child of sixteen so fatally that her husband never again looked upon her face. A few years later she left India and nothing definite

CHANDERNAGORE.
The Town stretches sleepily along the Yellow Hughli.

is known of her career until 1802, when she reigned as a queen of beauty in Paris, and Talleyrand was her humblest slave. Napoleon insisted on their marriage after his own union of ambition and prudence with Marie Louise and so Catherine Werlee, the pilot's daughter of Chandernagore, became the Princesse de Benevento and an intimate of the great Napoleon. After Waterloo, the Princess left her husband, and there is some record of her endeavouring to interview the Duke of Wellington in England. Eventually, however, she returned to France and died at a good age with her wondrous beauty only slightly impaired. The family tomb of the Werlees is still to be found amongst the crumbling monuments in the old cemetery at Chandernagore and in St. John's Church, Calcutta, is the original entry of the marriage of Catherine Werlee and Francois Grand. This "Queen of the Ganges, Queen of the Seine" has furnished material for more romance, conjecture and history than has the whole array of all other women known in the history of European India.

In 1792, when news of the French Revolution reached Chandernagore, the little town became immediately enamoured of the new ideas and the opportunity for mischief they presented. All the "budmashes" of the place marched on the Governor's residence shouting "liberty and equality," sacked it, and set the wines from the cellars flowing in the gutters. For some considerable time the uproar continued and the wee Republic threatened to imitate the atrocities of the Motherland by guillotining all officials. Calcutta interfered sufficiently to have their lives spared, but mob rule prevailed until the breaking out of hostilities between France and England in 1793, when the English marched on Chandernagore once more, and the Union Jack flew over the French town for the next twenty years.

The Chandernagore of to-day waits indolently on the memories of its tumultuous past. Few monuments of its glory remain. Crumbling stones still lie scattered from the walls which Clive demolished; old tombstones bear the names of century-dead heroes; a few old painted ceilings and the remains of exquisite parquetry bear witness to the saloons which opened their doors to Warren Hastings and his colleagues, and away in the jungle are the sad ruins of Gyretty House—that rival of Versailles. The memory of Dupleix, to whom the olden city owed all of its wealth and power, is honoured by the present generation. His bust is in the public gardens, and several streets and squares bear his name. A beautiful bronze of Jean d'Arc holding the unfurled Royal Standard of France stands before the

Catholic Church of St. Louis—an imposing structure. At its portal is a great wax figure in many colours of St. Peter confronted with a most intelligent looking cock, and also a tablet recalling the memory of Colonel Claude Martin, founder of the Martiniere Colleges at Calcutta, Lucknow and Lyons, the last city having been the birthplace of this soldier of fortune who amassed great treasure in India. Colonel Martin left 50,000 rupees for the aid of the poor in Chandernagore and a similar sum for charity in Calcutta.

CHANDERNAGORE.
The family tomb of the Werlees is still amongst the crumbling monuments in the old cemetery.

Chandernagore receives several lakhs of rupees yearly from the Government of India on consideration that no opium shall be grown in French territory, still the finances of the little state are not now notably prosperous, for the disbandment of the treasured little army of twenty-five sepoys, two years ago, was due to financial stress. The French town has also had its share of political troubles and the attempt to assassinate the Mayor by means of a bomb is only recent history. The Chandernagore of past years could hint at many an exciting comedy which progressed to a happy termination on French soil. There were many minor transgressors against English law, who weathered impending legal storms by sheltering in the French town and

lovers of other days not infrequently made of the settlement a waterside Gretna Green, from whose strand they might safely derive parental pursuit.

All who know the polite, placid little town by the Hughli bank, will unite in wishing the tricolour a permanent association with this fragment of foreign sovereignty—a fragment which has outlasted the conflicts which engulfed the Dutch and Danish alike—and which now remains as a memorial to the days when the English were strangers within the gates of India.

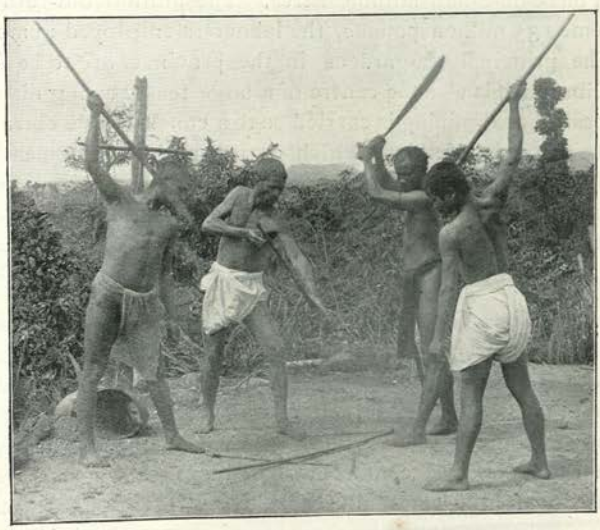
ASSAM

WITH WHICH IS INCLUDED

EASTERN BENGAL.

THE "PARTITION OF BENGAL"—THE PRESENT LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR—POPULATION—RAILWAYS—PHYSICAL ASPECTS—INDUSTRIES—TEA-GARDENS—BIG GAME—JUNGLES—HILL TRIBES—MANIPUR.

THE province of Eastern Bengal and Assam, under the much discussed "Partition of Bengal," was formed in 1905 by the addition to the separate administration which had hitherto constituted Assam, of fifteen districts of Bengal. The province so formed was placed under a Lieutenant-Governor with a Legislative Council. The present Lieutenant-Governor is the Hon'ble Sir Lancelot Hare, K.C.S.I., C.I.E., who was appointed in August 1906. Out of a total population of 30,961,459, about fifty-eight per cent. of the people are Mahomedans and thirty-seven per cent. Hindus. Large towns are few, the chief city is Dacca, whilst the summer capital is Shillong, situated in the Khasi Hills. The Assam-Bengal and Eastern Bengal Railways traverse the province and the former terminates at the growing port of Chittagong.



ASSAM HILL-MEN WAR DANCING.

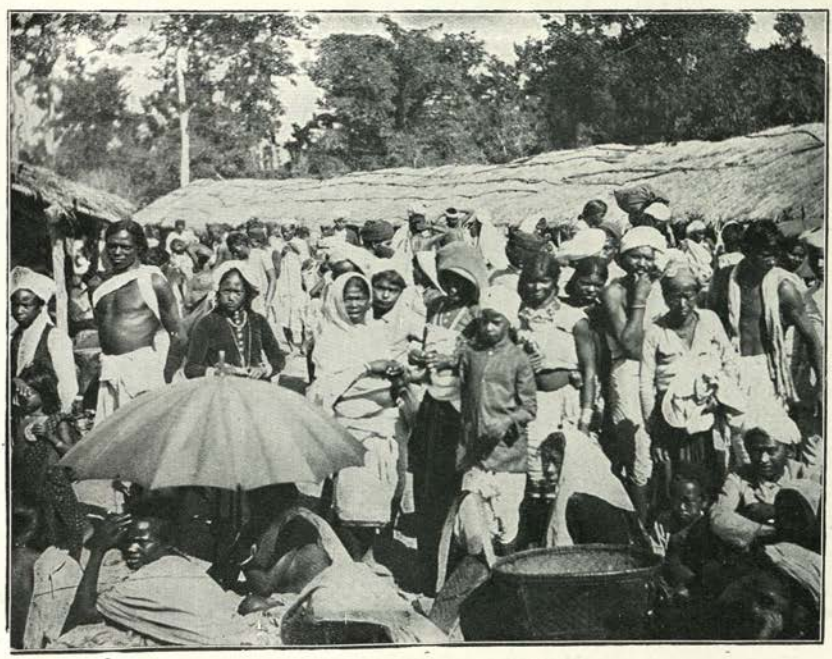
A trip to Assam

is well worth making, for here is to be seen much beautiful scenery and he will have left the well-beaten track of the ordinary tourist. All sorts and conditions of people are to be seen of a quaintness and variety the like of which is to be met with in no other part of India. And here, too, are evidences of some of the very great responsibilities which Great Britain has incurred in India, and how much more need there is for character and actual administrative ability than for eloquence and public speaking. Here, amid the vast hill tracts of Assam which have only of late years been freed from the raids of some dozen or more semi-savage tribes, above all else one cannot fail to observe the benefits which peace and education have brought to the one-time oppressed dwellers in this now rapidly prospering corner of the British Empire, as the direct outcome of British rule.

The valley of Assam parts the Himalayas of Bhutan from the lower ranges known as the Garo, Khasi, Jaintia and Naga Hills and named after the aborigines who inhabit them. A range of mountains divides Assam into the Surma and Brahmaputra valleys, of which the chief towns are Gauhati and Sylhet, respectively. Rice, jute, wheat, oil-seeds, sugar, and tobacco are cultivated extensively, whilst terraced gardens for the growth of tea climb the hillsides or fill in the undulations of the river banks. The number of tea-gardens in Assam is about eight hundred with an area of one-and-a-half million acres. The annual out-turn of tea amounts to some 135 million pounds, the labourers employed numbering fully 400,000. The principal tea-gardens in the province are to be found at Jalpaiguri; Dibrugarh is also the centre of a large tea-growing district, and in the latter locality coal-mining is carried on to a considerable extent. Notwithstanding the extensive clearings which agricultural development has brought about, there are still enormous wastes where forest alternates with coarse grass and reeds, thick and dense—the haunt of the rhinoceros, buffalo and tiger. At the foot of the Bhutan Himalayas are the Dooars, or plains, and here are vast impenetrable jungles such as are rarely to be found elsewhere in India.

The Garo Hills form a district lying to the east of the province. It is almost unknown, except to the few officials whose work lies there, or who visit it from time to time, but its scenery would well repay a visit from the unofficial traveller, could the difficulties of food and transport be overcome. The inhabitants—the Garos—who are very primitive when not in too close contact with the outside world, are wholly agriculturalists, and the two main crops on which they depend are rice and cotton: the former for home consumption and the latter for export. The

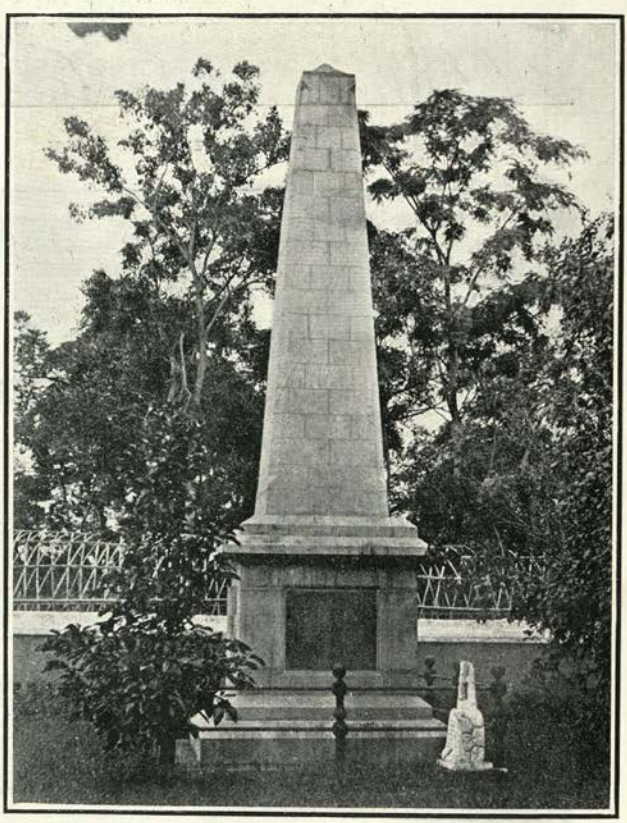
TEA GATHERERS IN ASSAM.



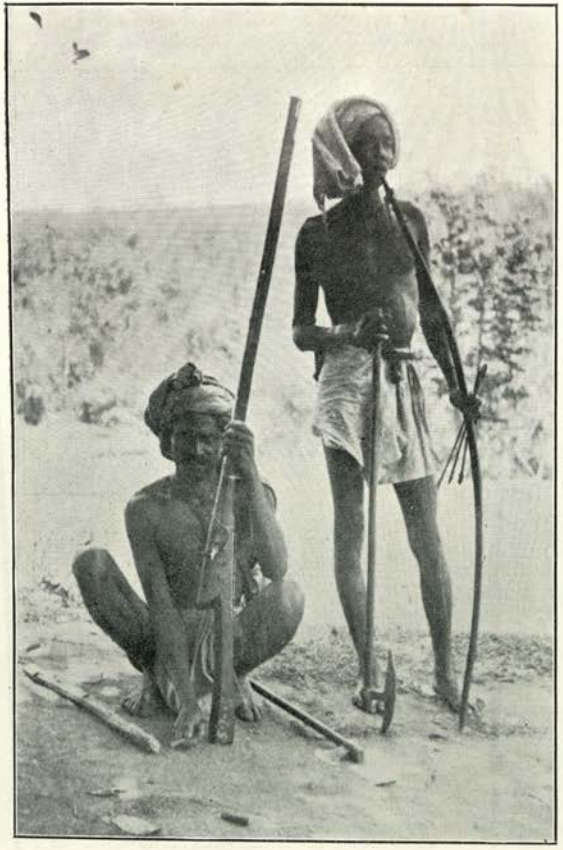
SCENE IN AN ASSAM TEA BAZAAR.

cotton is grown upon ranges of low, sloping hills, on patches of ground cleared in the virgin forest, which when the cotton is ripe, look as if they were flecked with snow. The Garos are an interesting race from many points of view. Linguistically, they are related to the Kacharis, Tipuras, Deori Chutiyas and Koches. Now the Koches were once a powerful and martial race, and the ancient Koch kingdom once covered an area which is roughly that of the present Province of Eastern Bengal and Assam. In course of time, they were conquered and subjugated by the Ahoms—a Shan race from Burmah, who are supposed to have given its name to Assam. Both Koch and Ahom were slowly conquered, not in arms, but in religion, language and civilisation by their western neighbours. The upper classes became Hindu, abandoned their native speech and adopted an Indo-European dialect, either Bengali or Assamese. Many of them were exterminated in the Burmese invasions which immediately preceded the British occupation. The survivors mingled with one another and with immigrants from the West, and now furnish a large part of the Hindu population of Northern Bengal and Assam.

The humbler classes retained their primitive Tibeto-Burmese speech, their ancient animistic religion, and their totemistic clans. Some—such as the Meches, Kacharis, and Chutiyas—remained in the plains, surrounded by Hindu neighbours, but distinguished from them by their Mongolian features, their Tibeto-Burmese speech, and



MONUMENT RAISED TO THOSE KILLED IN THE MANIPUR RISING; IT STANDS IN THE RESIDENCY GROUNDS.



Hazaribagh Big Game Trackers (Assam).

A Garo Cotton Carrier.

their social and religious customs. Others, the Hill Kacharis, Garos, and Tipuras—apparently took refuge in forest-clad hills, and led a more or less savage and isolated existence. The hill Kacharis carried with them into their exile something of their pride of race and capacity for organised administration. They were, at one time, rulers of what is now the great tea-planting district of Kachar, and are, to this day, somewhat more civilised than the other refugees. The Garos, on the other hand, even so lately as the early days of British rule, were head-hunting savages—a curious circumstance, for they are separated by the Khasis (who have, apparently, never followed this custom) from the Nagas, who, as is well known, have always been inveterate head-hunters. Unlike the Nagas, the Garos were easily persuaded to give up inter-tribal warfare, and the practice of taking heads as trophies which went with it. In more recent times the Garos have come under the influence of American Baptist missionaries, and, as Sir Bamfylde Fuller says in a brief preface to Major Playfair's recent book "The Garos," the writer being the most competent authority living on the tribes folk of Assam, "Garo villages are pretty numerous that have become entirely Christian." Sir Bamfylde notes also the curious fact that missionary work has been most successful among the two matriarchal tribes of Assam—the Khasis and Garos.

The Naga Hills are inhabited by fierce tribes who were formerly notoriously known as head-hunters; they are now, however, gradually being brought under civilization. South of the Naga Hills lies the State of Manipur, the scene of the lamentable disaster in 1891, when Mr. Grimwood, the Resident, Mr. Quinton, the Chief Commissioner of Assam, and several British Officers and their men were treacherously murdered. Imphal is the capi-

A Naga in full Dancing Gear and Tail.

NAGA TRIBESMEN IN THEIR FULL WAR-PAINT.

TEMPLE OF KALI (WITHIN THE RACE-COURSE), RAMNA DACCA.

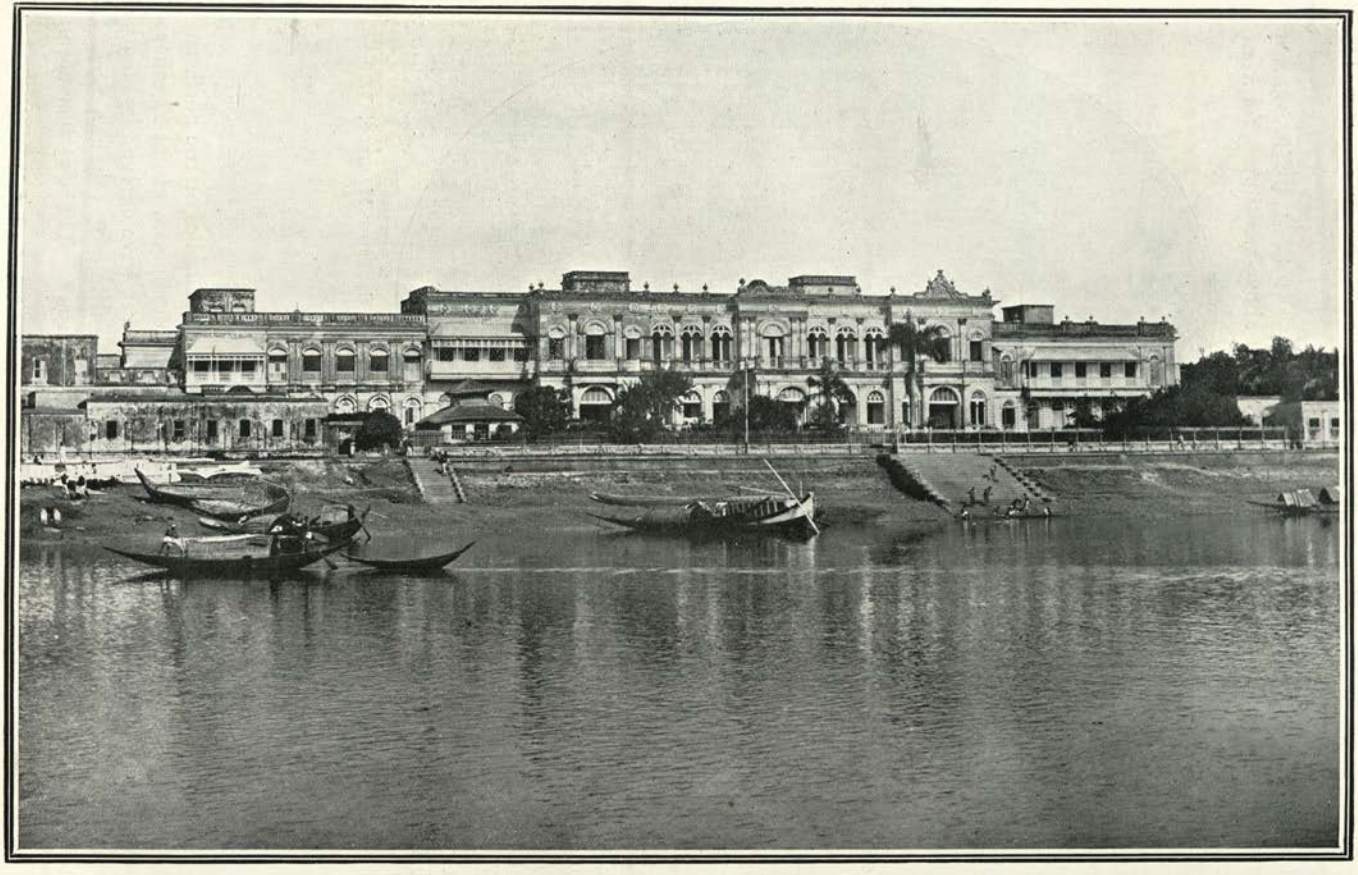
tal of the State. Prior to 1891, Manipur was known as a picturesque, if somewhat backward, State, then, after the events above-mentioned, for a few months it became an object of interest to all India, but when the rebellion had been put down, the ringleaders punished, another ruler selected, and the government of the State handed over to the Political Agent till the new Raja, then a child of five, should be old enough to assume control himself, Manipur was once more forgotten. After 17 years of management by a succession of Political Agents, the young Raja was placed on the "gaddi" by the Lieutenant-Governor of Eastern Bengal and Assam, and the management of the State given over entirely to him and his Durbar.

H. H. The Rajah Saheb of Manipur.

DACCA

Origin of Name—New Dacca—Early History—British Period of Possession.

Dacca, the capital of Eastern Bengal and Assam, lies on the northern bank of the Buri Ganga, a tributary of the Brahmaputra, about 25 miles rom the parent-capital Calcutta. The city is said to have derived its name from a temple of the Goddess Durga under the title of "Dhakka Seri," which is also the name of one of the western quarters. The city has been



DACCA : A PORTION OF THE EUROPEAN QUARTER OF THE CITY.

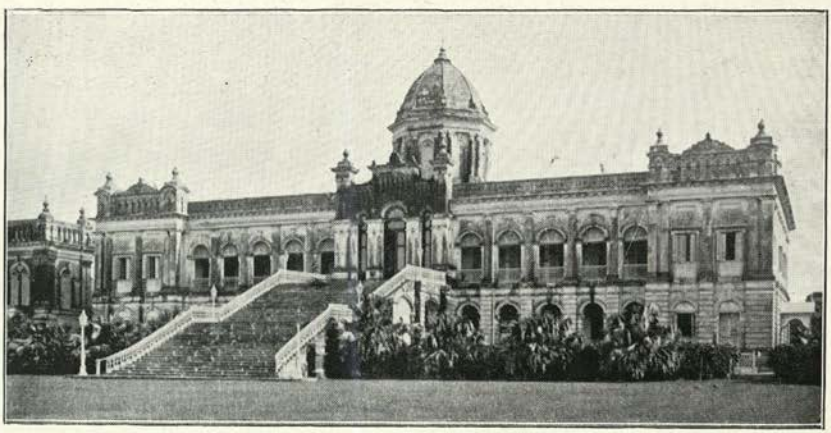
supposed by some writers to be of comparatively modern origin, but its position on the bank of the "old Ganges" shows that it must have been established long before the river changed its course. The houses of the European residents extend along the river for a considerable distance in the centre of the town and the market-square, which is of fine dimensions, lies on the extreme west of the city. At Rumnur, about a mile from the bazaars of Dacca, in the midst of open country, stand the new

Scene on the Burhi Ganga River at Dacca.

Government buildings, an earnest of the new Dacca which is to succeed the old. The Dacca College, built in recent years, is reputed to be one of the finest college buildings in the whole of India. But modern Dacca will never escape from the memories of its past, for side by side with the college and offices, which are the nucleus of the future city, lie tombs and temples crusted with the age of centuries, and in every direction are the ruins of former splendour with which the aggressive newness of the latest buildings contrasts almost discordantly.

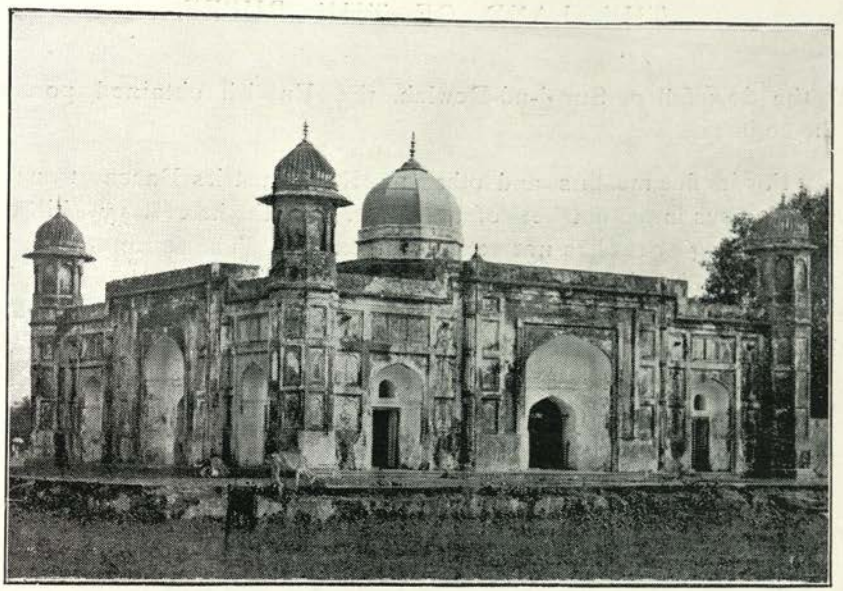
Dacca, in history, has been the scene of many vicissitudes, and when at the height of its former splendour, its limits, including the suburbs, extended from the Buri Ganga in the south to the Tungi River in the north, a distance of nearly fifteen miles; and from Jafarabad in the west to Postgola in the east, a distance of nearly ten miles. Portuguese mercenaries and Armenian and Greek merchants settled at Dacca from an early date. The English, the French and the Dutch established factories there about the middle of the 16th century and when the city was visited by the French traveller Tavernier, he described all the wealth of Bengal—the richest province of the Delhi Emperor—as being concentrated at Dacca.

The ruins of the Lal Bagh and the Burra Katra still attest the splendour of the Court held there by the two satraps of the Moghul

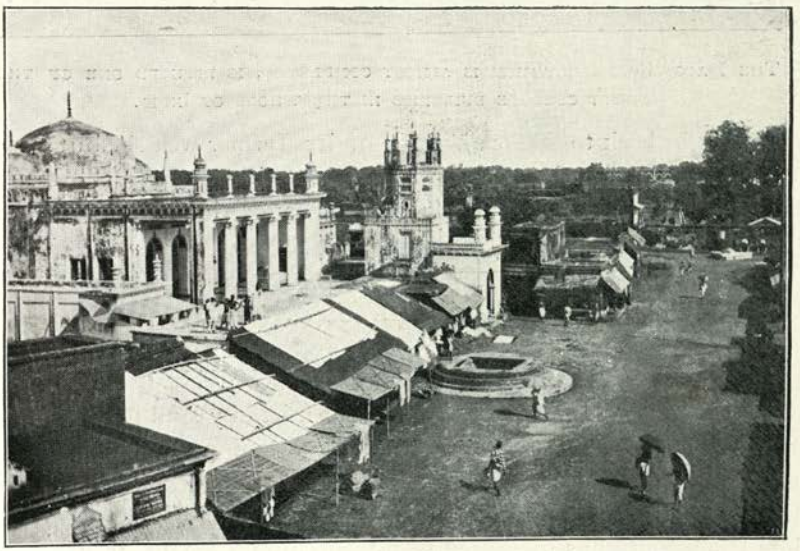


THE PALACE OF THE DACCA NAWABS LIES BY THE RIVER-SIDE.

Emperors—Mir Jumla and Shaista Khan. Mir Jumla was the General of Aurangzeb who failed disastrously in his expedition into Assam. Shaista Khan was the nephew of the Empress Nur Jehan, and he it was who broke the power of the Portuguese, whose lawless piracy had held all the water-ways of the delta to ransom. He also annexed Chittagong to the Moghul Empire, and succeeded to the Governorship of Bengal on the death of Mir Jumla in March 1633. This was the most flourishing era in the history of Dacca, for, like all Eastern cities, its glories depended upon the presence of a luxurious court. The real "British period" of the history of the city may be said to have commenced in 1781 when a Collector and Magistrate was appointed, although rule under Native Dynasties virtually ceased in 1757, when,



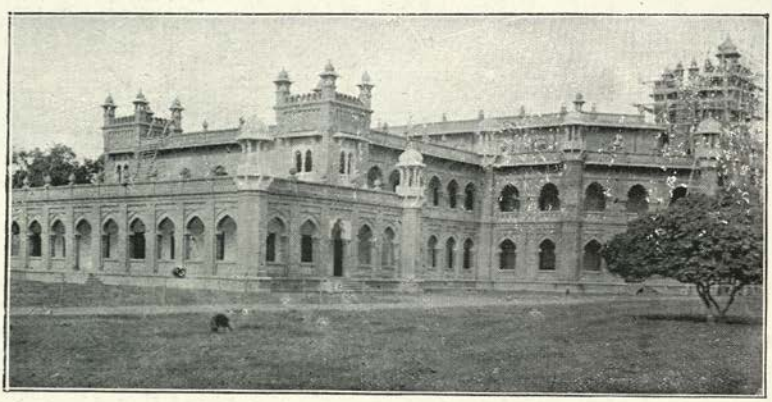
MIR JUMLA'S TOMB, LAL BAGH FORT, DACCA.



IN THE CHOWK BAZAAR, DACCA, IS A GREAT WELL OF BLACK DEPTH WHICH HAS ITS FULL COMPLEMENT OF CRUEL LEGENDS.

with the downfall of Suraj-ud-Dowlah, the English obtained possession of the country.

For its fine muslins and other textile industries Dacca at one time became famous in the markets of the West, and the hereditary skill of the Hindu weaving castes has not yet become extinct. The cotton grown in the neighbourhood is said to be of peculiarly fine quality but in the beginning of the last century the cotton industry began rapidly to decline under the competition of cheaper piece-goods from Manchester. The general development of trade throughout Bengal in recent years has, however, to a certain



THE DACCA COLLEGE, WHICH IS ALMOST COMPLETED, IS REPUTED ONE OF THE FINEST COLLEGE BUILDINGS IN THE WHOLE OF INDIA.

extent, brought back to Dacca a little of its former wealth, but the results of the loss sustained in her cotton industries will take a considerable time to retrieve as the former commercial prosperity of the city may be said to have been shattered.

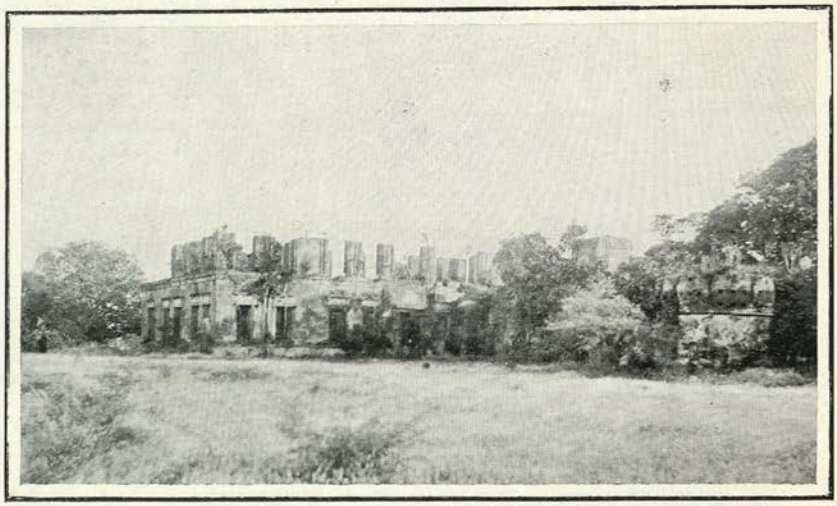
NARAINGANJ.

THE PORT OF DACCA—AFGHAN OCCUPATION—THE KINGDOM OF JUTE.

Narainganj, distant from Dacca nine miles by land and about sixteen by water, is in reality the port of that city, and possesses direct steam communication with Calcutta, Chittagong, Goalundo, the Assam Valley and the tea districts of Sylhet and Kachar. But the chief business done is in the jute trade which has increased to a tremendous extent in recent years. Dozens of great sheds, trembling with the pounding of machinery, dozens

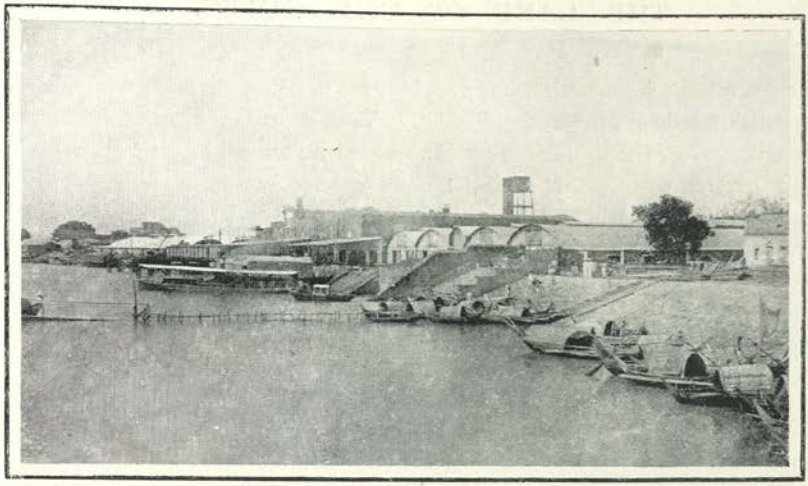
UNLOADING A CARGO OF JUTE AT NARAINGANJ.

of jute boats flurrying on the river, a pall of smoke flying from great chimneys—that is Narainganj which feeds the United Kingdom with jute—with hundreds of thousands of tons of raw fibre every year. It has a railway station, a municipality, a water-supply, drainage system, police court, and dak bungalow. Narainganj asserts that it is typically Western in appearance; also that it lives and thinks the same way—rapidly, commercially and with great financial success. The drawback is that it lives and thinks, and talks jute—and jute only. The god in the machine, the little grey-green indomitable jute plant, grown on every available yard of land.



RUINS AT NARAINGANJ.
All that is left of a great house shaken to pieces in an earthquake and the ruins of a buttressed wall, the latter the theatre of Sona Bibi's magnificent tragedy.

But Narainganj is not entirely all twentieth century commerce, cleanliness and order. Along a winding road, laced with silver stretches from the river and arched bridges, lie ruins three centuries old and of glorious history. Here are to be seen the ruins of a fort—one of those built when the Afghans made their last stand in Eastern Bengal—in the days of Islam Khan, the founder of Dacca. The last great Afghan Chief was Sha Khan, an heroic figure, whose prowess in love and war is famed to this day. His wife was the beautiful Sona Bibi, a Hindu child-widow whom Sha Khan captured to assure himself if the reports of her loveliness were true. The Mussulman chief was bitterly repulsed by the Hindu captive, but Sha Khan treated the girl with a chivalry, so generous, and so strange for those days,



NARAINGANJ

A place of whirring wheels and siren whistles of trains and steamers.

A CARGO OF JUTE.

that she eventually became his happy wife and accompanied him on his warlike expeditions throughout the district. Years after, when the fortunes of war turned against the valiant Sha Khan and he was slaughtered in battle, Sona Bibi retreated to a fort and defended it fiercely against her own blood relations. Finding resistance hopeless, she had it fired, and perished, with her infant child, in the flames. To decree that the ruins by the river at Narainganj were the theatre of Sona Bibi's magnificent tragedy is impossible, but there is a probability that either these ruins, or others further in the jungle and almost obliterated, were the scene of the annihilation of the Afghans in Eastern Bengal.

Narainganj possesses also a mosque highly reverenced by pious Mahomedans, for within the building, on a stone slab, is the imprint of a human foot which is universally acclaimed to be the print of Mahomed's foot. Thousands of the faithful cross the river to the mean little shrine which shields so great a treasure and the fame of the place is great in the district. But ruins and relics are woefully out of focus at Narainganj. A place of whirring wheels and siren whistles of trains and steamers, and of people physically and monetarily fattened through the agency of that little plant with the indigestible stem-Jute.

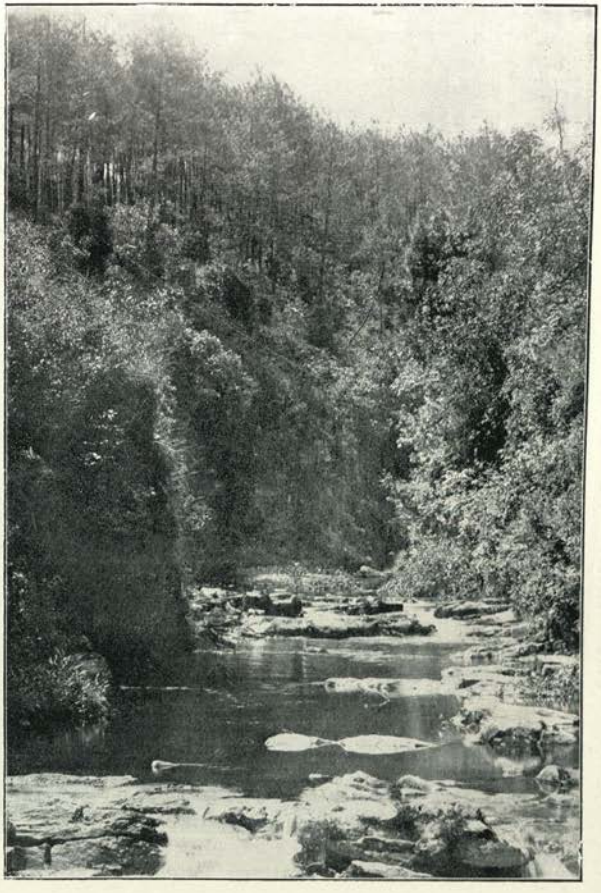
SHILLONG.

NEW BUILDINGS—SCENERY—"THE PEAK"—THE KHASIS.

SINCE the formation of the charming hill-station of Shillong, into the summer head-quarters of the province of Eastern Bengal and Assam, the influx during the season of so many additional Government officers has involved great pressure on house accommodation and many fine public buildings and private houses have recently sprung up, or are in course of erection. In the earthquake of 1897 Government House was entirely destroyed. The present building is erected on the site of the old one, but on totally different lines, as it is now built on anti-earthquake principles, which, if they cannot lay claim to great architectural beauty, at least afford the inmates a certain sense of security in a place where earthquakes, slight it is true, are still of frequent occurrence.

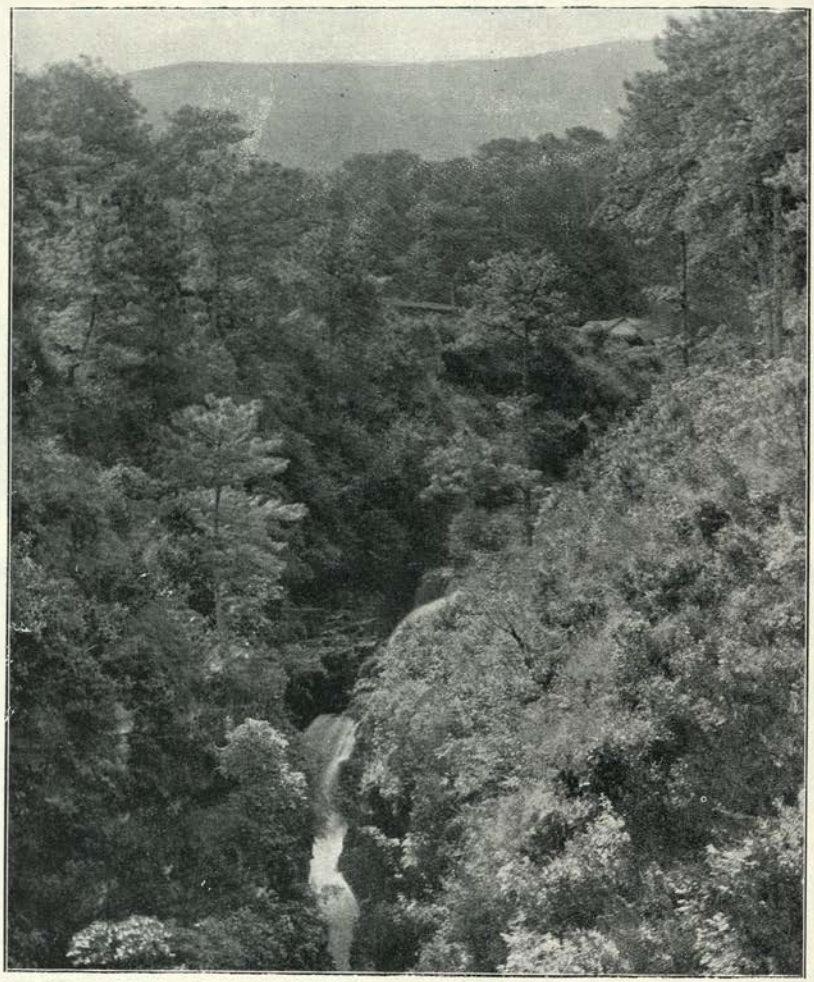
The country in and around Shillong is thickly covered with pine trees which, with the silvery cascades and numerous streams that abound, make charming landscape views, the scenery, in common with that of the majority

A Road Scene in Shillong.



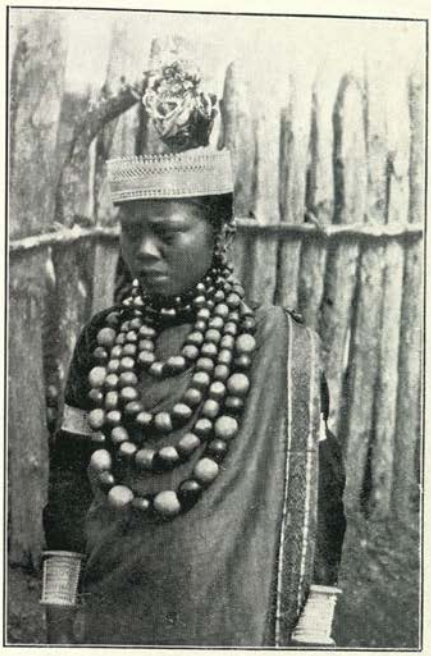
A Shillong Beauty Spot.

of hill-stations in India being most romantic and picturesque. Above Shillong towers "The Peak," which is worth climbing for its famous view comprising a snowy peak in the Aka Hills, right across the Brahmaputra



GUNNER'S FALLS, SHILLONG.

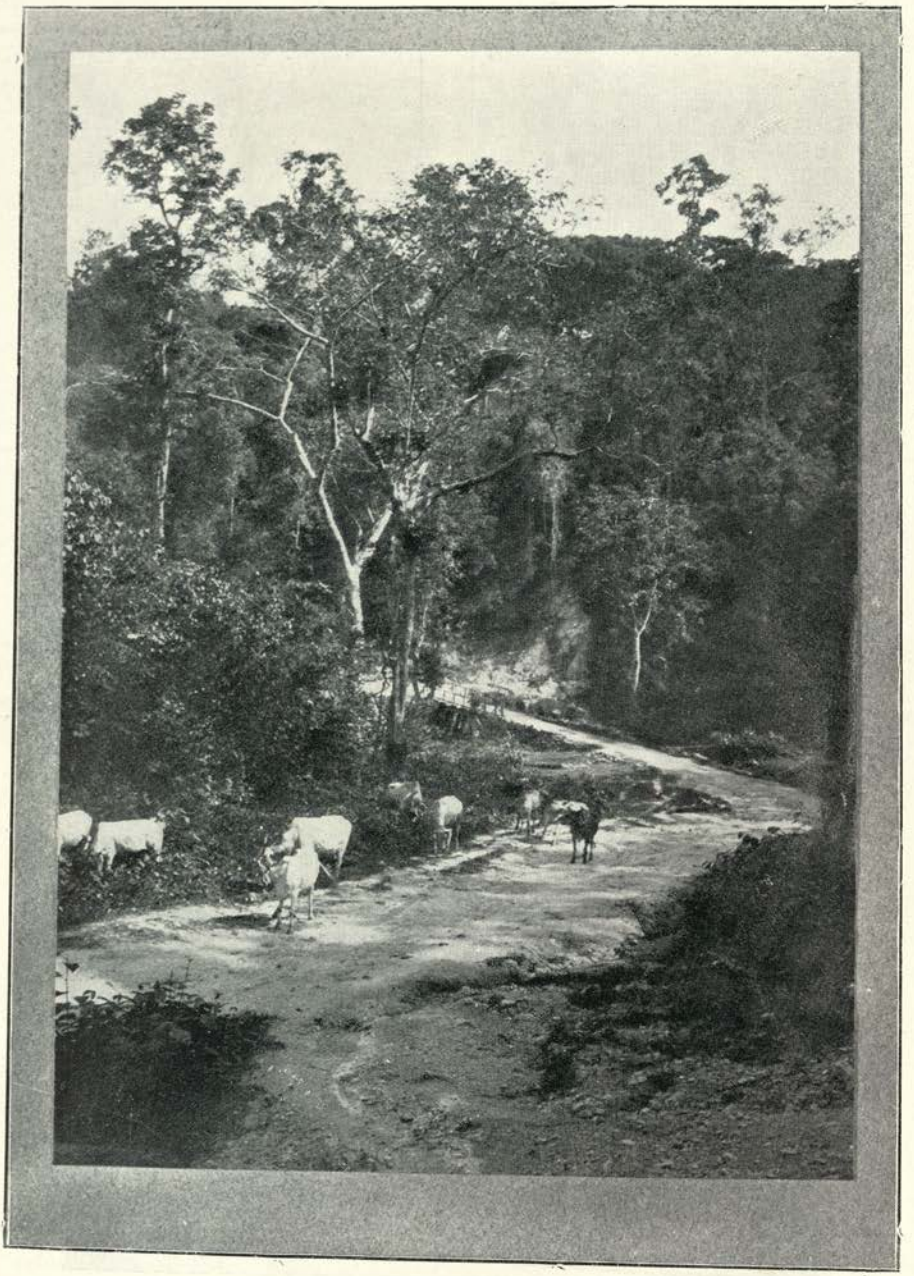
Valley, one hundred miles or more away. Shillong, unlike the majority of Indian hill-stations, is not built on a ridge but on a plateau and hence the roads are unusually broad and good and here people drive horse-drawn vehicles in a fashion impossible at Simla, Darjeeling and other large hill resorts.



A Khasi Girl in Dancing Dress.

Khasi Men in Dancing Dress.

Khasis going to Market, Shillong.



Sleepy Hollow. A typical scene in the Tura Garo Hills.

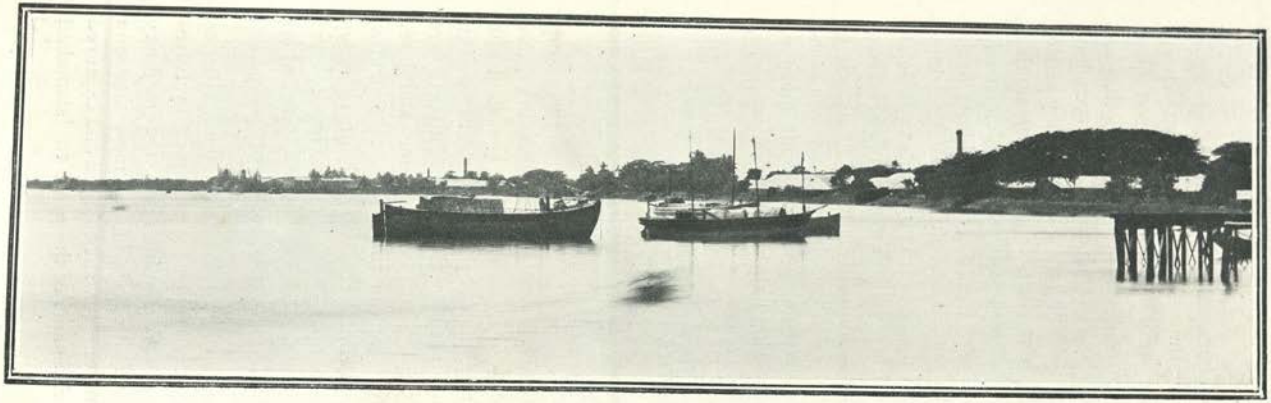
The lake at Shillong which has been made by damming up a small valley or ravine, has often been the scene of quaint sports and, being fairly well stocked with fish, affords moderately good sport to a few keen anglers. The Khasis, who are the local hill-folk, are most interesting people. They are great dancers, and on festive occasions both men and women deck themselves out in their very best gala day attire. Dances are also inaugurated in connection with religious ceremonies. Their dresses are usually of dyed Assam silk, and ornaments, chiefly necklaces and feathered head-gear, are donned for the occasion. These necklaces are often of considerable value, and even a small child may sometimes be seen wearing jewellery to the value of Rs. 1,500. They burn their dead, and each family or class has its own burial ground. Two arrows are shot, one to the east and one to the west when a man dies and then a cock is sacrificed. "Chantecler" is supposed to show the spirit the way to the other world and to wake him at dawn so that he may pursue his journey. Amongst the Khasis, too, we have the matriarchal theory in all its glory, and inheritance goes through the female line.

CHITTAGONG.

THE PORT—CYCLONES—EUROPEAN QUARTER—CAPTURE BY THE MOGHULS—MUTINY EPISODE.

This rapidly growing port of Eastern Bengal and Assam has long been an important place of trade. The early Portuguese merchants gave it the name of Porto Grando. As a port, it is one of the best in India and a great centre for commerce being frequented by vessels from foreign countries as well as from Indian Presidencies. The chief imports are piece-goods, salt and oil, the principal exports tea, rice, gunny and jute, the latter being largely shipped from this port in preference to Calcutta. Chittagong is on the right bank of the Karnaphuli river, about 12 miles from its mouth and is exposed to storms, the district having several times been visited by severe cyclones, notably in 1872 and 1876, when the visitations resulted in great loss of life and destruction of property.

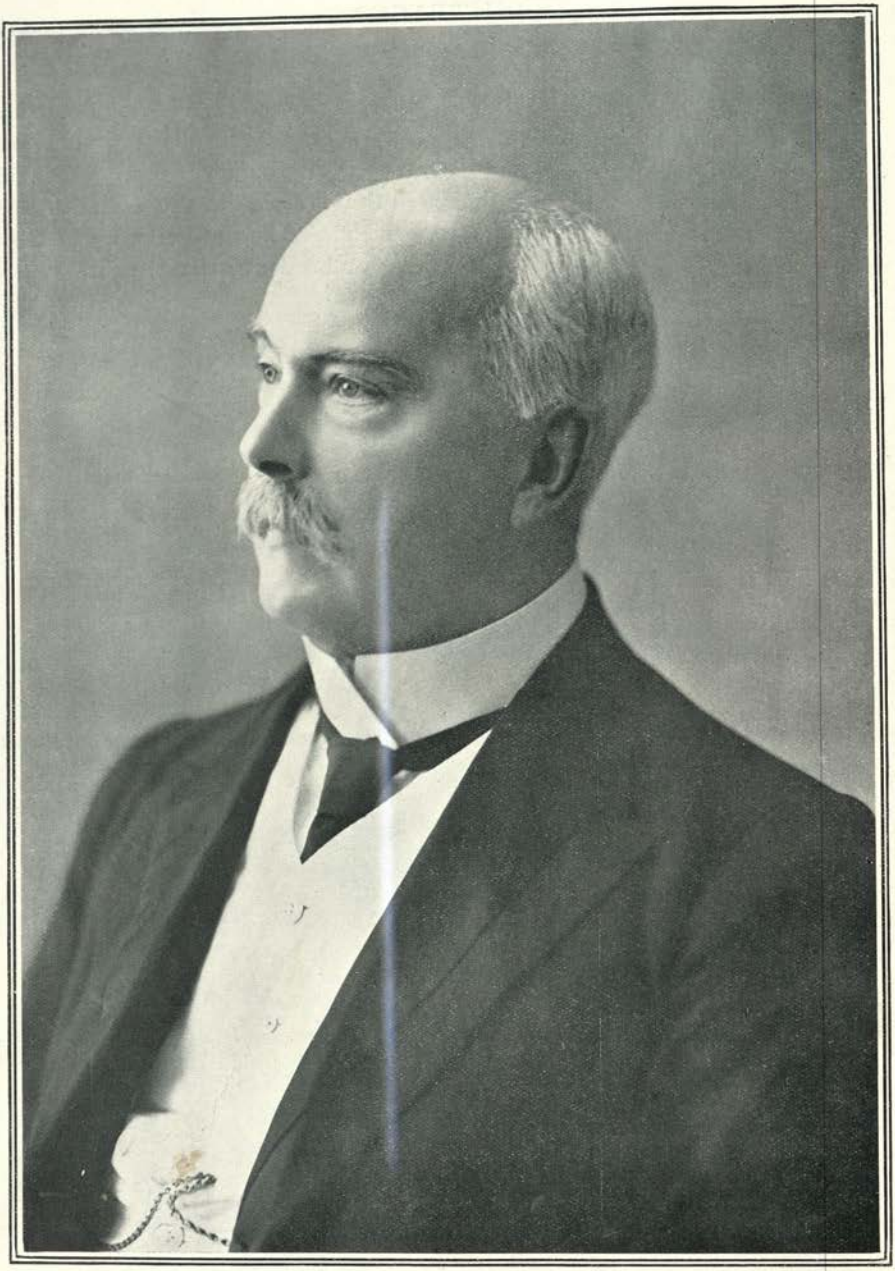
The town may be said to be made up of several small villages grouped together for municipal purposes, the residences occupied by Europeans being more or less scattered over a considerable area, the majority of them being erected on separate hills. Chittagong has on more than one occasion played a conspicuous part in history. It was besieged and captured by the Moghuls in 1665 who changed the name of the place to Islamabad



The Port of Chittagong.

Near view of the Wharves, Chittagong Port.

("The Residence of the Faithful"). In 1760, the whole district was ceded to the East India Company. In 1857, the never-to-be-forgotten year of the Mutiny, three companies of the 34th Native Infantry suddenly broke out into open revolt and plundered the Treasury to the extent of close on £28,000, of which about £5,000 was afterwards recovered. Since 1857 nothing has occurred to disturb the good order of the district.



H.E. The Hon. Sir George Sydenham Clarke, G.C.M.G., G.C.I.E., F.R.S.,
The Governor of Bombay Presidency.

BOMBAY PRESIDENCY.

AREA—RAILWAYS—EARLY HISTORY—PORTUGUESE POSSESSIONS—BRITISH OCCUPATION—RECENT TIMES.

BOMBAY, the Western Presidency of British India, includes numerous Native States under the protection of His Majesty's Indian Government. The greater part of the present territory was obtained by annexations from the Mahrattas, and by the lapse of the Satara State. Sind was conquered in 1843. The province (including Sind, but not Aden and Perim, which are also attached to it) contains 122,984 square miles (nearly equal in size to Prussia), with a population of 18,515,587. It is 1,050 miles in length. The administration of Sind (which occupies about two-fifths of the Presidency) is in some respects separate. About 77 per cent. of the people of the Presidency are Hindus, and 20 per cent. Mahomedans. The Parsis, who are very prominent in trade, are mainly found in Bombay. Cotton is largely produced for export and for manufacture in the constantly extending cotton-mills of Bombay and Ahmedabad. The chief railway systems are the Bombay, Baroda & Central India with the lines worked by it to the north, and the Great Indian Peninsula (now combined with the Indian Midland system) eastwards; south-eastwards is the Madras and Southern Mahratta system; while Karachi (Sind) is the port for the extensive North-Western Railway system.

The territory included within the Bombay Presidency was in old times partitioned among many independent kingdoms. The most ancient records and memorials, such as the inscribed Rock of Girnar and the Caves of Ajanta, carry us back to the period before and at the commencement of the Christian era, when Buddhism was the orthodox creed throughout the peninsula of India. A survival of this early faith is represented by the Jains, who are still an influential sect in the Bombay Presidency, adhering with tenacity to their ancient traditions. A succession of dynasties of Rajput origin ruled over these regions during the first ten centuries of the Christian era.

Sind was the first part of India in which the Mahomedans established a footing. But the best known event in this period of history is the

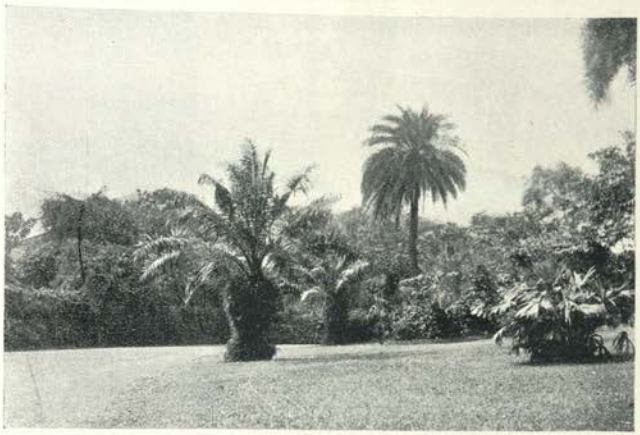
invasion of Gujarat (Guzerat) by Mahmud of Ghazni, in 1024, when the sacred temple of Somnath was sacked and an immense booty carried away by the invader. Henceforth the Rajput dynasty of Gujarat, whose capital was at Anhilwara, or Patan, defended themselves with varying success against successive waves of invasion, until their kingdom was finally destroyed in 1297 by Alaf Khan, the general of the Emperor of Delhi, Ala-u-din Khilji. For about a century, from 1297 to 1403, Gujarat was governed by deputies sent from Delhi. The last of these governors, Jafar Khan, a Rajput renegade, threw off his allegiance to the Emperor and founded an independent dynasty known as the Ahmedabad kingdom, from the capital built in 1413 by Ahmed I. This dynasty attained to great power and splendour, as is testified both by the reports of European travellers and by the ruined buildings still existing in Ahmedabad and Champaner. In 1573, Gujarat was conquered by the Moghul Emperor, Akbar, who led the invading army in person, and the province was again subjected to the control of Viceroys from Delhi. During the seventeenth century Mahomedan authority was maintained, despite the rising power of the Mahrattas in the south of the Province. But on the death of Aurangzeb in 1707, all show of order was swept away; and in 1757 the Province of Gujarat, with its capital, Ahmedabad, was finally surrendered to the Mahrattas, under the joint leadership of a deputy of the Peshwa and Damaji Gaekwar.

The great Sivaji was born in 1627. He rose to power by availing himself of the hill fastnesses of the Ghats, organising the sturdy Hindu peasantry into a military confederacy, and alternately playing off the Moslems of Bijapur and Delhi against each other. In 1674, he ventured to declare his independence openly by being crowned at Raigarh, and six years afterwards he died. His lineal successors, the Rajas of Satara, did not inherit his genius for command; but the Mahratta traditions were maintained by subordinate officials and generals, who carved out for themselves kingdoms in all parts of the peninsula, and only lost the supreme empire of India by their defeat at the hands of the Afghans at Panipat. The most important members of the Mahratta confederacy who played a part in the history of Bombay were the Peshwa, or over-lord, the hereditary mayor of the palace to the effete descendants of Sivaji, who may be said to have established his practical supremacy in 1749, with Poona for his capital; and the Gaekwar of Baroda. These two chiefs collected tribute during the eighteenth century from the greater part of what is now the Presidency of Bombay.

The Apollo Bunder—The Gate of India.

The first European nation which had dealings with the west coast of India was the Portuguese. In 1498, Vasco da Gama landed at Calicut; five years later, the great Albuquerque conquered Goa; and as early as 1532, the Portuguese are found in occupation of the island of Bombay. For a hundred years they maintained their monopoly of the Eastern trade. The first English ship is said to have arrived at Surat, then the chief emporium of Indian commerce in 1608. Shortly afterwards the English merchants fought a sea-battle with the Portuguese off Surat, and, as a result of their victory, obtained a charter from the Delhi Emperor Jehangir in 1613, entitling them to establish a factory in that city. The Dutch received a similar authorisation in 1618. Bombay island, comprising the present Bombay City, was ceded to the English Crown in 1661, as part of the dower of the Infanta Catharina on her marriage with Charles II. A British fleet was sent out under the Earl of Marlborough to take possession of the island, but a dispute arose with the Portuguese Governor; and in 1668, the king was glad to hand over the unprofitable acquisition, at that time considered as the grave of Europeans, to the East India Company, on payment of an annual rent of £10 in gold. In 1687, the chief control of all the Company's possessions in India was transferred from Surat to Bombay, which was made an independent Presidency in 1708, on the amalgamation of the two rival English companies trading with India. Finally, in 1773, Bombay was placed in a position of qualified subordination to the Governor-General at Calcutta.

The recent history of Bombay Presidency is destitute of stirring incidents. Peace has remained unbroken, even during the troublous season of 1857, when the Bombay troops remained, as a body, loyal. The local army has done good service in many climes. In Afghanistan and Persia, in Burma and China, in Aden and Abyssinia, the sepoys of Bombay have shown themselves willing to do their duty wheresoever called. But the chief glory of British administration has lain in the development of the arts of peace. Instead of the chronic disorder of the Mahratta period, absolute security is now guaranteed to life and property. Where bands of irregular horsemen formerly collected tribute from the villagers at the spear's point, the land revenue is now realised by the operation of law, in amounts larger than could be conceived in the days of military extortion. The railway, a triumph of engineering skill, climbs with ease the famous Bhor Ghat, which in old times shut off the fertile plateau of the Deccan from the sea-coast, and once witnessed the discomfiture of a British army.



BOMBAY.

VIEW FROM THE SEA—MALABAR HILL—TAJ MAHAL HOTEL—THE PARSIS—TOWERS OF SILENCE—PRESENT DAY PROGRESS—PUBLIC BUILDINGS—CRAWFORD MARKET—HOTELS—VICTORIA GARDENS—GOVERNMENT DOCKYARDS—ST. THOMAS' CATHEDRAL—YACHT CLUB—BYCULLA CLUB—AFGHAN MEMORIAL CHURCH.

BOMBAY is often described as the most European-looking city in India, but this is probably owing to its numerous public buildings, many Gothic or Early English, which are such prominent features in the first view of the city to the new arrival by steamer. Actually, Calcutta is far more European in character. The publicity of life and the crowded state of the city is as marked as in Naples. Bombay has been graphically described by one of its former Governors, Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff, as the Alexandria of the modern world; and this certainly typifies the curious blending of East and West, which the physiognomy of Bombay presents to the visitor. The mingling of East and West is strikingly shown in the architecture of the great public buildings—Western in style, but Eastern as regards embellishment. Perhaps, nowhere else in the British Empire are collected so many magnificent buildings in so limited an area.

Certainly, the first view of Bombay from the sea is impressive and even fascinating—a vista of white palaces set in an amphitheatre of greenery. One feels, indeed, that Calcutta has unjustly arrogated to itself the proud title of "City of Palaces," which should rightly belong to Bombay.

View of the City and Back Bay from the Ridge.

The harbour is an animated and picturesque scene where there are usually a troopship and a man-of-war of H. M.'s East Indian Squadron, together with numerous large passenger or merchant steamers of the European lines. Among these may be mentioned the Peninsular and Oriental Company's line, the Rubattino (an Italian) line, the British India Steam Navigation Company, the Messageries Maritimes, the "Clan," "Anchor," "Hall," and "National" lines. Many other steamers and merchantmen are to be seen riding at anchor, swinging with the swiftly-flowing tide, and discharging or receiving cargo.

To-day passengers to Bombay by the great mail steamers land in a manner recalling the practices of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries rather than those of the twentieth. The big ships lie a mile or so from the shore, and there is a hot and fatiguing transhipment to the tender before the quay side can be reached. Although the city has a virtual monopoly of the mail and ocean passenger traffic from India, and in the handling of goods is the cheapest and best managed port in the East, not until a few years ago was any systematic policy inaugurated to provide it with the facilities that obtain at every other first-class sea-port. Briefly, it embraces a wet dock with an area of fifty acres and three miles of quay space, a dry dock, a thousand feet long and a hundred feet wide, and a new mole to which the largest steamers may moor at any state of the tide and discharge their passengers into mail trains drawn up alongside. All these works are constructed on the basis of accommodating steamers a thousand feet long and of a hundred feet beam—that is, although vessels engaged in the Eastern trade are bound down by the limitations of the Suez Canal, the new dock will take ships two hundred feet longer than the leviathians of the Cunard Company.

Bombay, in the Taj Mahal, can now boast of the finest hotel in the East. This hotel is built on the new quay known as the Apollo Reclamation, its enormous size and prominent site make it a striking building, especially on approaching Bombay by water.

The main part of the city lies low among the flats and reclaimed marsh lands of its island site. But towards its south-western extremity, the island throws out a horn into the sea, and here the ground rises to a height of three hundred feet. At the point of the spur is Government House; close to it is the famous Hindu temple of Walkeshwar, to which pilgrims

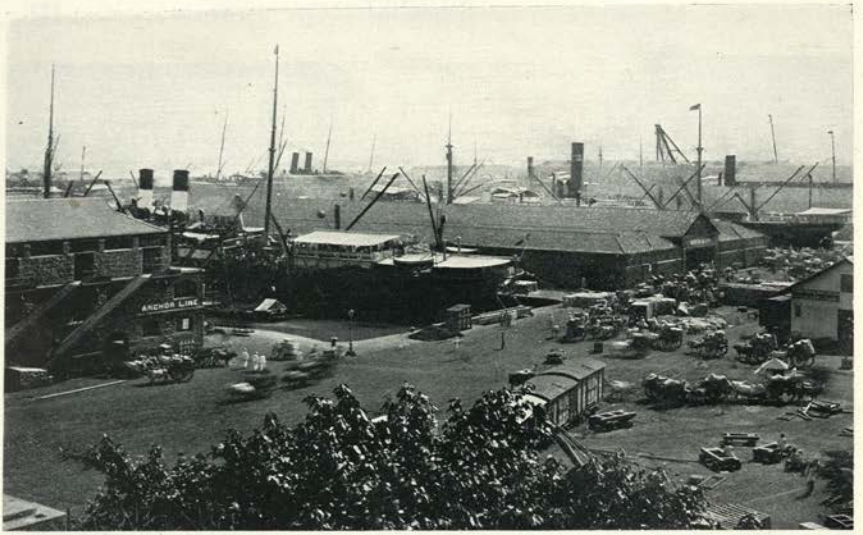
resort from all parts of India. All along the ridge are the best and most desirable houses in Bombay—the houses where Europeans like to live, because of the air and the gardens and the views over the town, the Back Bay and the open waters of the Indian Ocean. Mr. Sidney Low, writing in his "Vision of India" says :—"The time was when all Malabar Hill, with its adjacent ridges, was given up solely to European habitation. To-day the English bungalows on Malabar Hill and Cumballa Hill may almost be counted on the fingers. Nearly all the finest houses are occupied by natives, who live there in great style, with their horses, their carriages, their motor-cars, and their married sons and daughters to the second and third generation. The Englishman complains bitterly that he has no room to live. At his moderate salary he cannot compete with his affluent brown competitor. For him the Parsi land speculator builds blocks of flats down near the sea-front, and he has to pay a relatively high rent for his three or four stuffy rooms, and be glad to get them, while his landlord looks down upon him from his eyrie three miles away. Bombay, in spite of its splendid Europeanised public buildings, is still a native town, and the natives are fully conscious of the fact. To see something of native society is easier in Bombay than in any other place in India, and yet it is not in itself an easy thing even there. The city is full of educated, emancipated Asiatics, of various denominations, many of whom have gone a long way towards assimilating Western customs and ideas."

The City of Bombay has for its motto "*Urbs primus in Indis*" and well does it deserve it. By the largeness of its population, greatness of its extent, the excellence of its situation, the volume of its trade, the wealth of its inhabitants, by everything that contributes to material greatness, it stands out pre-eminently among all the cities of India, nay of the whole East. There is not much of historical associations clinging about it, as about many another Indian city. It was a small fisherman's village when the Afghan and the Moghul held their grand court at Delhi or Lahore, when the fleets of Gama and Albuquerque swept the Eastern seas and were a terror to the entire coast. All the various invasions and conquests of the country swept past it without making any impression on its humble position. The earliest historical notice of it occurs in the great history of Ferishta, who incidentally mentions it under the year 1428. The Portuguese took possession of it in 1526 and kept it nearly a century and-a-half, without knowing the great worth of their obscure island, and improving it. A fisherman's village it came into their hands, and as such it remained till the English

A Native Street in the Fort.

appreciated its great importance and successfully negotiated to have it out of Portuguese hands. The English occupation changed its fate entirely and slowly raised it from its humble position. It has grown with the growth and strengthened with the strength of its new owners. During the two centuries and-a-third that have elapsed it has steadily increased in importance and outshines every other city of the Indian Empire. It may be taken to be the proudest representative of Western civilising influence in the East It is Europe and England that have made Bombay what it now is, the connecting link between Europe and Asia, the point where two civilisations meet and mingle. Its geographical position has favoured it immensely in this matter. It is the great Western gate of India through which trade and civilisation pass and are diffused throughout the country. Being the focus of all the sea routes, as well as of most of the railways in the country, it has the advantage over all other towns and harbours, and has become the greatest clearing house of the East.

Alone among the modern cities of India, Bombay reproduces the character and charm of the older centres of population. The native



THE VICTORIA DOCK.

THE PRINCE'S DOCK.

town is no mere desert of dull, unattractive, squalid barracks. The houses ascend four, five and six storeys, their facades are broken with airy balconies enriched with graceful carving and painted all colours of the rainbow. Indeed, the most populous streets bear a far closer resemblance to those of Amritsar and Lahore than to anything in the other towns that have grown up under British rule. The Municipal history of Bombay in many ways reminds one of the progress of the old walled cities of Europe that have been caught in the vortex of the modern industrial movement. Originally the inhabitants crowded within the walls of the stout fort which was the title deed of Great Britain's hold on the Island of Bombaim. Then, as the fear of Mahratta aggression passed away with Wellesley's brilliant campaign, culminating at Assaye, the growing population oozed through the walls and a new quarter grew up under their shade. It needed a Governor of the genius of Bartle Frere to realize that the old order had passed away ; he it was who threw down the ramparts and laid the foundations of the modern quarter which makes Bombay to-day the handsomest city in Asia.

" In the business world of Bombay, the Parsis hold a position out of all proportion to their numbers. They are visible—they and their work—everywhere. The wealth of the place is largely in their hands, so is the manufacturing industry and the real property. Parsi names are painted on the gate-posts of many of those desirable suburban residences, from which European tenants have been banished. If the eye falls on a handsome public building, it is quite likely to be a Parsi hospital or a Parsi convalescent home, or the college founded by one wealthy fire-worshipper, or the monument presented to the city by another. Parsis hold most of the shares in the largest of the cotton-mills, whose tall chimneys are blackening the sun-lit air all over the northern quarter of the Island. There is no *purdah* for Parsi women, who drive and walk about as they please, and sometimes even ride bicycles ; but they keep to their picturesque national dress.

" The Parsis may be said to have taken root. They fled from Persia to escape Mahommedan persecution, and found a refuge under the Hindu Kings of Guzerat, who tolerated them, within limits. They were allowed to practise their Zoroastrian worship of the elements, but they were expected to conform to Brahmanist feeling, and compelled to adopt the high black cap, supposed to be shaped liked a cow's hoof, as a sign of subjection and conformity. But they brought their consecrated fire from Persia, and it burns to this day in little, whitewashed empty temples,

within sound of the tramway gongs of Bombay. Driven upon themselves, they became, as these proscribed and powerless minor sects often do, hard-working craftsmen and industrious traders. For many generations they were the minor shopkeepers and artisans of Bombay, persevering but uninfluential. Under the settled peace of British Rule, they have flourished wonderfully and waxed mighty. Free from Mahratta tyranny and Hindu suspicion, they have been able to give full scope to their mercantile and financial talents. They were no longer afraid to make money, and were able to keep it. Some of them left off being small tradesmen and developed into merchants, manufacturers, mill-owners, millionaires. Having no chain of caste restrictions like the Hindus, and no swathing of burdensome religious prejudices like the Mahommedans, they got into contact with the white mercantile community, and assimilated some—not all—of our manners and customs with avidity. They learnt the English language, read English books, and sometimes wrote them; founded schools for their children on English lines, and joined with Englishmen in works of charity and benevolence. Also, they learnt English games. As everybody knows, they play cricket.

"The Parsis are an interesting and rather attractive body of people. Their cleverness is undeniable, and it shows itself in other ways besides that of commerce. There are eminent surgeons in the community, able lawyers, good engineers, botanists and physiologists. In business itself they have not only the quickness and alert adaptability of the Oriental trader, but also a boldness of conception and a courage in undertaking great and even hazardous enterprises which we are rather inclined to regard as Western traits. There has recently been started a great scheme for developing the mineral resources of the Bombay Presidency and generating electricity by water-power, initiated by a Parsi-group, which is quite Transatlantic in its comprehensive audacity. The future of the Parsis is somewhat doubtful. Some people who know them will tell you there are signs of degeneration among them. The young Parsis, who go to the high schools, or to Oxford or Cambridge, and acquire a taste for culture, have lost the grip and go of their hard-headed pertinacious progenitors, who pushed themselves,

by sheer force of character, from the tradesman's counter and the small money-lender's office to become merchant princes and captains of industry."

The five mortuary towers, whose gruesome significance is veiled by the poetical term, Towers of Silence, occupy with their beautiful garden —a startling contrast to this grim charnel house—a considerable area of the higher part of the Malabar Hill. As everybody knows, it is contrary to the Parsis' religion to burn or bury the dead, and to avoid polluting the air, one of the sacred elements, the bodies are given over to be devoured by vultures, a huge colony of these unclean birds being in permanent occupation of the towers.

One of the Towers of Silence.

With the many and important additions that have been made to the public and other buildings in the city during the last ten years or so, Bombay can well lay claim to have become a "City of Palaces." Within a one mile radius of the Victoria Terminus Station of the Great Indian Peninsula Railway Company, are to be found some of the finest buildings in the East, or for that matter in many a European city; and yet the work of building and street improvement generally is still going on apace. One of the grandest and most imposing piles in the city is the Victoria Station. The work of construction was commenced in the early part of 1879, and, although the station was thrown open for traffic in 1882, the entire building on which something like a quarter of a million of money has been expended, was not completed till 1887. The style of architecture is Italian Mediæval

THE MUNICIPAL BUILDING AND VICTORIA TERMINUS.

Gothic, and the detail of the whole scheme is most elaborate. The plan of the main building forms three sides of an oblong, *i.e.*, a centre and two wings with a quadrangle garden, and fountain therein facing west. The north wing on the ground and second floors, and upon which abuts the station proper, is entirely occupied by a large and imposing waiting hall and booking offices. The hall is as large as that so familiar at Euston but infinitely grander.

The second most important of the local "lions" is the Municipal Building, designed by the same architect as the Railway offices, and standing immediately opposite them. The foundation stone of this handsome structure was laid by the Marquis of Ripon in the year 1885, but four or five years were allowed to elapse before the work of construction was commenced, and it was not occupied till the early part of 1893. It stands on a triangular piece of ground at the junction of the Hornby and Cruickshank Roads, and is designed in the early Gothic style of architecture, with an Oriental feeling, to bring it into harmony with the surrounding edifices. Near by is the fine block of buildings in which are located the Offices and Printing Works of the *Times of India*.

The Arthur Crawford Markets which occupy a commanding position on what may be described as the border-line separating the Native from the European portions of the City are amongst the most important of the many public improvements brought about by the untiring energy and vast enterprise of the late Mr. Arthur Crawford between the years 1865 and 1871, during which period he held the office of Municipal Commissioner of Bombay. The Markets will stand comparison with some of the finest in European towns, and the scene to be witnessed there every morning is one that cannot be readily forgotten. Representatives of almost every nationality under the sun, in nearly every kind of costume, are to be found there at break of day, and even long before, as it is not an uncommon thing for the cooks of the large establishments in the city to sleep outside the market walls, in order to get the pick of the supplies when the markets are opened to the public.

On the Esplanade Road, leading from the Crawford Markets to the Victoria Terminus Station, is the Sir Jamsetji Jijibhoy School of Art. The main building, which lies back from the road in a nicely kept garden, is unpretentious in design, but well adapted to the purpose for which it was built. The school, which owes its foundation to the late Sir Jamsetji

THE *Times of India* BUILDINGS.

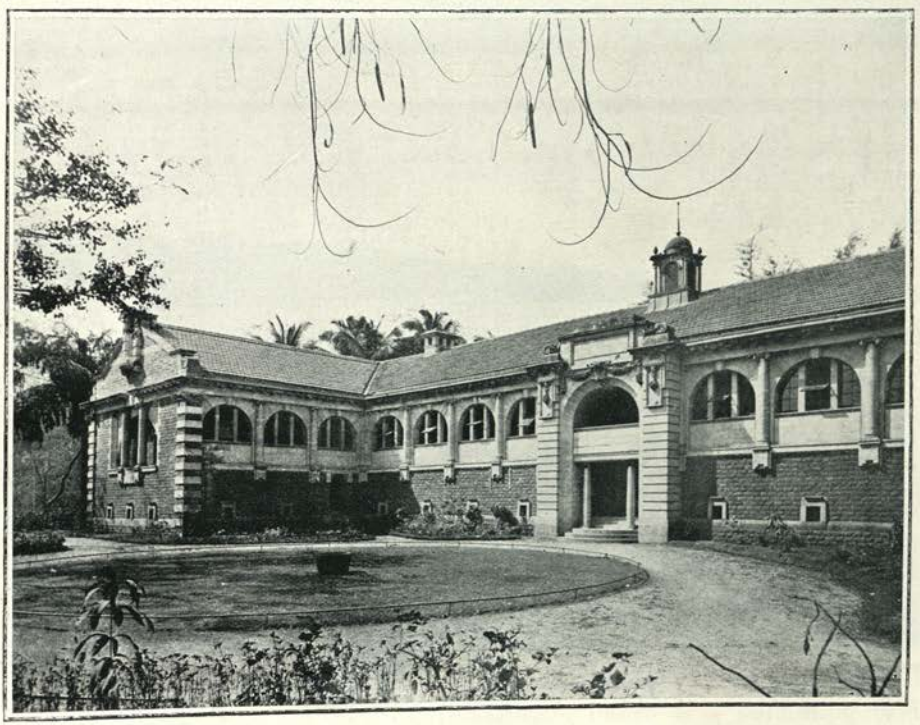
Jijibhoy, was opened in 1857, in the Elphinstone Institution. It is 275 feet in length; there are four private studios for the masters; four general class rooms, and seven store-rooms of varying dimensions; a very good library and museum being located above the large hall on the ground floor. Some of the most interesting work, however, in connection with the School of Art is carried on in the Reay Art Workshops, a quiet and unpretentious building, situated in the compound of the school and named after an ex-Governor of Bombay, Lord Reay, by whom they were formally opened in the early part of the year 1890, although work in them was not actually begun till the following year. The workshops were started with a view of imparting technical instruction in certain artistic handicrafts for which the Presidency is celebrated; of raising the standard of workmanship, and of preventing the further deterioration of Indian Art Work. A number of skilled workmen are employed as teachers and instruction is given in all kinds of art industries. In the School of Art proper instruction is given in decorative painting, architectural sculpture, wood engraving and ornamental pottery. The students turn out some capital work.

In close proximity to the Indo-British Institution—in fact, next door to it—is the Anjuman-i-Islam School, a building of some architectural

pretension in the Saracenic style. It harmonises well with the handsome piles surrounding it.

Near the Bombay Gymkhana is the Tata Mansion, one of the handsomest private buildings in the Presidency, but the effect of its external beauty is somewhat dwarfed by the fact that it has no grounds. The Public Works Secretariat, the Telegraph and the new General Post Offices, near the G. I. P. Terminus, are very fine structures. The High Court, another imposing building, is next to the Public Works Secretariat It was designed by Col. J. A. Fuller in the early English Gothic style, and was begun on April 1, 1871, and finished in November 1878, at a cost of some sixteen-and-a-half lakhs of rupees.

The University Library, the University Senate Hall and the Rajabai Tower are all situated in what are called the University Gardens at the south end of the High Court. These gardens are nicely laid out and well looked after. The Senate, or Sir Cowasjee Jehanghier Hall of the



A Portion of the School of Art.

University (Sir Cowasjee Jehanghier, Kt., C.S.I., having contributed a lakh of rupees to the cost of the building, which amounted to three-and-three-quarter lakhs), is in the early French style of architecture, it having been designed by Sir Gilbert Scott, R. A., and completed in December 1874. The University Library and Rajabai Clock Tower were built from designs by the same architect, at a cost of about five-and-a-half lakhs of rupees. The expense was met out of a gift by Mr. Premchund Roychund, who, during the time of the famous share mania, was known as "King of Bombay." The tower, from the ground to the top of its terminal, is 280 feet in height, with a staircase, lighted by stained glass windows, running up the greater part of the interior and giving access to the balconies, from which a splendid view of the sea and the city can be obtained. The large clock in the tower has four dials, and there is a "peal of joy bells," which play at certain hours of the day. The tower is a very fine piece of architectural work, and is one of the first things that catches the eye of passengers on the inward bound vessels.

BACK BAY AND MALABAR HILL.

A View from Cumballa Hill.

Without the southern boundary of the University Gardens, and overlooking them is the well-known building known as Watson's Hotel. The other chief hotels of the city, besides the Taj Mahal, are the Great Western, the Majestic and the Apollo, and all are situated close at hand. On the west side of Watson's Hotel is the Secretariat in which are located the offices of the Government of Bombay. In close proximity are the "Cooperage," and the "Oval," large open spaces used by some of the local cricket and foot-ball clubs. On the west side of the "Cooperage," and situated at a distance of a couple of hundred yards or so from it, is Back Bay, which lies between Malabar Point and the Prongs Lighthouse at Colaba. It is an extremely pretty stretch of sea, but is only navigable by very small craft, owing to the bar at its entrance and its rocky bottom.

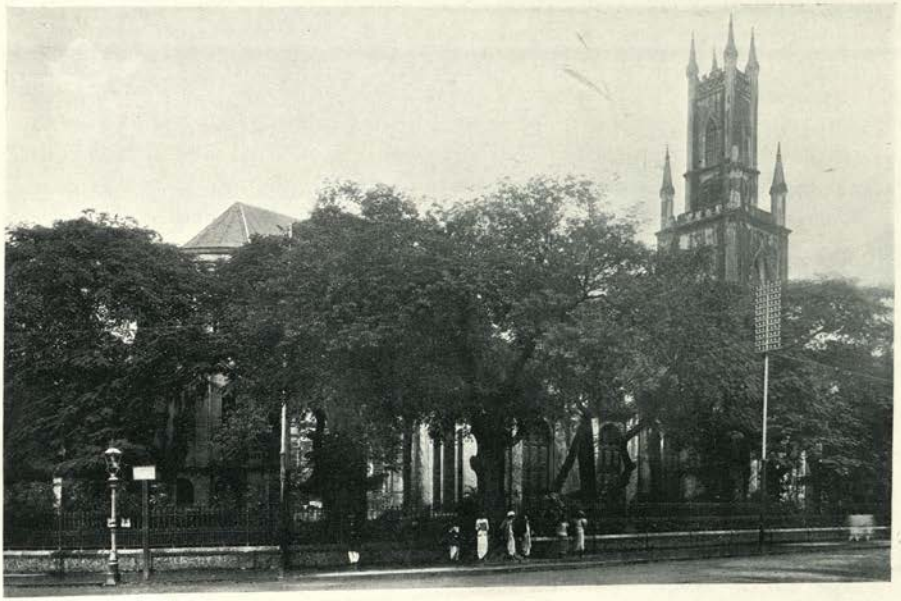
A pleasant ride along the seaface at the Colaba end of which is the Back Bay Swimming Bath, leads to the foot of Malabar Hill. At Cumballa Hill, Breach Candy and Mahalakhshmi, all in the neighbourhood of Malabar Hill, there are a number of fine bungalows, as well as several ancient temples which are well worth seeing. There is a swimming bath

at Breach Candy which is largely patronised by the residents of these districts, while on the foreshore, close to the bath is the Mahalakhshmi Battery, in which are to be found some very powerful pieces of ordnance, which form an important part in the scheme of Bombay Defence Works. Mahalakhshmi and the adjoining district of Parel may well be called "the Manchester of the East," for they simply abound in mills of almost all descriptions, while at the latter place, are the extensive workshops of the Great Indian Peninsula and the Bombay, Baroda and Central India Railway Companies, in which several thousands of artizans and labourers are employed.

Near Parel are the Victoria Gardens, the Albert Museum (the latter being situated in the grounds of the former), and the Victoria Jubilee Technical Institute on the opposite side of the road, directly facing the gardens. The Gardens which were opened to the public by Lady Frere, wife of Sir Bartle Frere in 1862, and cover between thirty and forty acres of land, have in recent years been greatly improved, by the Municipal Corporation, by whom they are maintained. They are laid out with broad and beautifully-shaded walks ; lakes spanned by rustic bridges ; and flower beds well stocked with rare tropical plants. There is an interesting zoological collection, which, on the whole, is well-housed, and on certain days of the week, during the dry season, these attractions are added to by the performance of a military band. The Museum was opened in 1871, the first stone having been laid by Sir Bartle Frere, at the end of 1892.

The next institution deserving notice is the Sir Jamsetji Jijibhoy Hospital, in the compound of which are also located the Grant Medical College and other Institutions. The hospital was erected at the joint expense of the late East India Company and Sir Jamsetji Jijibhoy, the first Parsi baronet, for the relief of the native sick of all classes, and was opened in May 1845. Several important additions to the building have since been made by members of the Jijibhoy family. The Grant Medical College which perpetuates the name of Sir Robert Grant, an ex-Governor of the Presidency, was established in 1845, with the object of "imparting a thorough scientific system of the benefit of medical instruction to the natives of Western India," but the scope of the Institution has been considerably widened inasmuch as its doors are now open to European and Eurasian students. Another important departure is the establishment of a class for female students.

THE TOWN HALL.



ST. THOMAS CATHEDRAL.

The Government Dockyard is situated between the Custom House and the Apollo Bunder and covers a space of about ninety-three acres. It contains five graving docks, a large steam factory and mechanical workshop, and the offices of the various departments of the Royal Indian Marine, together with the residential quarters of several of the officers The Prince's Dock is on what is called the Elphinstone Reclamation. The completion of these works created such a prosperous revolution in the trade of the port that, from the very first, it was seen that fresh arrangements would speedily have to be made to relieve the daily increasing demands upon the berthing capabilities of the new dock on a larger scale. The Victoria Docks are an extension of the Prince's Dock. The P. & O. Docks are situated on the foreshore, at Mazagon, about a mile north of the Prince's Dock. There are also several other docks and bunders, including the Merewether Dry Dock and the Sassoon Docks at Colaba, which are the oldest wet docks in India. In close proximity to the docks is the European General Hospital, otherwise known as the St. George's Hospital.

THE ROYAL BOMBAY YACHT CLUB.

St. Thomas Cathedral is situated in the central portion of the Fort, on what was known at the time of its erection as the "Old Bombay Green," which has since been absorbed for building purposes. Prior to the completion of this Church, Divine Service was conducted in a room in the Castle. The whole building is of stone, but it possesses no architectural attractions. The Castle is situated immediately behind the Town Hall, and is all that now remains of the old fortifications of the city. The most prominent object about its ancient bastions is its flagstaff from which floats the Union Jack, and from the yards of which the arrival of steamers and other vessels, entering the harbour is signalled. Contiguous to the Castle is the Bombay Mint, a plain building with an Ionic portico. From ancient records, it appears that the Honourable East India Company were granted permission by the Crown to establish a Mint for coining silver and copper coins, so early as 1657; but advantage was not taken of the permission till about 1824, when the present building was begun. It was completed in 1829.

The Sailors' Home, which faces the road leading from the Town Hall to the Apollo Bunder, is situated at a point where four roads converge in close proximity to the Apollo Bunder, rendering it one of the most conspicuous sights on the Esplanade. The total cost of its erection was Rs. 3,66,629. Two lakhs were subscribed by the late Gaekwar of Baroda, in memory of the visit of the Duke of Edinburgh in 1870, by whom the foundation-stone for it was originally laid, at the lower end of Hornby Row, whence it was removed to its present site when the building was begun in 1872. The Home was opened by H. E. Lord Lytton, Viceroy of India, in December 1876.

The Royal Bombay Yacht Club stands a trifle removed off the main road, to the north of Apollo Bunder. It is in the domestic Gothic style and was erected on reclaimed ground, so that the construction had to be of the lightest description. "None of those, who only England know, can appreciate the part the Club plays in the life of the Englishman abroad, and throughout the East, no doors are flung more widely open than those of the Yacht Club in Bombay. For, as this is 'The Gateway City,' so must every Englishman serving in India pass through it periodically on his journeyings home. How many there are who place amongst the happiest recollections of their sojourn in the East the hours spent in the light and graceful building fronting the harbour, with its verdant lawn, the music

of the military bands, the frou-frou of the ladies' frocks and the atmosphere of civilisation and home."

The Byculla Club is one of the oldest institutions of its kind in Bombay. "In many ways it is typical of the generation when the Englishman in India went home once, or at the most twice in the course of his service. It lies in a quarter of the town deserted by the wealthier residents in favour of the wooded slopes of Malabar Hill. Its Corinthian porticoes and lofty halls, decorated with almost puritanical severity, have little in common with modern ideas of architecture and comfort. Yet, if the early Victorians were old-fashioned and prim, they had shrewd ideas of the value of solidity and repose, and the Byculla Club is the one corner of busy, overcrowded Bombay where is preserved the expansive, leisurely life of Jos. Sedley's times." It stands immediately off Bellasis Road in the northern suburb of the town, on the borders of what is still known as the old Bombay Race-course; but the spot is so run over now with buildings that the races are held at Mahaluxmi, a few miles further north. The year of the establishment is doubtful, but this, with fair accuracy, may be taken to date back to about 1797, when it was said the first race-meeting was held in Bombay under the auspices of the Club, which was then a sporting club. The building is commodious, and despite the many drawbacks of its distance from the places of business, the residential chambers are always in great demand.

The Colaba barracks and parade ground at Colaba are occupied by the European portion of the troops which form the garrison of the town The Afghan Memorial Church towards the north of the parade ground, is enclosed in a neatly railed-in compound. It was erected in memory of the officers and men of the British Army, who fell in the campaigns of Sind and Afghanistan, from 1835-1843, and is also known as St. John's Church.

In December 1843, an army of reserve was assembled at Ferozepore under Sir Jasper Nicolls, and was kept there for the purpose of presenting arms to the "Illustrious Garrison" of Jellalabad. Four years previously Runjit Singh and Lord Auckland had exchanged courtesies at the same

place, as the ill-fated but non-victorious army of the Indus commenced its march for the invasion of the Durani Empire. The war had opened with a spectacular display at Ferozepore. With dramatic propriety it closed with a similar event when the homecoming troops marched through rows composed of two hundred and fifty elephants, gorgeously painted and richly caparisoned, while the band of the Lancers played "The Conquering Hero", and when feasting and festivities took place in mammoth tents hung with silken flags on which the names of the battles were emblazoned. And a memorable year closed with gaiety and glitter, as each brigade was welcomed upon its successive return to Indian territory.

But what about those who never returned? Were they entirely forgotten?

It might then have seemed so, for those were hard-fisted days, when much buffeting made tough soldiers and repeated warfare dimmed men's sympathies and obscured their compassion. But no, they were not forgotten. After the feast, in the quiet barrack-room or under the tent, many a silent toast was drunk and many a tear shed for the comrades left behind in Afghanistan, their bones peacefully at rest in graves or bleaching under a cruel sun from Kandahar to Kabul, and from Kabul to Peshawar.

But they were not forgotten. There are many monuments in India to-day, keeping their memory green, and in Bombay, the one which creates an early impression is the tall spire of the Afghan Memorial Church rising from a mass of palms and banyan trees with the "flame of the forest" and the "gold mohur" making splashes of vivid colour amid the green.

It is a soldier's church, and in that character it has a certain atmosphere of its own which must assuredly appeal to the sentiments of the worshippers. It possesses more of those "stories in stone" to which we are accustomed in our

A Bombay Craft.

military churches at Home, for the promoters decided, rather unwisely perhaps, "that monumental sculpture should be altogether prohibited and that the prohibition should be secured by the terms of the Deed of Consecration." Stories are to be found, nevertheless, in the plain, ungarnished tablets: stories that tell in simple language of doughty deeds performed, of heroic deaths, of treachery revenged, so that when the fighting man returns to his home, after his duty at Colaba, he will retain many useful lessons of the Afghan Wars derived from the brief narratives on the walls of the Memorial Church.

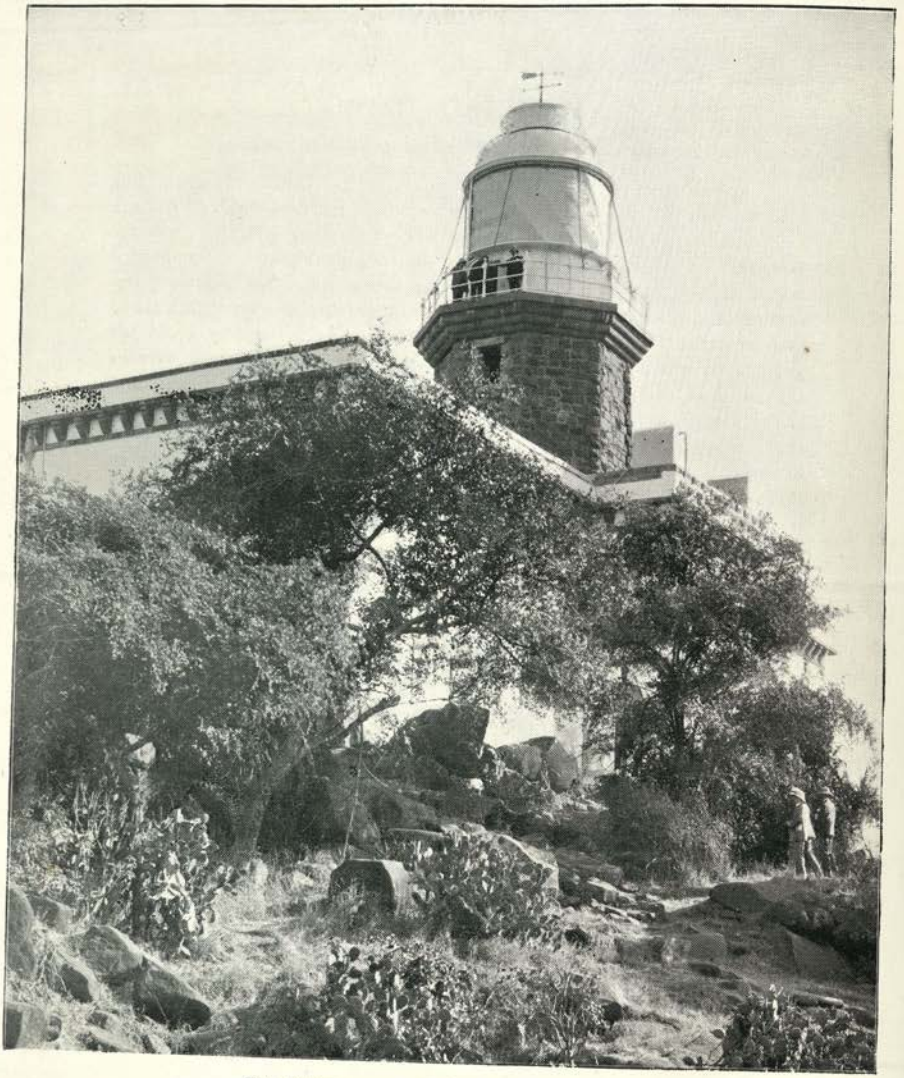
THE PIRATE COAST.

KENNERY ISLAND—JANJIRA—THE SEEDEES—KANHOJI ANGRIA.

A FEW miles to the south of the entrance to Bombay Harbour lies Kennery Island. Six miles south of this again is Kolaba Island, off Alibag; and some twenty miles further is the Island of Janjira. Of these places, Kennery Island is favourably known to the inhabitants of Bombay by reason of its lighthouse, whose bright flare across the water welcomes the coming, and speeds the parting guest. The other two places are little known, even by name; indeed not nine out of ten people of Bombay could tell you exactly where they are. But once upon a time these names were in the mouth of every man, merchant or soldier or sailor. Janjira was, and is the seat of the Seedees, notable sea-rovers from Abyssinia; Kolaba was the headquarters of Angria, prince and pirate; and Kennery was the bone of contention round which raged continually a triangular contest between these two and the British, all three seeking by warfare, diplomacy and intrigue, to gain and keep it.

Truly our forerunners in Bombay needed stout hearts. We complain now-a-days of our lot in India; if to our present discomforts were added the chance of being captured by pirates on our way Home, almost within sight of Bombay; of seeing our hard-earned wealth, the fruit of years of exile, handed over the side into a rascally gallivat; and of being immured in some desolate dungeon-fortress until death or ransom released us—perhaps we should not complain so much. A modern philosopher has it that the most hide-bound man of business would awake to the pure joy of living, could he but have, on the way to his office in the city, his coat-tails pinned to the wall by a javelin.

Even in this country of the sublime and the beautiful, there are few scenes that can compare with the view of Janjira as one approaches it, at high tide, from the sea. The island guards the entrance to a wide creek. The coast to the north is hilly, with wooded spurs running shorewards; to the south stretches a long belt of glistening sand, fringed with dark palm-trees and white foam. In the centre of the channel, about a mile from either shore, the island lies, set about with dancing waves and spray, its battlemented walls and frowning bastions seeming to stand unsupported out of the sea, for at high tide one cannot see the rock foundations on which it is built. Within the walls, palaces, temples and dwelling-houses rise, closely



THE LIGHTHOUSE ON KENNERY ISLAND.

packed, tier on tier, to the inner citadel. Beyond the island, the broad waters of the creek wind inland between hillsides over which the dark-green forest falls like a robe, fold on fold, to the water's edge; and the background of the picture is filled in by the distant and lofty outline of the Western Ghauts, whose crags and pinnacles here assume their most wild and ragged aspect. Over all broods that sense of power and peace which sea and mountains together never fail to impress on the mind of the spectator.

The story of how the Abyssinian Seedees, familiarly called the Hubshees, first got possession of Janjira is Trojan in its simplicity. Coasting along the shore from Surat in a bluff, heavy-sterned, eminently respectable gallivat came one Perim Khan, honest merchant of Abyssinia, with one or two compatriots, who shared his toils and his profits Into the creek of Rajepuri steered this weather-beaten craft, buffetted by winds and waves, scarcely able to keep afloat, and lay to under the lee of Janjira. Ram Patil, the Koli captain of the island, viewing the new arrival with the eye of an experienced wrecker and longshore shark, sent aboard to make inquiries. Perim Khan, with many interjections of praise and thanksgiving to Allah, told his tale. Poor but honest Hubshee merchants they were, trading to Surat and Calicut with a cargo of silks and wine (here the Koli's eyes began to glisten). Well he knew the customs of that fierce coast, where every wrecked and foundered ship was the lawful prey of the wild seaboard tribes; nevertheless if Allah would move the heart of this Koli captain to give them shelter and assistance, they had in the hold some casks of first-rate wine—wine of Shiraz, wine of Rum, of which some half-dozen or so were very much at his service. Now there is one thing that any Koli will sell his soul for, and that thing is strong drink. Ram Patil graciously intimated that he would accept the wine first, and help the voyagers later; he was even kind enough to send his men to bring it ashore. Cask after cask did these sinewy little savages bear from the ship to the island, bending their backs and toiling like ants in anticipation of the mighty carouse to follow; cask after cask, not heeding the anguished protests of Perim Khan, until every cask in the ship had been carried ashore. Presently the night fell, and Perim Khan and his companions, those staid, respectable merchants, came ashore too, to join the festive throng. The first cask was broached, and the second, and the third, and before long every Koli on the island had scientifically drunk himself into a senseless stupor. Then did Perim Khan and Co. spring up, and gliding in the dark among the remaining casks, secretly open them; and forthwith out crept a company of armed men, who

set upon the drunken Kolis, and by dawn were in full possession of the island, which, from that day to this, has been held by their descendants.

This was in the fifteenth century. At that time the Konkan coast was nominally divided between the Mahomedan kingdoms of Ahmednagar and Bijapur; but these capitals were far away, and the passes over the Ghauts were wild and dangerous, so no one interfered with these warlike colonists, and the Hubshees abode in their breaches and flourished mightily, building ships of war and taking toll of all commerce that passed their port. But some hundred and fifty years later there came changes. Shivaji, the Mahratta, established his power in the Deccan; and after wheeling and circling like an eagle in search of a crag whereon to build his nest, pitched at last on the rock-girt mountain fastness of Raigarh as his capital. Now Raigarh is only twenty miles as the crow flies from Janjira; and Shivaji, pacing his windy ramparts, looked down despitefully on the little island which defied his power, and vowed to take it by force or fraud. The latter method as being more congenial, he tried first; but in the Hubshees and their Chief for the first time in his life he came across a set of men who were not amenable to bribery, and who declined to be tricked by Brahmin wiles. Then Shivaji tried force of arms; but the Hubshees, after stoutly disputing every inch of their mainland territory, retired at last into their island stronghold and repulsed every assault until the Mahrattas were worn out, or until trouble in the Deccan called them off. It was the battle of an eagle with an oyster. "How can we take a fortress," said the Mahratta generals, "whose moat is the sea?" Shivaji fumed and raged; he took the field in person but with no better success. As soon as his back was turned, the Hubshees cheerfully sallied out and plundered and ravaged to the foot of the Ghauts.

Then Shivaji began to appreciate the influence of sea-power upon history and presently fitted out a fleet. But sea-power is not built up in a day, and Shivaji, although he'd "got the ships, and got the men, and got the money too" could not provide the spirit to animate his navy. The Mahrattas were poor sailors; and we read that Shivaji himself, when he ventured on the *kala pani*, was violently sea-sick, and divided his time between hanging over the side and praying to Bhowani to bring him safe ashore. From

mariners of this calibre the bold Hubshees had very little to fear. The conquest of Janjira was left as a legacy to Shivaji's successors, who all had a fling at it and all failed. The Mahratta empire waxed and waned, and in due time disappeared from the face of the earth, but the little principality of the Seedees flourishes unconquered still, and there is not a man of them but believes in his heart that it is as invincible now as ever it was before.

But the Seedees did not have things all their own way, even at sea, for very long; fate was shaping the destinies of a family whose star outshone theirs, for a time, on the Malabar coast. In 1643, just about the time when Shivaji was making his first "essai d'armes" in the Deccan, a little curly-pated nigger-boy was washed ashore from a wreck near the Portuguese port of Choule. This waif, when he grew up, carved out a career for himself, and finished by marrying the daughter of a Mahratta chief. He was the grandfather of a boy named Kanhoji, who from being born at Angarwadi was given the surname of Angria.

Kanhoji Angria was a daring and enterprising seaman; and in the course of time he was appointed to command the Mahratta fleet. But a subordinate position did not content him, and he set to work to cut out a kingdom for himself. He controlled a large fleet and a strong body of men; and in the general confusion of the times it was not difficult for him to become, first semi-independent, then supreme in his own marches. He set up the Black Flag of piracy, the oriental equivalent of the Death's Head and Cross-bones of the Spanish Main, and the hope of plunder drew to his standard a motley crowd of adventurers, ruffians and desperadoes, including renegade Dutch and Portuguese, Arabs, Musalmans and Negroes, "a most daring and desperate band." Kolaba was his headquarters, his "pleasant isle of Aves," and he held Kennery Island to the north and many forts to the south, as far as Viziadurg; these were his eyries from which he scanned the seas for prey. "There was not," says Orme, "a creek, bay, harbour or mouth of a river along the coast of his dominions in which he had not erected fortifications and marine receptacles, to serve both as a station of discovery and as a place

of refuge to his vessels; hence it was as difficult to avoid the encounter of them as to take them."

The same picturesque historian gives the following account of Angria's methods; a description which it would be presumptuous to paraphrase:—

"Eight or ten grabs, and forty or fifty gallivats, generally composed Angria's principal fleet, destined to attack ships of force and burthen The vessel no sooner came in sight of the port or bay where the fleet was lying, than they slipped their cables and put out to sea; if the wind blew, their construction enabled them to sail almost as fast as the wind; and if it was calm, the gallivats rowing towed the grabs; when within cannon-shot of the chase, they generally assembled in her stern, and the grabs attacked her at a distance with their prow guns, firing first only at the masts, and taking aim when the three masts of the vessel just opened all together to their view; by which means the shot would probably strike one or other of the three. As soon as the chase was dismasted, they came nearer and battered her on all sides until she struck; and if the defence was obstinate they sent a number of gallivats with two or three hundred men in each, who boarded, sword in hand from all quarters in the same instant."

Naturally, the President and Council of Bombay were anxious to suppress so undesirable a neighbour. They first tried dignified remonstrance, but in this they came off second best, for Angria was a handy man with his pen, and he counterblasted their reproaches with long letters couched in the style of the Glendoveer:—

"*I am a blessed Glendoveer.*
'Tis mine to speak, and yours to hear."

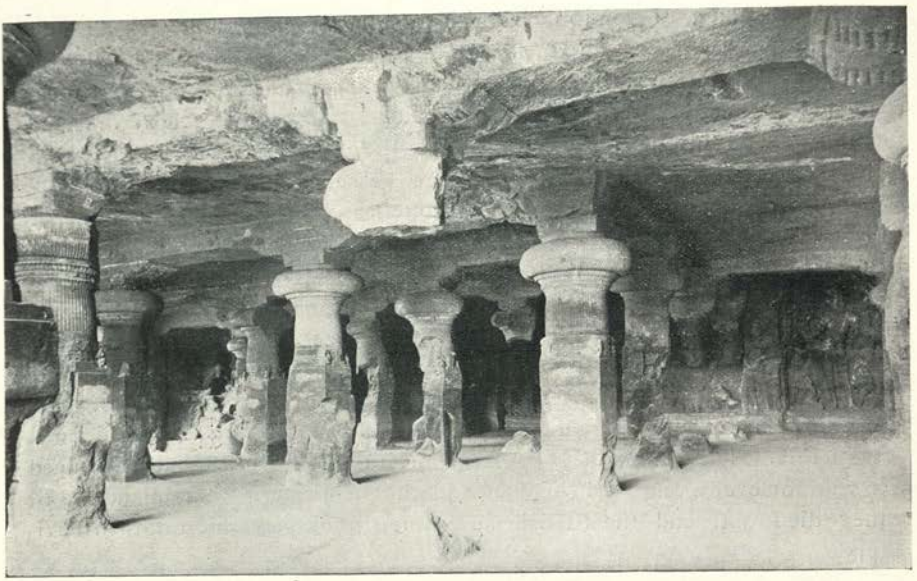
In fact, he told the President and Council some home truths regarding their own methods of making money, which must have considerably startled those worthies. The chiefs of Bombay proceeded to stronger measures, and in concert with the Portuguese, with the Seedees of Janjira, and with the Mahrattas they repeatedly attacked Kolaba and Kennery Island; but for one reason or another these attempts always ended in failure. On one occasion, before an attack on Kennery, the Governor of Bombay was obliged to issue a notice that "if any one would volunteer for the next day's service, he would be paid Rs. 40 on returning to Bombay, and that if any one lost a leg or an arm he

would be taken to London, paid thirty pounds on arriving there, and be employed in the Company's service for the rest of his life." But in spite of this generous incentive only forty men volunteered, and their desperate assault was beaten off with heavy loss. Meanwhile Angria relaxed not a whit of his depredations ; he took the " Darby, " a Company's ship richly laden from England, and very few vessels which ventured to pass his ports without convoy escaped his clutches. But Nemesis was at hand. In 1756 Colonel Clive landed in Bombay, on his way to Madras and Plassey, and with Admiral Watson he made a combined attack by land and sea on Gheriah, or Viziadurg then considered the strongest of Angria's forts, and captured it without much difficulty, securing Angria himself and a vast quantity of loot. This exploit broke Angria's power, and made the greatest impression all over Hindustan, for there was scarcely a great merchant in India but had suffered from him, and his power was deemed invincible. The descendants of Angria, with their claws cut, continued to rule for over a century in Kolaba and the neighbouring mainland, until they died out, and the British Government took possession of their territory.

THE ISLAND OF ELEPHANTA.

Derivation of Name—The Famous Cave—Legendary Origin.

The Island of Elephanta, called Gharapuri by the natives, is six miles from Bombay and four from the mainland. Gharapuri, according to Dr. Wilson, means "the Town or Hill of Purification"; or Gharapuri the "City of Excavations" according to the Rev. J. Stevenson. It derived its English name from the figure of an elephant that formerly stood near the old landing-place at the S. E. of the island. This figure, falling to pieces, was removed in 1864 to the grounds of the Victoria Museum, Bombay. Somewhere between the caves and the elephant there was formerly to be seen a stone horse ; it may be, and probably is, there still buried in the earth and leaves that have been falling for ages ; but, until recently, the antiquities of India have not excited any general interest. Even the great Cave itself has been virtually left to the care of the presiding deity, Shiva himself, and the consequences are seen in the regular and almost daily



THE GREAT CAVE.

mutilation of a place even in its dirt and decay one of the wondrous problems of past ages; for, when or by whom it was excavated there is not a line to tell. One story is that it was excavated in one night, by the gods; and, in order to account for its unfinished state, it is said that when the early dawn of day was announced, by the crowing of a cock, they fled in dismay.

The ascent is by a good flight of stone steps leading up to the Cave, constructed in 1854, at a cost of Rs. 12,000, by Currumsee Ramlall, the head of the Lohanna caste. After ascending these steps one reaches the entrance to the Cave—formerly there were three entrances, now the only one is the principal or centre entrance to the great Cave. It has a flight of steps filling the space between two pillars and leading up from a courtyard. From the entrance facing the north to the back, the Cave measures about 130 feet, and the same from east to west; the height varies from 15 to 17 feet. Each entrance has had two columns and two half columns, but now there is only one standing in the front, one on the west and none in the east entrance; and out of twenty-six columns which originally supported the Cave, eight have been destroyed, leaving eighteen more or less mutilated;

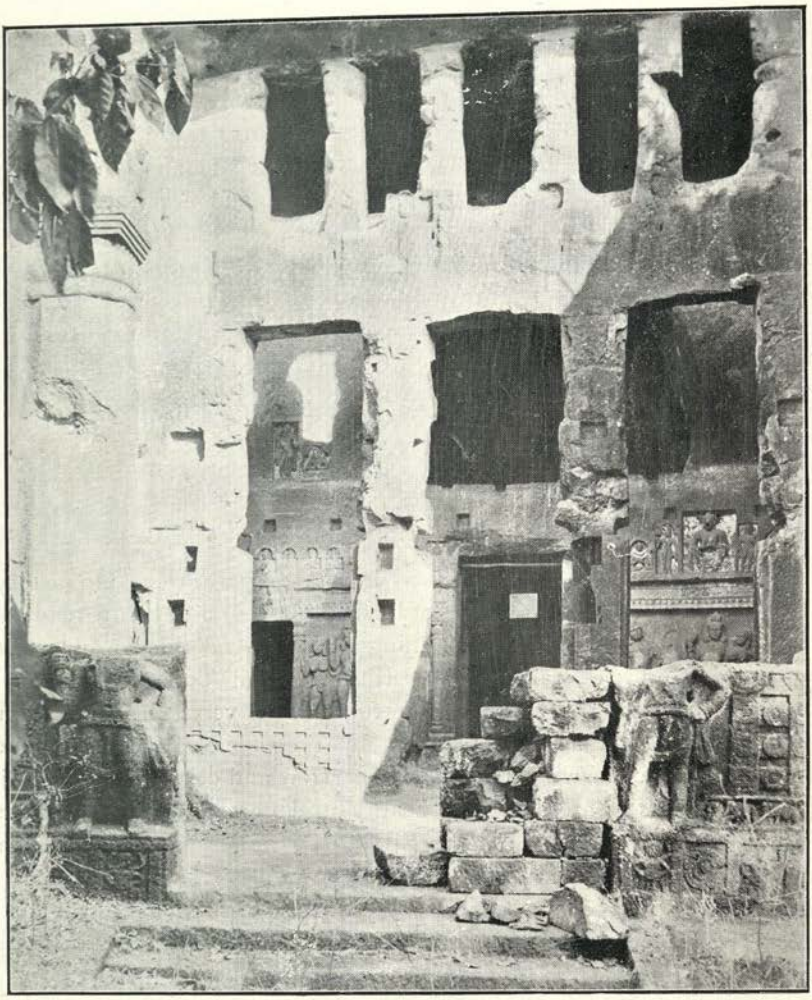
the half columns, being attached to the walls, are in better preservation. The Cave is excavated out of the solid rock, a kind of trap : and when one considers those were not the days of diamond pointed steam-boring drills, we wonder the more at the patience and perseverance of those old excavators, who not only cut out the rock, but designed beforehand and left in its place every separate pillar, every block for a statue and every compartment. Then came the finer artists, to embody in the recesses their ideas of the avatars of the presiding deity, the supreme Shiva. Ideas, now debased by the accumulation of ages of ignorant additions and inventions of legends and traditions, till not one in a thousand, even of the Hindu visitors, know anything of their meaning, and gaze with ignorant wonder at these gigantic puzzles which their ancestors graved with such religious care.

KANHERI.

Cave System—Buddhist Legends—The Cathedral Cave.

It has been said that Kanheri is the only rock-cut monastery in Western India that has the feeling of having been, and of being ready again to be, a pleasant and popular dwelling place. And this is indeed true. The great dwelling halls and the towering rock-cut Temple of Heaven at Ellora are incomparably more wonderful, but the very fact that Ellora has the works of the Hindu and the Jain by the side of the earlier Buddhist stamps them at once with the air of desertion and desolation. At Ajanta there is a richness of architectural beauty and decorative effect that is far above anything to be seen at either Ellora or Kanheri, but here again the forlorn and deserted appearance of the place impresses one more than anything. But at Kanheri—there is the temple where priests and nuns used to worship, and you feel you would not be in the least surprised to see the yellow-clad procession come round the corner of the pathway at any moment ; you walk up the neatly cut and well preserved steps in the rock to the entrance of a dwelling cave, and as you see, perhaps, a pugareed head bend down to the water which sparkles in the cistern at the portico you feel you ought to call the dweller before you intrude upon the threshold ; when you look out over the valley beneath it seems hardly true that you are not still surrounded by halls and churches filled with the holy men who built them instead of by empty caves.

Perhaps it is the completeness of the Kanheri cave system that endues them with such a realistic touch. There are no fewer than ninety-

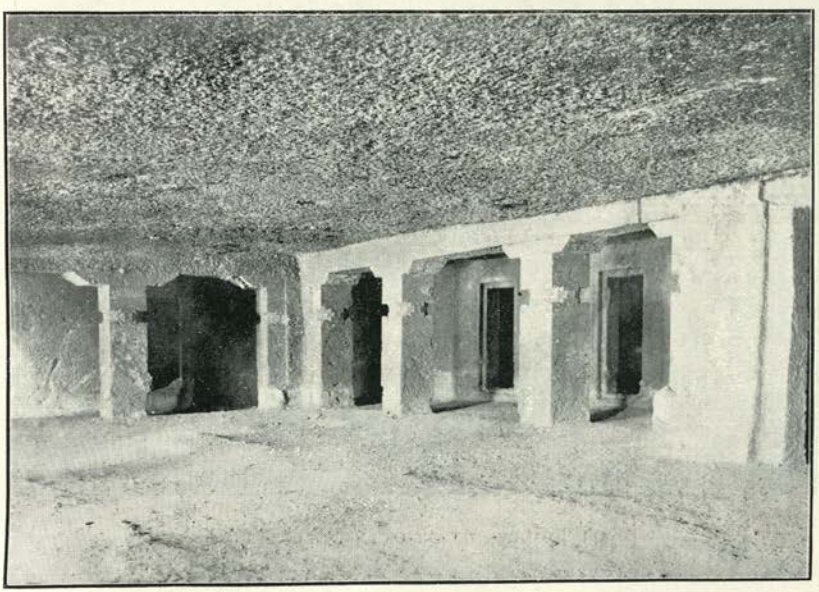


FRONT OF THE CATHEDRAL CAVE.

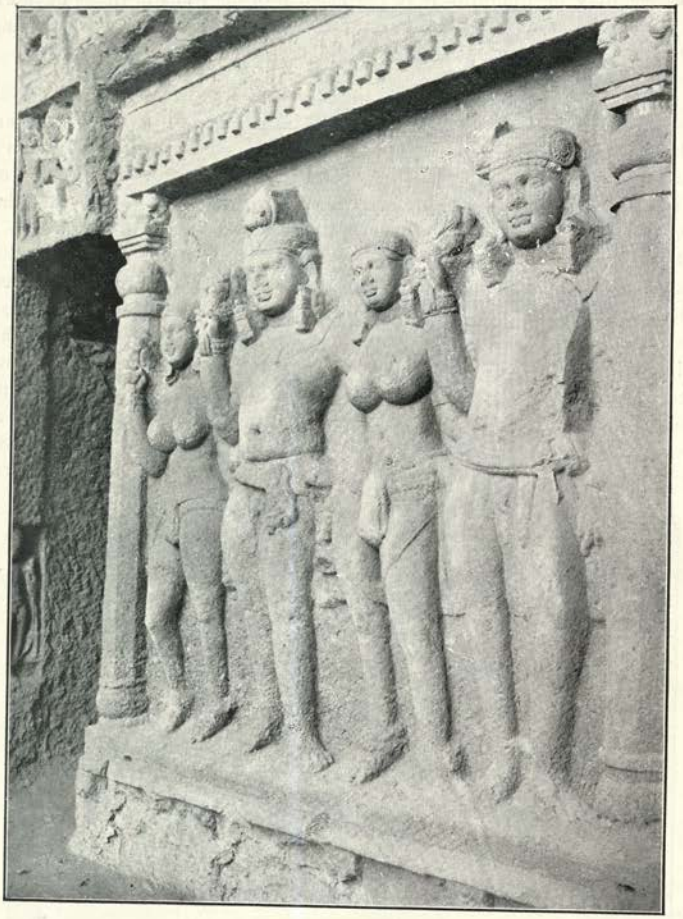
nine caves altogether, with the chaitya or Cathedral cave as the foremost of the group. Round the brow of the hill facing north-east to north-west so that the sun never shines in overpoweringly, are tiers of durbar or meeting halls and smaller dwelling rooms. When the Portuguese came, they succeeded in converting the whole settlement of gentle Buddhists to Christianity, but though they afterwards turned their cannon on the place and fired away madly to drive out the devils whom they supposed to be living

there, we may be thankful that the science of big guns in those days was less than the fervour of the onslaught and that, as a result, the damage effected was not very great.

It is supposed that Kanheri was a sacred spot even before the Buddhist missionaries converted the Brahman taught population of these parts to their religion. Buddhist legends place the conversion of the Konkan to Buddhism as early as the lifetime of the great preceptor Gautama, from 560 to 481 B.C., and the simple style of some of the caves shows that they belong to the earliest class of caves, which vary in date from B.C. 100 to A.D. 50. The principal cave, the Cathedral, just referred to, is later than these, and is stated in a valuable inscription carved within to have been made between 177 and 196 A.D. The writer of the "Gazetteer" gives a glowing inscription of the scenes we might have witnessed at Kanheri, had we lived in those days. "Kanheri" (he writes) "when rich and famous, differed greatly from its present state of wild loneliness. The relic mounds were bright with festoons of flags and streamers; the flights of clear cut steps were furnished with hand rails, and the neat well-kept cells were fitted with doors and windows and canopies; sellers of incense and fruit



Interior of Darbar Cave, Kanheri.

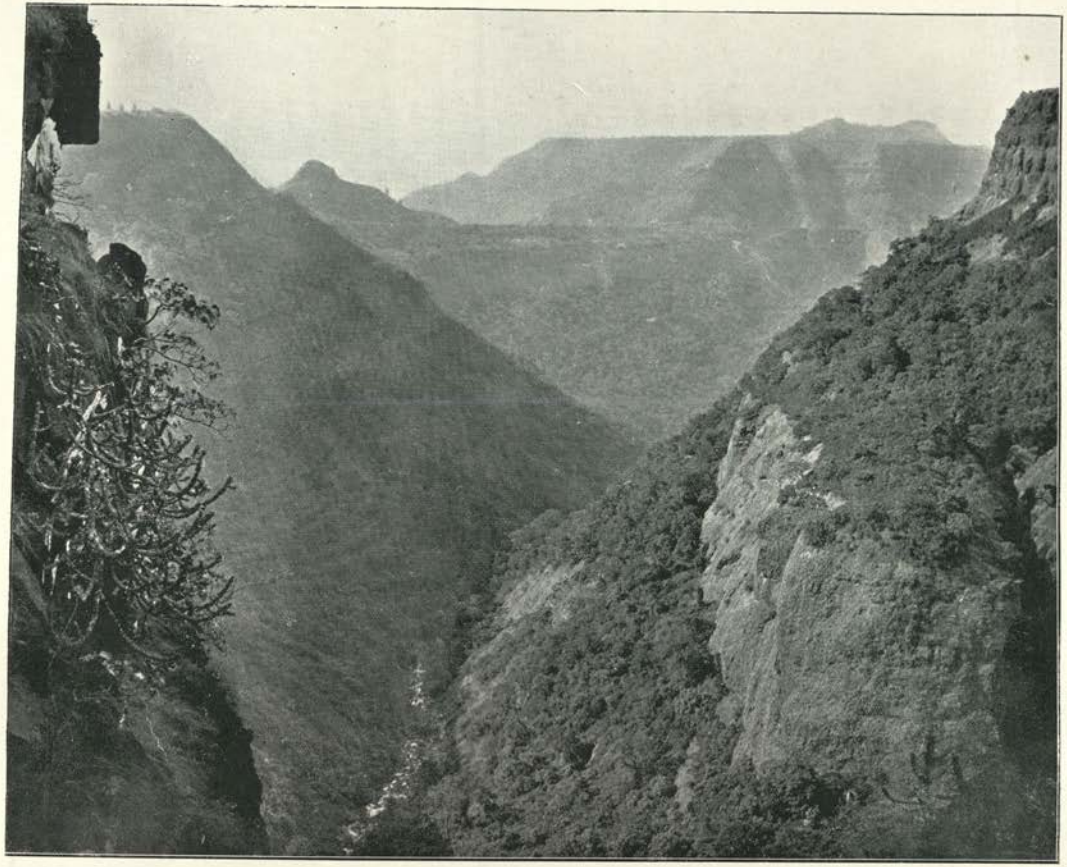


WALL FIGURES IN PRINCIPAL CAVE, KANHERI.

crowded the gates ; groups of worshippers entered and left ; and the bands of yellow-robed even-pacing monks and nuns moved over the hill-top and across the hill-side. On festive days the space in front of the great chapel was decked with flags and silken canopies ; the chapels thronged with well-dressed worshippers and full of the scent of incense ; the images smothered in flowers ; and the relic shrines festooned more richly than usual with silken flags and variegated streamers. By night the whole hill-side cells, stairs, chapels and relic shrines would be ablaze with lamps. . . . There was probably considerable state. Richly decked elephants and palanquins took part in processions and gave dignity to the movements of the Abbot, the leading elders or the champion orator of the monastery. Under some learned and prudent head Kanheri may, at times, have risen to such a state of high discipline and usefulness as Hiwen Thsang found in the Nalanda Convent in Behar. This was the abode of several thousand monks, of pure and blameless lives, so talented and learned that the five Indies took them as models." That this description of the scene is not drawn from mere fancy is proved by many undoubted authorities by which it may be substantiated.

The "Chaitya" cave is both the largest and the most elaborate of all. It is 86½ feet long, 39 feet 10 inches wide and 37 feet 7 inches high. In front is a spacious courtyard with a low decorative wall, and the outer face of the temple is fashioned into an elaborately carved screen, with columns and figures. In the verandah which separates the screen from the chapel proper are several gigantic stone figures, those at the ends standing 25 feet high, and further carvings, depicting scenes in the life of Buddha, decorate the interior, which has a centre and two sides aisles and a large relic shrine, which was the principal centre of worship, at the head of the middle aisle. Inscriptions, in the usual fashion, cover portions of the interior walls and pillars and some of these are of great historical value. This is the only one of the caves which has claims to much architectural elaboration.

One of the charms of a visit to Kanheri is the magnificent outlook to be obtained from the hill-top, above the caves. From the vantage point the whole of Salsette comes into the view, the thickly wooded slopes and blue waters of Tulsi, with Vehar sparkling in the distance, and further off still the salt wastes and marshes stretching out to Bombay Harbour or Bassein Creek.



At Khandala.

KHANDALA.

A Quiet Retreat—Karli Caves—Famous Twin Forts.

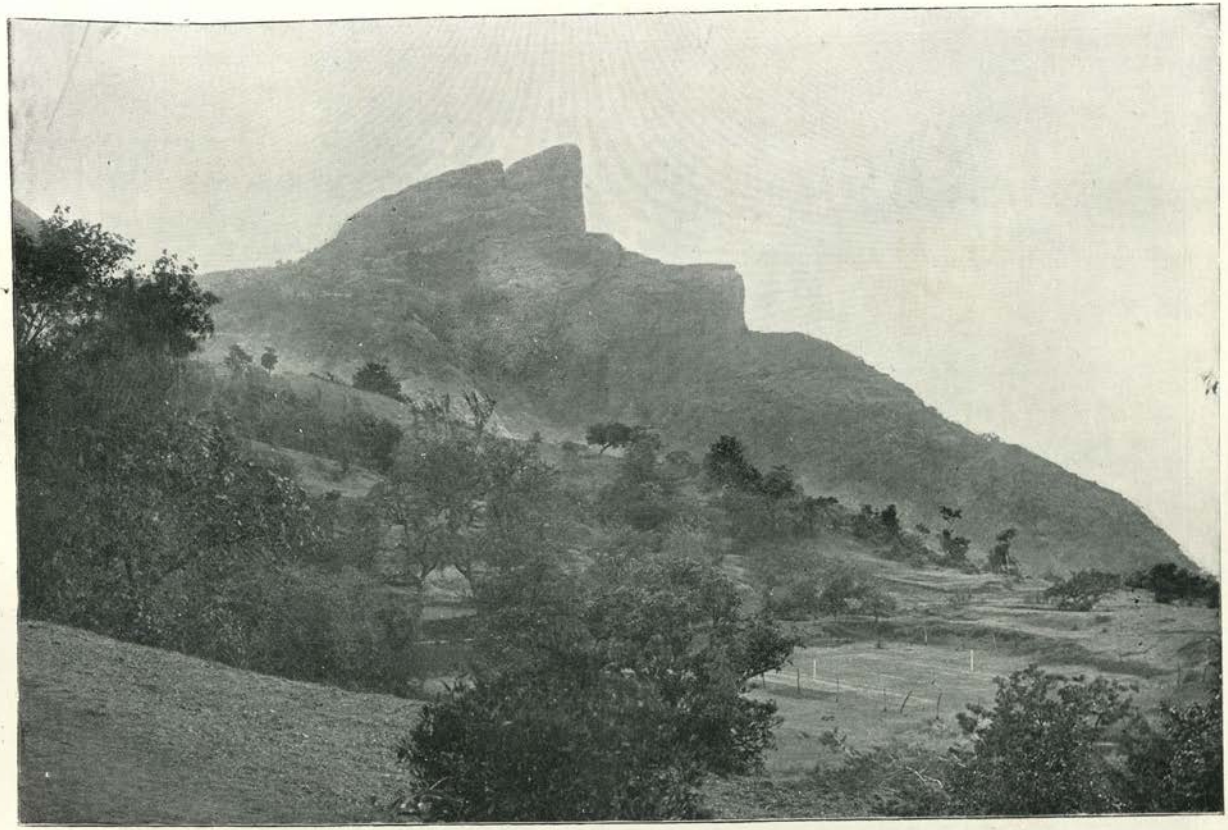
There are two points on which Khandala claims to score solidly over rival hill stations. The first is the early stage of the hot weather at which the climate becomes a welcome alternative to that of the plains of Bombay, and the other is the station's easy accessibility. One has only to visit Khandala for a day or two to be left in astonishment that with so much in its favour, the station has not long ago blossomed into a well-developed and much-patronised resort. Yet Khandala is well content. For the present it professes no more than to be a quiet retreat where you may be away from the maddening crowd and the worry of work in the heat below; with a delightful climate, neither parching nor damp; cool and refreshing; in a neighbourhood full of historical and romantic spots which the energetic may spend the time in visiting; or where you can enjoy a well-earned rest, without even the trouble of the eternal calling beloved of hill-stations. You are temporarily out of the world, and you can do as you like just as you do at some little semi-discovered, unadvertised seaside village at home.

Private bungalows are not numerous and for the most part they are occupied by their Parsi owners, who have built in the middle of huge compounds, whose seclusion they prefer to the profit which might be made by cutting them up for sale or for speculative schemes. Including the extensive grounds of the Sanitarium and the Convalescent Home, the whole of Khandala is said to be in this preserved condition. With a fraction of the outlay and risk that are represented by the Matheran railway, what a popular haunt Khandala might be made! Gossip delights to speculate on what things, *on dit*, may be expected when the great artificial lakes in connection with the Ghat Electrical Scheme are made. Perhaps that is why no one grasps the present opportunity. Visions there are of a beautiful lake with gardens around and pretty walks and smart bungalows among the trees. Khandala will be a quiet suburb in those days, for the big lake and the garden city will be four or five miles up the valley, on the other side of Lonavla. But perched on the very edge of the Ghats Khandala has a position which can bid fairy cities defiance. That lovely prospect can never be taken away, where the gaze wanders over jagged hills and the widening Konkan valleys to the silver gleam of the water which reflects the setting sun beyond Bombay. Nor need it fear

a rival to the delightful breezes which, morning and evening, even in early April, are wafted up from the sea.

For the present the only road to drive upon is the main highway which climbs over the brink of the Ghats from the flats below and winds away over the breadth of Elphinstone plain towards Poona. It takes one away from the spreading views of hill and dale and an experimental trip proves to be a thirsty expedition through rocky, nearly treeless, and quite uninteresting country.

At the famous Karli Caves, one of the favourite spots for a trip from Khandala, there is a model specimen of the kind of work that might be done with advantage for the improvement of Khandala. The Karli Caves, like all their kind, are hollowed in the solid rock on an almost precipitous slope. Formerly one drove out eight miles or so and then had to walk another two across broken country, a tremendous climb at the finish, an experience on a warm afternoon that was enough to extinguish the most hardy ardour for archæological remains. Lately, however, a tonga road has been made right up to the foot of the final ascent and a properly made pathway for the energetic, and doolies for the lazy, make the last climb an easy task. The trip to these caves is one of the finest excursions in the Khandala programme. In the afternoon the sun shines picturesquely into the huge old Buddhist cathedral and from the pathway round the precipitous scarp of the hill, the eye wanders over scores of miles of the extremities of the Deccan plain, dotted with villages and bound on three sides by the spurs of the Ghats. Across the plain are Lohogad and Vizapur, the famous twin forts which many times changed hands in the struggle for supremacy in Western India before they were finally captured by the British. They are also within the range of the Khandala visitor, and their still intact defences and strong position carry one back more vividly than pages of a history book to the stubborn fights in which they played a part. Tiger's Leap, Mount Malcolm, Rajmachi Fort and many other places might be mentioned for picturesque excursions.



THE DUKE'S NOSE, KHANDALA.

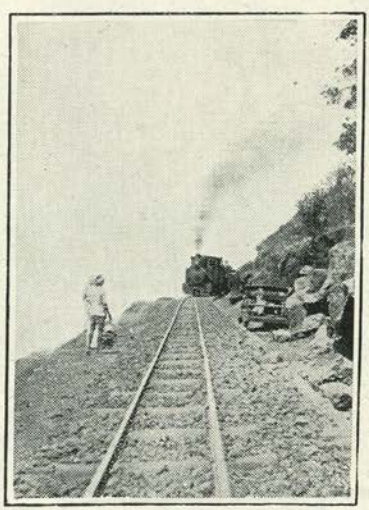
ENTRANCE TO THE KARLI CAVES.

MATHERAN.

RAILWAY ROUTE—PROSPECTIVE DEVELOPMENT.

After many years of talk and two and a half of work, the railway to the Matheran hill-top has passed into the domain of accomplished facts. Now a few words with regard to the route. Leaving Neral the railway runs westward, almost parallel to the G. I. P. track, and passes over a part of the Hill never seen by the casual visitor. It traverses the outlying spurs by means of long sinuous sweeps, mounting all the time, but the works here are not heavy, nor the gradients oppressive. There is a pause for a few minutes, on the fringe of a leafy glade, whilst fires are cleaned and the engine is prepared for the stiffer work that lies before it. Then, turning sharply on its tracks, the line crosses the road for the first time. We are now under the face of the hill which has been the highway to the top since Matheran has been known to any but the wildest jungle folk.

Looping round the wooded promontory which is such a conspicuous feature of the view from the higher reaches of the road, the railway mounts the face of the hill in three bold zigzags, crossing and recrossing the old path. The way and the view are full of variety. Sometimes the engine plunges into umbrageous glades, the little patches of forest that cling to the side of the hill, so calm that it seems a sin to disturb them with the blast of the locomotive; sometimes it clings to a narrow path literally blasted out of the living rock; again the track is only upheld by massive retaining walls, built to withstand the fiercest rushes of the monsoon torrents. With each zigzag completed the eye roams over a wider expanse of the hill-dotted khaki plain, softened by little clouds of purple smoke, where the ryots are burning off the grass in readiness for the June rice-sowing. Through the one short tunnel on the line the tortuous ascent is completed; a point has now been reached where a relatively straight course has been laid round Panorama Point for Matheran. Here, the



ROUNDING THE POINT.

NEAR CHOWK POINT, MATHERAN.

net result of these years of patient labour is a path such as would have been made if a Titanic rock plough had cut a rising furrow in the face of Governor Hill to Panorama Point. At a good pace the train pushes along the hill, rather through the cool forest growth at the apex of the ravine, by embankment and cutting crosses the neck of the hill-top, and skirting the bazaar road reaches its destination in the business quarter of Matheran.

The whole history of Matheran is a curious combination of enthusiastic development and careless neglect. Far back in the last century the hill was visited with a view to its adoption as a Military sanitarium. It was rejected as being quite unsuitable. We next hear of Mr. H. T. Malet, the District Collector, visiting the place in 1830. Lord Elphinstone created a vogue for Matheran which for a time indeed made it a more popular resort than Mahableshwar. He used to leave the hill in the morning, hold his council in Bombay and return for dinner, which must have been no mean performance in the days before the Ghat road was built and the hill had to be reached by way of Panvel and Chowk.

The advent of the hill railway, which was opened in March 1907, really marked the beginning of the movement for a "greater Matheran." At the present time all dwellings on the hill are concentrated about the central plateau, and the difficulty of extending the station arises from the lack of rapid communications. It is proposed to overcome this by strengthening and widening one or two arterial roads, so that people living at Garbut will be able to drive in—say, in a pony tonga—to the bazaars and gymkhanas in the centre of the station. Building operations have been going on for some months in the past cold weather. All the houses are on a similar plan. In good situations they will make convenient bungalows for a short stay. Time alone can show whether they will come to be occupied by the Europeans, who recently memorialised Government, or by Indian families.

A Deep Cutting.

Many things besides the mere building of houses are necessary to make Matheran suitable for a large population.

Conditions at the present time are only sufficient for the small holiday population. The most serious problem—that of general supplies—has been solved by the railway. Other important questions are communications, sanitation and water-supply. Matheran, which has hitherto been the pleasure garden of the few, may in the near future become the play-ground of the multitude—a change brought about by the railway, scores of cheap bungalows, and last but not least the practical encouragement given to the movement by the Government of Sir George Clarke.

MAHABLESHWAR.

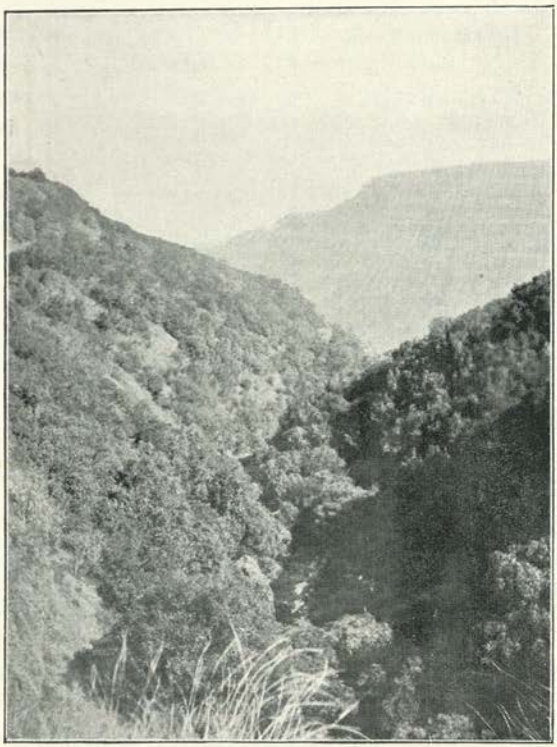
BOMBAY'S FASHIONABLE SANATORIUM—SEAT OF GOVERNMENT IN SUMMER—DISCOVERY BY GENERAL LODWICK—PLACES OF INTEREST—ROUTES FROM BOMBAY.

Mahableshwar, the principal hill station in the Bombay Presidency, is on the summit of a range of hills—about 4,500 feet above the sea—which is part of the Western Ghats. The tableland of Mahableshwar or Malcolm's Peth, which stands some 4,500 feet above sea-level, originally belonged to the Raja of Satara, but when its advantageous position as a sanatorium became known to the British, it was exchanged by him for another patch of territory. As a hill station Mahableshwar offers many attractions, natural and artificial: it is distinguished from other hill stations by natural characteristics of a marked kind. Its red and dusty soil, harmful to white skirts, first arrests the visitor's attention; and in March or April, when the station begins to fill up, the whole country side is parched and dry. Ferns, orchids, and many other wild flowers which grow in abundance at this favoured place after the end of the south-west monsoon are comparatively scarce in April; but the Ghats lose nothing in grandeur by having their peaks and rugged sides denuded of verdure. Just before the monsoon breaks Mahableshwar is as a rule visited by thunder storms, and at such times are to be seen the most distant views in an atmosphere of a purity not to be excelled in the Himalayas or Alps: and in the early morning rolling mists add their strange and fitful beauty to the valleys and uplands of the Ghats.

The credit of discovering Mahableshwar rests with the late General Lodwick, who made his way there from Satara in 1824. This sporting soldier is reported to have climbed up the precipitous cliff through the dense jungles from the plains below to the promontory now called after him, Lodwick Point, where a column has recently been erected to his memory.

SCENE IN THE GHATS AT MAHABLESHWAR.

TEMPLE AND AQUEDUCT AT WAI.



GORGE LOOKING TOWARDS ELPHINSTONE POINT.

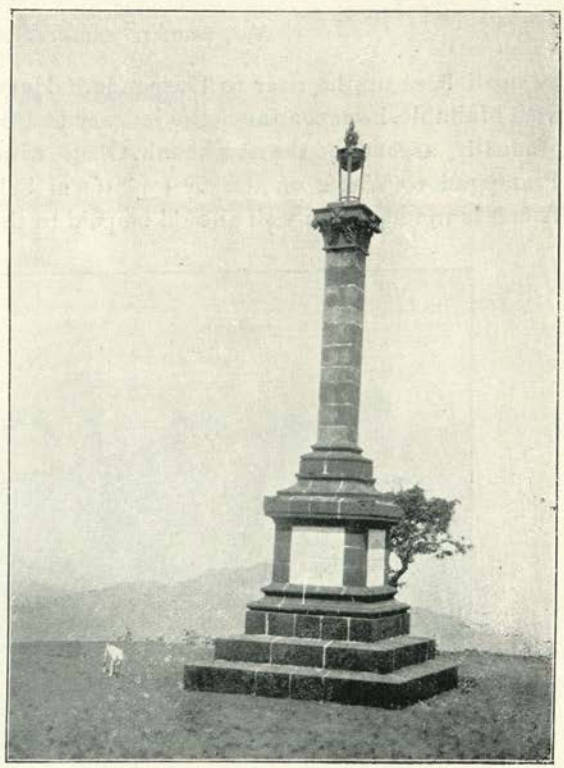
The development of Mahableshwar was begun shortly afterwards and Sir John Malcolm, Governor of Bombay, 1827-1830, made it a fashionable hot weather resort by residing there himself. Its subsequent development differs little as history from that of other hill stations, except that it was aided by Parsi enterprise and by the establishment on the hill of a jail for Chinese and Malay convicts. In their leisure time the Chinese established those gardens which have since become famous for their vegetables and fruit, notably potatoes and strawberries. The jail was abolished sixty years ago and the last of the industrious Chinamen who stayed on as ticket of leave men have long since gone: to-day the Kunbis and Dhavads reap where the old convicts planted. The orderly arrangement of these hill stations is a thing which cannot escape notice. At Mahableshwar, for example, the dense forest through which General Lodwick pushed his adventurous way, armed only with a walking stick, is now cut up by neat rides; and trim and shady roads lead in every direction making easy one's access to the many "points" or precipitous scarps which overhang the low country.

Nothing can beat the magnificent panorama that is presented from the small plateau called the Nose, at the end of the spur on Lodwick Point and connected with it by a narrow ridge only a few feet in width. The hill fort of Pratapgad is immediately in front on the left, and starting in the valley are seen the tortuous windings of the Fitzgerald Ghat Road, as it wends its

way up under Bombay Point. To the right is a deep valley, about two miles long, bounded by the rugged and bold front of Elphinstone Point and far away on the horizon are the river Savitri and the sea which can sometimes be seen glittering in the evening sun

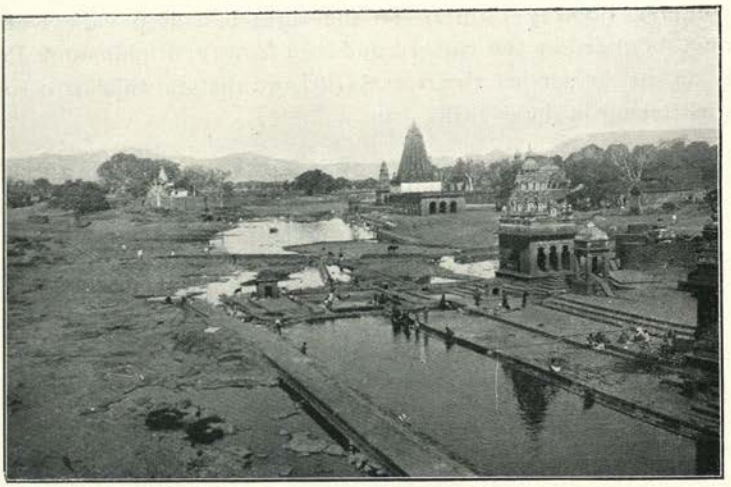
The curious corrugated face of the cliffs on the Western Ghats is well shown in view of Elphinstone Point from Arthur's Seat. The sheer surface of the rocks there, the wildness and solitude of the spot can only be fearfully and wonderfully felt. The sight is marvellous, and one not to be forgotten. The valley of the Konkan, 3,000 feet below, is to be seen with range after range of mountain tops standing out, one towering above another, the whole presenting a bird's-eye view of the country, such as one gets usually only from a balloon.

All visitors to Mahableshwar go up in search of renewed health and vigour, and for that magical change few have long to wait; the cool, fresh air, rest from labour, and regular exercise soon work wonders. The little white-faced children become rosy, the limp women, who are unable to walk a yard in Bombay, are seen swinging along the roads at a quick pace, and the men are so full of energy that they are ready for anything, even dancing!



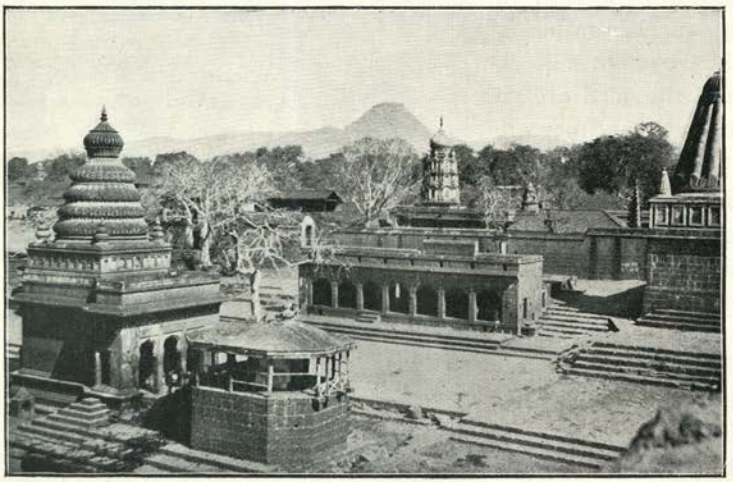
THE LODWICK COLUMN.

From Bombay Mahableshwar can be reached by four different ways. The most interesting is by sea to Bankot, a little port at the mouth of the Savitri. The short sea trip takes about ten hours, then the passenger changes, and does the rest of the voyage



WAI, FROM THE KRISHNA RIVER.

by small boat up the river to Dasagaon. Here a tonga previously ordered from Mahableshwar continues the journey to Poladpur for sixteen miles, then gradually ascending the Ambenah Ghat, winds along round the hills of Pratapgad to Wada, on the first platform below the Mahableshwar hills. A halt is made, and a visit should be paid to the old Maratha Hill Fort and



TEMPLES AT WAI.

Temple before the final stage is taken up the Fitzgerald Ghat to Mahableshwar. This is a delightful trip, the mountain scenery around vividly recalling the beauties of Switzerland, and if taken by moonlight the charm is much enhanced. The more general and quickest ways, however, are from Poona and Wathar, through Wai, an interesting old village on the river Krishna, with fine temples on its river banks ; from both of these stations the busy man can be whirled up the Ghats by up-to-date motor cars in a very short time.

THE DESERTED TEMPLE.

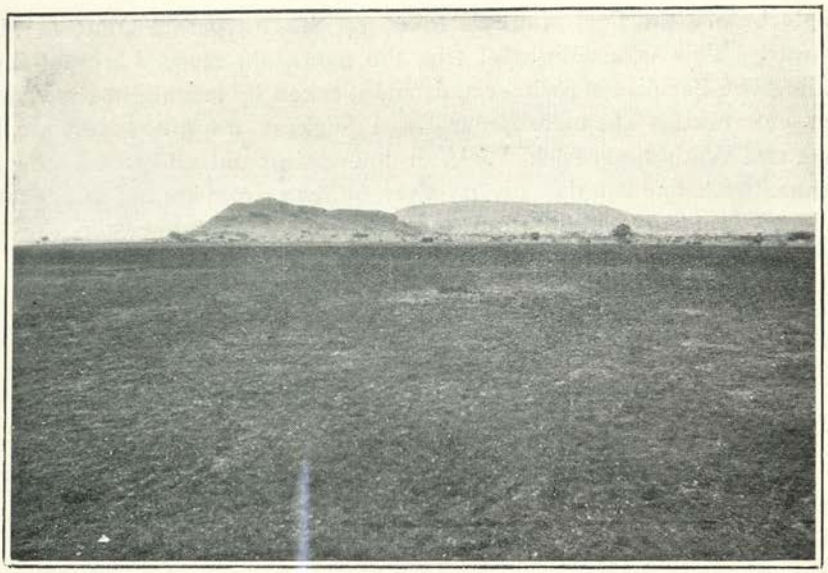
HIGH hung on the brink of a sheer-dropp'd valley
Where mountains swim in a sea of mist,
And the scattered hosts of the sea-clouds rally
In robes of purple and amethyst—
Where the strong young wind from the western seas
Sighs tenderly o'er its aged head,
Dim-black there stands 'neath the swaying trees
The shrine where a god lies dead.

The grey weed withers in nook and crevice
Like grizzled locks on an old man's brow ;
From moss-grown wall and crumbling cornice
The wild weed swings to the pool below.
Within, dim seen through the shadow-curtain
That hangs like a veil o'er a dead man's face,
The idol-god looms vague, uncertain,
In the heart of his Holy Place.

Through the misty twilight of bygone years,
Like a distant ocean's muffled beat
There swells a murmur of patient prayers
And a ceaseless passing of way-worn feet ;
Pilgrims and priests, a spectral throng,
Glide noiselessly through the cloisters cool,
And the swish of their robes, as they sweep along,
Scarce ripples the silent pool.

The trees, red-kissed in the day's declining,
Wrap the shrine in a shroud of gloom ;
Wild rose and bramble, inter-twining,
Bar the path to the temple-tomb
Where sleeps the god of a dead desire,
Quiet and cold, in the fading light,
And the thousand throats of the greenhood choir,
Sing requiem to the right.

KYNHOS.



THE BATTLEFIELD OF KIRKEE, LOOKING TOWARDS GANESHKIND.

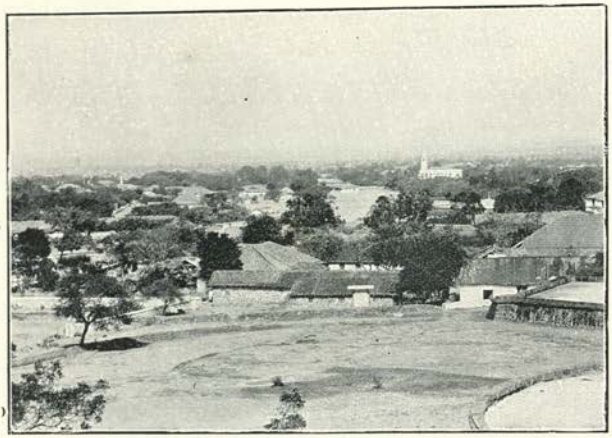
A VIEW OF GANESHKIND.

KIRKEE.

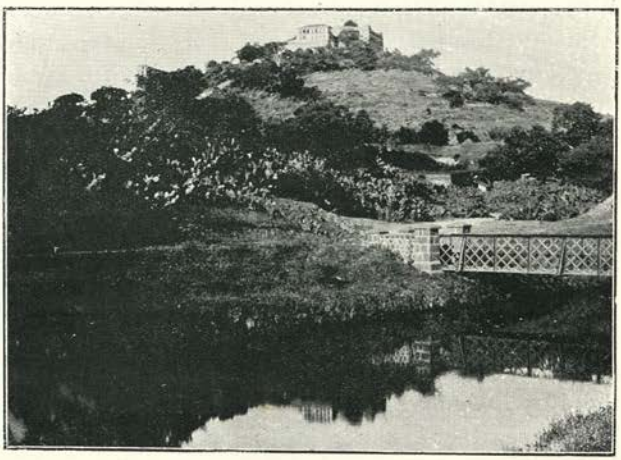
PRESENT-DAY PROGRESS—HISTORIC BATTLE—DEFEAT OF THE MAHRATTA ARMY.

A year or two ago, this healthy and pretty little station boasted almost exclusively of a Brigade of Artillery, with a questionably clean bazaar where supplies of sorts were obtainable by the native population, an ammunition factory with a handful of European employés, a church for the troops, a small regimental hospital, and one or two other institutions of public utility. It has since made wonderful progress, and a few years hence the place will doubtless rank as one of the most pleasurable resorts in India. Its existing cleanliness is beyond dispute. The admirable sanitary measures recently pursued have kept the troops and others singularly free from any of those ills to which human flesh is heir, and taken all round, the Kirkee of to-day is a vastly improved place to the Kirkee of a few years ago. The population of the station, both European and Indian, has risen as if by magic : this of course is primarily due to the increased importance of the Ammunition Factory and the Arsenal and their extended operations. Between the two, over a hundred Europeans have found employment, and it is abundantly evident that more will be requisitioned in course of time. With an ever-swelling population, the responsibilities of the Kirkee Cantonment Committee, and the Military authorities have been redoubled. The Military dairy farm and the grass farm at Kirkee are perfect models of what they should be. Their presence in that quarter is not of miniature importance, and there is much to commend in their government. In addition to the splendid dwelling houses raised for Factory and Arsenal employés, East Kirkee has other improved features at present which contribute to the steadily growing importance of the place. Two new and fine barracks have been raised, one opposite the Arsenal, the other opposite the Factory. Social Institutions, such as the Ordnance Club, have sprung up and the station now prides itself on a beautiful garden near All Saints' Church. The Soldiers' and Sailors' Institute is an attractive and flourishing institution. The Military hospital and All Saints' Church have undergone renovation of late, and to crown all, the Royal Connaught Boat Club at Kirkee is the finest of its kind in India. There are other instances of the headway Kirkee is making, but these will suffice to show that its progress is not by any means slow.

The Treaty of Bassein and the Battle of Assaye left the British the dominant power in Western, as they were already in Eastern and Southern India. By the terms of the Treaty, a British Resident was received at the Court of Poona, a British force was cantoned near that city, and the claim of the British to control the relations of the Peishwa with the heads of other States was admitted—in fact, the suzerainty of the British was acknowledged. This reverse of the wheel of fortune was as sudden as it was unexpected; for, only a few years before, the Mahratta power had reached its culminating point in the repulse of the Bombay army at Wadgaon, and the crushing defeat of the Nizam of Hyderabad on the glorious and never-to-be-forgotten field of Kharda; and it was much—too much—to expect that the chiefs of the brave old Mahratta families of the Deccan should bow meekly to the yoke which had been imposed upon them by the fears of the Peishwa and the quarrels of Scindia and Holkar. The Peishwa, Baji Rao himself, was weak and entirely untrustworthy. It is probable that he never intended to keep the terms of the Treaty of Bassein; and it soon became evident that he and his ministers were only waiting for a favourable opportunity to rid themselves of the unwelcome foreigners.



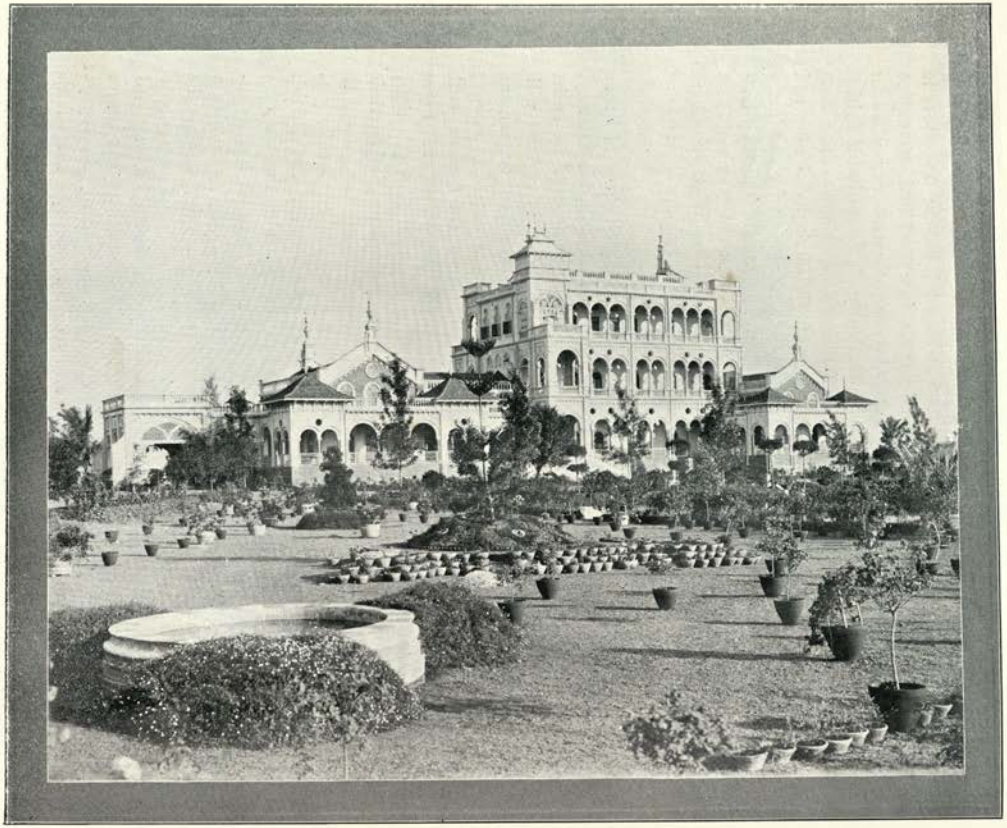
BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF POONA.



PARVATI TEMPLE.

The opportunity came in 1817. For several years before this, the organised armies of freebooters called "Pindaris" had been gathering strength and increasing in boldness, and at length it became necessary to use all the resources of British power in India in a combined attempt to crush them. The Marquis of Hastings, Governor-General, organised for this purpose a superb "drive" in which practically all the available British forces in India took part, and while the Madras and Bombay armies were sweeping up from the south and west through the Nerbudda Valley and Malwa, the Bengal army waited in the east like a terrier outside a rat-hole, ready to worry the Pindari bands as they bolted from their fastnesses in Central India. The remainder of the British possessions in India were denuded of troops, save for small garrisons stationed at important points on the lines of communication between the grand armies and the sea.

This was the opportunity for which the crafty politicians of Poona were waiting. The British Force at Poona numbered about 2,000 Infantry, all natives, with two guns manned by Europeans. What could be easier than to crush this small force, and by a general rising, in concert with Holkar, Scindia and Nagpur, to cut off the British Armies from the sea and starve them into surrender? Forthwith the word went out from Poona; and from north and east and south the swarthy barons of the Deccan, each with his train of horsemen and men-at-arms, obeyed the summons. From glen to glen of the Sahyadris passed the old war-call of Shivaji's time, "The Fire is on the Hills!" and the wiry little Mawullees girt on their long-curved knives with a grin, and poured down through the passes to Poona, to see what game was afoot. Day by day, the din of warlike preparation rose and increased; and Mountstuart Elphinstone, the British Resident, listening, knew well what it portended. To him the Peishwa explained, with an agreeable appearance of frankness, that he had determined at last to carry out a promise which he had given, and to furnish a subsidiary force to assist the British in their arduous campaign against the Pindaris. His force was being actively prepared, he said, and would soon be ready for action, to which Elphinstone grimly replied that he was glad to hear it. No means, fair or foul, were neglected by the Peishwa to ensure the success of his coup, but most of all he relied on detaching the sepoys of the British Force from their leaders. Many of these sepoys came from the Konkan, the favourite recruiting-ground of the old Bombay Army. Orders were sent by the Peishwa to his officers in the Konkan districts to seize the families and property of these men, and to hold them as hostages.

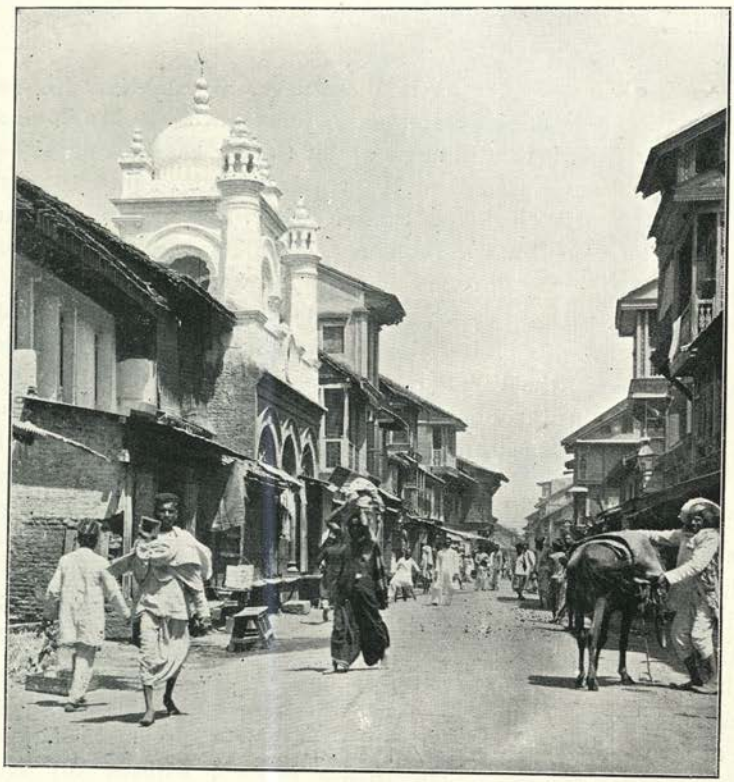


H. H. The Agha Khan's Palace, Poona

Large sums were also spent in bribery. One native officer was offered Rs. 10,000 ; and smaller sums were distributed by stealthy agents among the rank and file. But in spite of threats and bribes, and the defection of a few irregular auxiliaries, not one sepoy of the regular regiments deserted his colours.

The Residency at Poona in those days, as everybody knows, was situated in the angle of the Sungam, or junction of the Mutha and Mula rivers, and the British Cantonment was at Garpir, on the opposite side of the Mutha, about half a mile from the northern limit of the city on the site now occupied by the Railway Station, the Sassoon Hospital and the Treasury. The situation was hopeless for defence, for the lines were surrounded on all sides by gardens and hedgerows, behind which a secret enemy might approach unseen, or a deserter disappear unchallenged in the dusk. On the 19th of October fell the Dusserah festival, on which, since the days of Shivaji, the Chiefs of the Mahrattas have been accustomed to review their assembled troops before sending them out on the plundering expeditions of the cold season. On this day the Peishwa held a great review on the ridges between Poona and Ghorpuri, and took the opportunity to treat the Resident and the officers of the British force, who were present, with marked discourtesy in the face of the whole army. It was evident that the crisis was approaching. On the 27th, bodies of horse camped around the British lines at Garpir, a strong corps of saffron-clad Gosavis, the "ghazis" of the Mahratta army, gathered like vultures on the Wanowrie hills, and the Vinchorekar's horse posted themselves at the gates of the Residency. The Mahratta leaders were eager for an immediate attack ; on the night of the 28th their guns were yoked, their horses saddled, their infantry ready to advance. The British sepoys, without any European troops to stiffen them, were beginning to waver, and had the signal been given, those who resisted could hardly have escaped destruction. But the Peishwa could not make up his mind to give the fatal order. He still hoped to win over the sepoys, and every day added to the Mahratta strength. The night was passed in anxious consultation, without any decision being arrived at. The next morning a bugle-call was heard down the Bombay road, and very tired and dusty a regiment of British Infantry marched into Garpir Cantonment. They had left Bombay some days before, on their way to join the Grand Army by the route of Poona. The Mahrattas did not know of their approach but Elphinstone did and had sent a secret messenger to hasten them. A forced march of thirty miles brought them

to Poona in the nick of time. The Mahratta troops, who were almost within a stone's throw of the British lines, sullenly withdrew; and for some days more a boding calm brooded over the city and the camp.



Street Scene in Poona City.

On the first of November, the British force under Colonel Burr, which now numbered about 800 European and 1,200 Native Infantry with six guns, marched out of Garpir and took a position more capable of defence, at the village of Kirkee. In those days the country north-east of Poona, between the Mutha and Mula rivers, was a wide, open plain, gradually rising to the long low, whale-backed ridge which runs north and south from Ganeshkhind to the site of the old village of Kirkee, where the Powder Factory now stands. To the north, this plain is bounded by the windings of the Mula river, and to the south by the Mutha, with the city of Poona and the temple-crowned hill of Parvati on its further bank. Except for a

belt of arable land and a fringe of trees and gardens along the river banks, the plain was bare and open, and was commanded from the ridge. The British camp was pitched on rising ground between Kirkee village and Holkar's Bridge, about three miles from the Residency, where Elphinstone still remained at his post with a guard of two companies of sepoys. The straight road from Kirkee to the Residency lay along the right bank of the River Mula, but there was another path over Holkar's Bridge and along the left bank, which led to a ford just behind the Residency.

At Dapuri, about a mile to the west of Kirkee, across the Mula, was encamped a force known as the Peishwa's Brigade. This force consisted partly of regular sepoys and partly of irregulars, with a contingent of horse; it was in the service of the Peishwa, but was commanded by a British Officer, Major Ford. For some time it was doubtful which side the men of this force would take. The Peishwa, knowing the personal loyalty of the sepoy to his leader, tried hard to induce Major Ford to remain neutral, and promised in this case to spare his life, but he refused to desert his countrymen. Finally, of the force under his command, the irregulars, who were all Mahrattas, joined the Peishwa's army, but the regular sepoys and the horse remained staunch to their British chief.

The withdrawal of the British force from Garpir to Kirkee greatly elated the Mahrattas, who thought the movement was preparatory to a retreat to Bombay. No one is bolder than the Mahratta when he thinks that his enemy is afraid of him. Garpir was plundered; the ministers spoke of the British with contempt, and prowling bands of Mahratta horsemen attacked any Englishman who ventured abroad alone. At length the Peishwa determined to wait no longer. On the morning of the 5th November the din of preparation rose from the city. Elphinstone sent a last message to the Peishwa, calling on him to keep his promise and lead his troops against the Pindaris. At about two in the afternoon came one Vithoji Gaekwar with a reply, in the form of an ultimatum to the British Resident. The demands were refused, and the ambassador left breathing warnings and menaces. Instantly, Elphinstone got to horse, and with his staff and the two companies of sepoys which formed his guard, he crossed the river by the ford behind the Residency and made his way by Holkar's Bridge to Kirkee. Hardly had he left the Residency when the Mahrattas rushed in, and presently the smoke of the burning building, rolling slowly upwards in the still November afternoon, announced the final and irrevocable decree of war.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, GANESHKHIND, THE RESIDENCE OF H. E. THE GOVERNOR OF BOMBAY.

Meanwhile the Peishwa had repaired to the sacred hill of Parvati, to seek inspiration from his patron deity, the goddess of the hill. The omens were favourable; and at about three o'clock the signal to advance was given. The great "Golden Streamer," the oriflamme of the Mahratta Empire, moved proudly forward in the van. "The masses of troops began to move" (thus writes an officer who was an eye-witness of the scene) "and with the trampling and neighing of horses, the rush of riders, and the rumble of gun-wheels, endless streams of horsemen poured from every outlet of the town. From the fields between the city and the Residency scared by the uproar, antelopes bounded away, husbandmen fled, and the bullocks broke from their yokes and galloped off. The moving wall of horsemen, with a roar like that of a Cambay tide, sweeping all before it, crushed the hedges and standing corn, and laying every barrier low, filled the valley from the river to the hills. As soon as the sentries at Kirkee saw the smoke of the burning Residency, the British force moved out of camp and advanced to meet the enemy. The scene as the two armies approached one another was not wanting in the sublimity which attends great issues submitted to the tribunal of war, and the interest was heightened by the contrast between the opposing forces. On one side the red line of the British, four deep in order of battle, advanced slowly and in silence along the ridge towards Ganeshkhind; on the other, the vast undisciplined host of the Mahrattas rolled down the valley, wave after wave, like an encroaching flood. Both sides were elated with the ardour of battle, but the craven heart of the Peishwa, who was peering anxiously at the scene from a window of his palace on Parvati, failed him once more at the last moment, and he sent a hasty messenger to Bapu Gokhale, the commander of the Mahratta army, ordering him not to fire the first shot. But Gokhale was a gallant soldier, and he was sick of the Peishwa's diplomatic methods. He saw the rider approaching, and guessing what his message might be, he hastily ordered a battery near him to open fire. At about five o'clock the thunder of the first gun reverberated across the plain and the battle commenced.

On the left of the Mahratta advance, a body of horse galloped through the pass of Ganeshkhind, and wheeling round the base of the small isolated hill north of the pass, they charged down on Major Ford's battalion, which was moving up from its line at Dapuri to join the British. Ford threw back his right wing, and, waiting until the enemy were close at hand, met them with so deadly a fire that they wheeled off to the left, and passing on were finally scattered by the fire of two guns posted at Kirkee. Meanwhile the main body of the Mahratta horse, advancing at speed, swept

across the plain, almost surrounding the British line; but the vigour of their charge died away before a steady shower of grape and musketry, and they drew back behind the shelter of their guns. Now, on the right of the Mahrattas, a body of about 3,000 Gosavis and Arabs, the corps d'elite of the Mahratta Infantry, under a Portuguese officer named Dr. Pinto, passed unseen through the gardens and enclosures on the bank of the Mula and fell suddenly on the left of the British line. The sepoys of the Seventh Regiment met them hand to hand, and when the enemy gave way they could not be restrained from pursuing them. The line was broken, Gokhale saw the confusion; it was his last chance. Raising aloft the "Golden Streamer" he called on his officers and men to follow him, and with about 6,000 horsemen he charged down upon the disordered line. Colonel Burr perceived the danger; he threw himself among the men of the Seventh Regiment—a regiment which he had raised and trained himself—and called on them to stop the pursuit of Dr. Pinto's battalion and to preserve their discipline; meanwhile the Mahrattas were upon them, and were dashing into the broken line when, close in front, the foremost horses floundered into a marshy nullah. The ranks behind blundering over the fallen, were thrown into disorder, and offered an easy target to the fire of the British. About 300 horsemen struggled through the morass and gallantly charged home, but were met and driven back by a company of the European regiment which had been sent to support the Seventh.

This was the last effort of the attack. The pick of the Mahratta horse, foot and guns had made no impression on the British line; their undisciplined masses of irregulars, who had been little more than spectators of the fight, melted like snow before its steady advance. The Arabs on the right, sheltered by the garden enclosures, for a time, galled the British left; but skirmishers were thrown forward and they were forced to give way. The British now held the line from Ganeshkhind to the river, and the enemy, broken and scattered, were pouring down the slope and across the river into Poona. The night was falling; the British had no cavalry to take up the pursuit, and Colonel Burr did not care to entangle his small force in the doubtful labyrinth of the city. He, therefore, sounded the halt, and presently the British marched back in the gathering dusk to their camp at Kirkee.

The victory was thus, from a military point of view, incomplete, but its moral effects were decisive. Two thousand eight hundred infantry, of whom not more than eight hundred were Europeans, without cavalry, and

with only six guns, in an open plain covered by the enemy's horse, had marched against and scattered an army of 20,000 cavalry and 8,000 infantry with fourteen guns. The result was to establish once and for all the superiority of the British in war, and never again did a Mahratta politician conceive the possibility of opposing them by force of arms, or a Mahratta general, however overwhelming his numbers, venture to meet them in the open field.

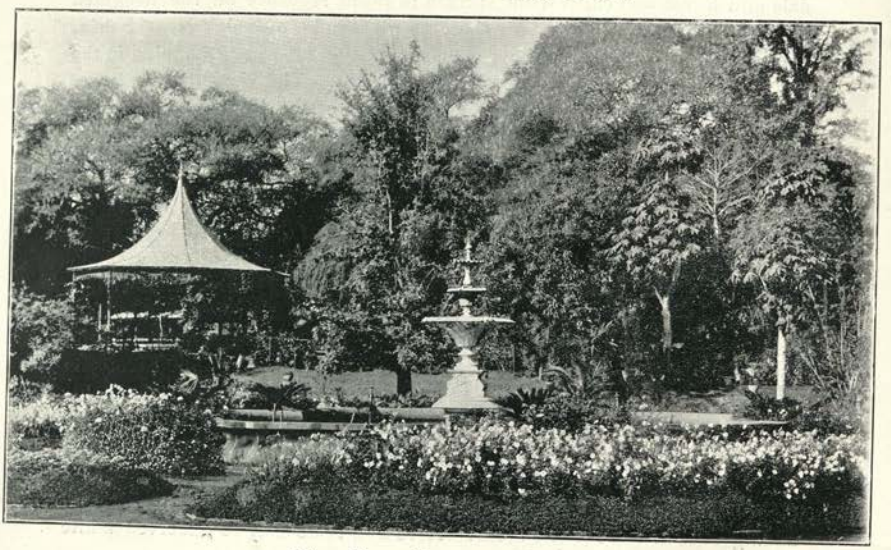
POONA.

Ascent of the Ghauts—Mountain Scenery—Early History—Shivaji—Early European Visitors—Fall of the Peishwa—Climate—Ganeshkind—Churches, Colleges, Public Buildings, etc.

The line from Bombay to Poona passes through some of the most attractive scenery in Western India, every succeeding mile a new picture. Soon after leaving Victoria Terminus, the Ghaut line is ascended representing the conquest of physical difficulties which, at the date they were surmounted, indicated the high-water mark of engineering ability; hill and dale and forest and cultivation succeed in rapid sequence on the delighted vision as the distance from seashore to plateau is covered. Near Kurla, outside the Island of Bombay, may be seen the salt-pans glistening in the sunshine in close proximity to the railway line. The view then enlarges and scattered hills growing into prominence forcast the character of the approaching table-land. At the twenty-first mile the line passes through Thana, standing on its own creek of salt water which is bridged by the railway.

At the sixty-second mile the actual ascent of the Ghauts begins; the train engine is replaced by a couple of powerful mountain engines, and then one begins to realize the stupendous triumphs of British engineering, as the train easily mounts a gradient of one in thirty-seven until the Reversing Station is reached. A further effort brings the human freight to the crest of the ghaut, eight viaducts over yawning chasms and twenty-six tunnels having been negotiated in this climb from the lower to the higher level at one moment poised in mid-air, and the next pushing through the mountain side. Down below may be observed rectangular patches of cultivation, the men and cattle like miniature automata on a chess-board. In the rainy season waterfalls and cascades topple over the precipitous scarps, adding enchantment to the scene. Here and there may be observed a kite

KARAKWASLA LAKE & DAM, POONA.



THE BUND GARDENS, POONA.

or an eagle soaring between mountain crag and distant sky line, while endless sweeps of mountain ridges either bare or covered with forest trees, relieve the eye. Some of the table-lands have been reclaimed for the service of man, and such are Khandalla and Lonavla, to which people fly from the humid heat of the Bombay summer. In this vicinity are the famous Karli caves, carved by Buddhist devotees in the solid rock, and amongst these ancient hills may be traced the fastnesses of Mahratta ascendancy when Shivaji ruled the Deccan and garrisoned the hill forts.

Historically, Poona is a city with a past. Its situation and climate invest it with a peculiar charm. Its people represent a distinct type among the variegated multitudes of the Indian continent. It has been said with reason that the British took over India not so much from the Moghuls as from the Mahrattas The final deed of this momentous transfer took place in Poona, in the early years of the last century. Poona, therefore, can lay claim to the pre-eminence of interest which belongs to the scene of such a grand consummation.

Its situation and its religious associations make it probable that Poona was an ancient settlement of the Hindus. A local tradition says that in A.D. 613 it was a hamlet of about fifteen huts, two of which belonged to Brahmans, and the rest to fishermen and musicians. At each corner to ward off evil were the temples of gods, traces of some of which still remain. The next that we hear of Poona is in 1290, when it seems to have been taken by the army of Ala-ud-din Khilji. Vestiges of the Mahomedan conquest and occupation exist in two *dargahs*, said to have been originally Hindu temples, and the ruins of a mud wall with which the Arab Governor fortified the old town. The city grew and expanded, and in 1595 Bahadur Nizam II. ennobled Maloji Bhonsla, the grandfather of Shivaji, and gave him the estates of Poona and Supa. Pillage, famine and war brought havoc on Poona during the first half of the seventeeth century. In 1630, Murar, the minister of the king of Bijapur, while engaged in the pursuit of Shahaji, burnt Poona, threw down the walls, passed an ass-drawn plough along the foundations, and fixed in the ground an iron rod as a sign that the place was accursed and desolate. Shahaji was subsequently confirmed in his possession of Poona by the king of Bijapur, and he did much to attract settlers by lowering the land-rents, and employing hillmen to destroy the wolves by which the country round Poona was then overrun. It was during his time that his commandant at Poona, to cancel Murar's curse, pulled out the iron rod, passed a golden plough along the line of the

SANATARIUM AT PURANDHAR.

fortifications, held a divine service to drive away the evil spirits and rebuilt the wall. The governor of Poona at this time was Dadaji Kondadev, a Deccan Brahman, the famous tutor of Shivaji. On Dadaji's death in 1647, Shivaji took charge of his father's Poona estates including the city. In 1662 occurred the incident by which Shivaji cleverly outwitted the Moghul General, Shaistan Khan, who had taken Poona. In the dead of night, in the disguise of a wedding party, Shivaji with twenty-five followers surprised the Moghul commander, who lost his thumb in the *melēe* that ensued. Five years later, Aurangzebe restored Poona to Shivaji and in 1674 Shivaji transferred his head-quarters to Raygad hill in Kolaba, which somewhat reduced the growing importance of Poona. After the death of Shivaji in 1680, Poona seems for a time to have been under the double government of Mahratta and Moghul. In 1720 the double government ceased, and the Mahratta reigned alone. Bajirav was the first Peishwa who conducted the government from Poona.

A short account of Shivaji, the founder of the Mahratta Empire, may be given here. His ancestors, as noted above, were, in a way, military barons

holding their estates either from the ruler of Bijapur or the Moghul Emperor of Delhi. Shivaji aspired to higher things. He was born in 1627, his early education was prosecuted under the Brahman governor, Dadaji Kondadev, in Poona. The Ambarkhana, originally known as Lal Mahal, or Red Mansion, was built by his father Shahaji for the use of his mother Jijibai and himself, and it was here that he spent his younger days. The place has all but disappeared, but the site is still pointed out in Kasba Peth, the oldest ward of the city. Shivaji became governor of Poona when he was twenty years old, and then commenced his career of military success, which fifteen years later made him independent ruler of a compact and martial race, on the confines of the decaying Moghul Empire. He died in 1680.

The first European who visited Poona was, perhaps, Captain Gordon, who was sent as British envoy to Satara. He found the place flourishing; the crowded streets were lined with handsome houses and there was a large iron foundry for manufacturing guns and shot. Weavers were encouraged, and the produce of Poona looms were sent to various parts of the country. These were great days for Poona. The earlier Peishwas devoted much attention to its improvement, and in 1750 it became the capital of the Mahratta Empire under Balaji Peishwa. After this date, Poona was frequently visited by Europeans who have left accounts of what they saw and heard. Thus in 1757, Anquetil Du Perron, the French scholar and traveller, found Poona a union of four or five villages in a plain, with a common market and some one-storeyed houses.

It was strictly a great camp of huts and was the actual capital of the Mahrattas and fairly prosperous. The market, a broad street, crossed the town from end to end. In it were specimens of all the merchandise of Asia and of the goods of Europe, which the English sent from Bombay, four or five days' distance. Balaji died in 1761 heart-broken at the defeat of Panipat. In his reign was made the Parvati lake, the city walls were begun, and two temples finished. An English officer described Poona about the end of the eighteenth century as meanly built, not large, and defenceless. In case of invasion the officers retired to Purandhar, eighteen miles to the south-east, where the Government records were kept and where many of the chief officers usually lived. A curious instance of lynch law occurred in Poona in 1791. A party of Brahmans had separated late at night after the festive occasion. Thirty-four of them who remained in the streets after the firing of the Bhamburda gun (fired at nine as a warning to people

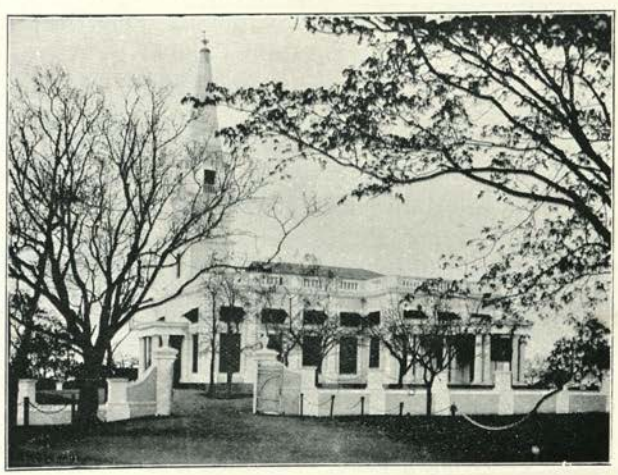
to retire to their homes) were placed under arrest by the police. Twenty-four of the prisoners were found dead next morning. There was a clamour against the police superintendent, a Kanouja Brahman, who, though he did not know even of their imprisonment till next morning, was stoned to death by the Telang Brahmans, to which caste the sufferers belonged.

Writing in 1792, Captain Moore described the neighbourhood of Poona as well watered by frequent streamlets and adorned by groves and gardens of which the cypress was the chief ornament. The city was not very large, not covering more than two miles. It was fairly but neither elegantly nor handsomely built. The Peishwa's palace was handsome, but hardly grand enough for a royal residence. Other houses were more elegant. There were large markets and a long street full of English looking-glasses, globe-lamps, and other finery. In the Peishwa's foundries thirty-six to forty-two-pounder guns were made. On the north-west a bridge had been begun across the Mutha, but as two Peishwas who were interested in it died, it was stopped as unlucky. Sir Charles Malet's residence at the Sungam was one of the pleasantest in India. Malet, it should be mentioned, was appointed British Resident at Poona at the express desire of Nana Fadnavis. In 1792, Poona was the scene of a grand function when the Peishwa was robed as agent of the Emperor of Delhi. Mahadaji Scindia, who was then all-powerful in Delhi, came to Poona in June of that year to invest the Peishwa with the robes and title-deeds of the office. The ceremony of investiture was an imposing one—"A large suit of tents was pitched at a distance from Scindia's camp and the Peishwa proceeded towards them with the grandest display. At the further end of the tents a throne, meant to represent the Delhi throne, was raised and on it were displayed the imperial decree or *firman*, the *khilat*, or the dress of investiture, and all the chief insignia. On approaching the throne the Peishwa made his obeisance thrice, placed 101 gold *mohurs* as an offering or *nazar*, and took his seat on the left of the throne. Scindia's Persian secretary then read the Imperial *firmans* and among them, an edict forbidding the slaughter of bullocks and cows."

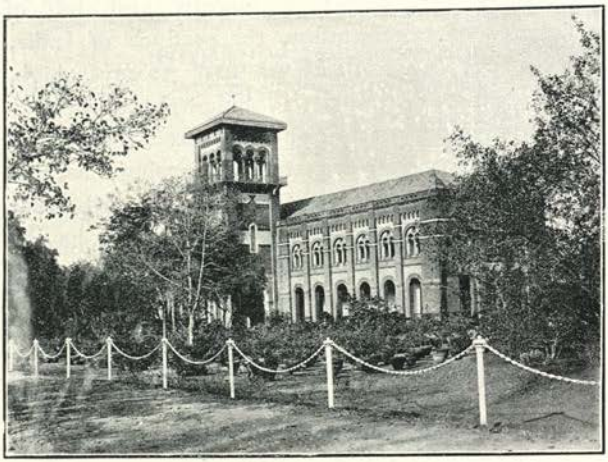
But Poona was soon to witness other sights. Street-fights, affrays accompanied by firing and bloodshed, were frequent in 1797 and the succeeding year. In 1798, Poona was plundered by Scindia's diwan, whose name is still remembered with terror by the inhabitants. Lawlessness spread and the country was filled with bands of robbers. Poona has been described at about this time as about three miles long and two broad, with 140,000 houses

and 600,000 people. The streets were extremely narrow and full of markets with innumerable articles of merchandise, the produce of India, China and Europe. The houses, some three or four storeys high, were built without much regard to taste or symmetry, though, being diversified in size, shape and colour, they had a pretty appearance from a distance. The view from the opposite side of the river was most imposing, as that part of the town which was washed by the stream, being faced with stone descending in many parts by regular steps to the water's edge and having trees intermingled with the houses, presented an appearance very far from despicable, though a stranger set down in the streets could hardly credit the assertion. The fruit markets were well supplied with musk and water melons, plantains, figs, dates, raisins, mangoes, pomegranates, wood-apples, almonds and a great variety of country vegetables. In short, it appeared a place of great wealth in which centred the entire trade of the Empire.

Holkar took and plundered Poona in 1802. It was relieved by General Wellesley. Lord Valentia visited the place in 1803 and has given a long account of it and of his interview with the Peishwa. He was entertained by the Peishwa at a dinner in the Hindu style. Lord Valentia thought the town was much larger than he had expected and the market much finer. In 1805, Sir James Mackintosh visited Poona. He found the chief streets of the city paved with stone and the city regarded as one of the best-built native towns in India. He paid another visit three years later and heard from the British Resident that Poona had a population of about a hundred thousand. There are frequent references to Poona in the writings of Englishmen belonging to the beginning of the nineteenth century. In a letter to Lady Keith in 1816, Mr. Elphinstone gave a very interesting account of the capital of the Peishwas. But Poona was not to be the capital of the Peishwas much longer. The treaty of Poona



St. Mary's Church, Poona.



THE COUNCIL HALL, POONA.

between the English and the Peishwa, signed in June 1817, was the forerunner of the final catastrophe. The British Residency was sacked and burned by the Peishwa's troops early in November of that year. On the 17th of that month, however, the British power was vindicated and the British flag was hoisted on the Peishwa's palace under a royal salute. The rest is soon told. The greatest care was taken to protect the townspeople, and order and peace were soon established. In 1819, a conspiracy was discovered against the English, and the ring-leaders were blown from guns. The first Collector of Poona, Captain Robertson, has described the immediate effect on the city of the destruction of the Peishwa's power. "The fall of the Peishwa," he writes, "is a great loss to Poona." In 1825, instead of its old bustle and gaiety, the city presented the tameness of poverty, the people led aimless, idle lives, without employment and without any object. Scarcely a horse passed along the listless streets, which were empty, except for starving tailors and betterfed butter dealers. In 1832, the French traveller, Jacquemont, computed the population of Poona at 50,000.

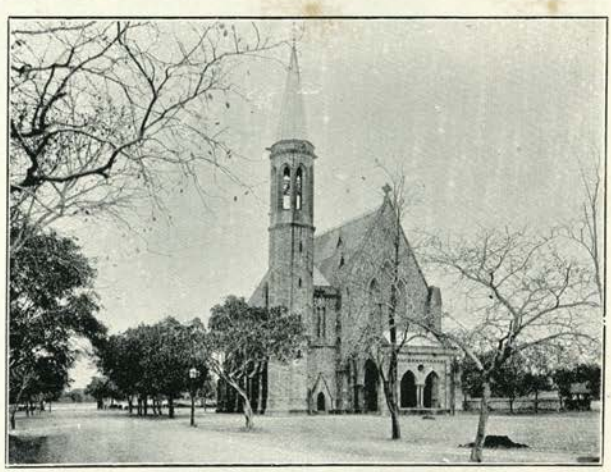
The climate of Poona, due to its altitude, is temperate all the year round, being delightfully cool and bracing between October and March, and very enjoyable during the monsoon season. The hottest months are April and May, but the heat is dry and by no means as trying as even a lower temperature is along the coast or in the plains. The air, especially in the cold months, is invigorating, and Poona may be said to possess one of the most suitable climates for Europeans in India. It is doubtless largely for this reason that it has been selected as the seat of the Bombay Government during the monsoon season and the head-quarters of the Bombay Army.

On rising ground, four miles from Poona, stands Government House, or "Ganeshkind," as it is more generally called. The drive out to Ganesh-

kind is very pleasant, as a considerable part of the journey is through a beautiful avenue of trees, whose branches shed a grateful shade on the broad and well kept road.

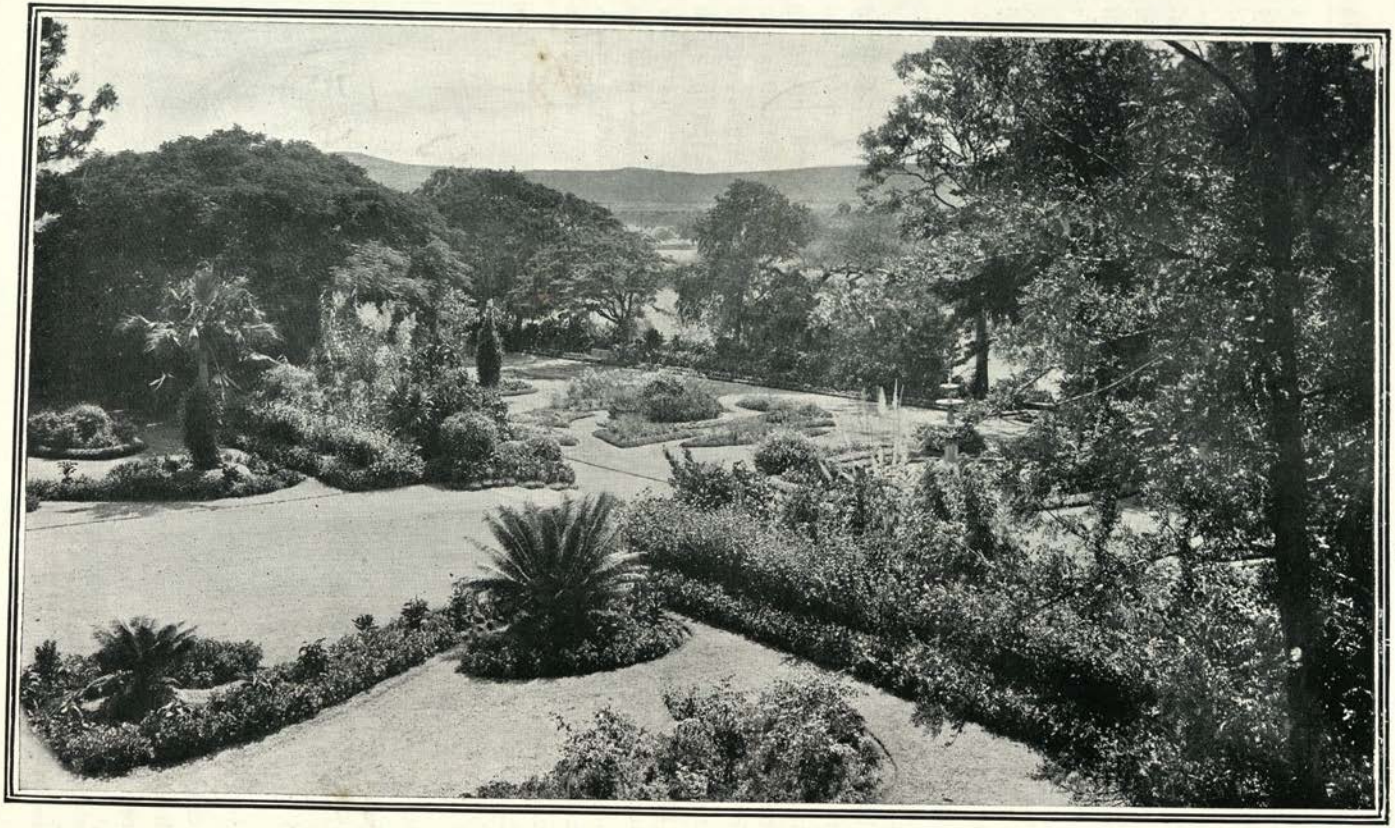
From June to October, Poona is the head-quarters of the Government of Bombay, and during this period Ganeshkind is the residence of His Excellency the Governor. The House stands in the centre of 512 acres of land, which have been laid out to the best advantage, both of convenience and scenery. It is in the Italian-Gothic style and built of the local gray trap. Begun in 1864 and finished 1871, the total cost came to about sixteen lakhs of rupees.

There is nothing to break the architectural beauties of the magnificent turreted building, which stands out in bold relief against the blue sky and the rugged hills. Neatly laid roads, covered with white sand, lead up to the building, while landscape gardening with dainty borders and geometrical designs with fountains and seats in quiet corners, make up pictures of sylvan beauty infinite in variety. The building measures 300 feet from north to south and is broken by two handsome double-storeyed wings, the northern of which carries an imposing tower and flagstaff which rises 100 feet skyward. The southern wing opens into a lovely conservatory stocked with the choicest ferns and orchids. The durbar hall with its graceful columns, and the spacious dining room, with its elegant arches, are also situated in this wing. The northern wing forms the private residence and office of H. E. the Governor of Bombay and is tastefully decorated and elegantly furnished. The approach to Government House is by a large carriage porch which is covered with pretty creepers.



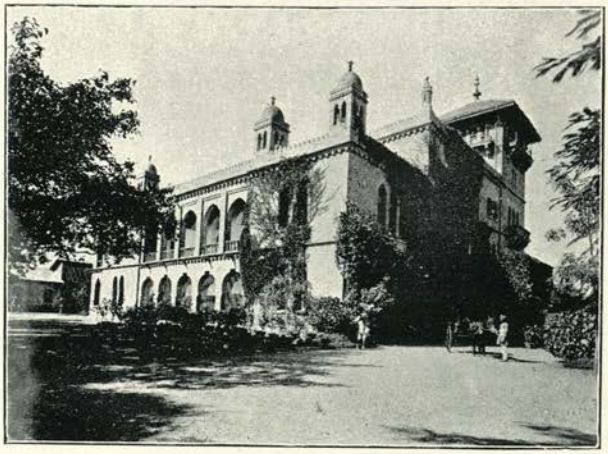
St. Paul's Church, Poona.

A cricket ground on which several annual fixtures take place, faces Chatrasinghi Hill. It is not by any



THE GARDEN AT GANESHKIND.

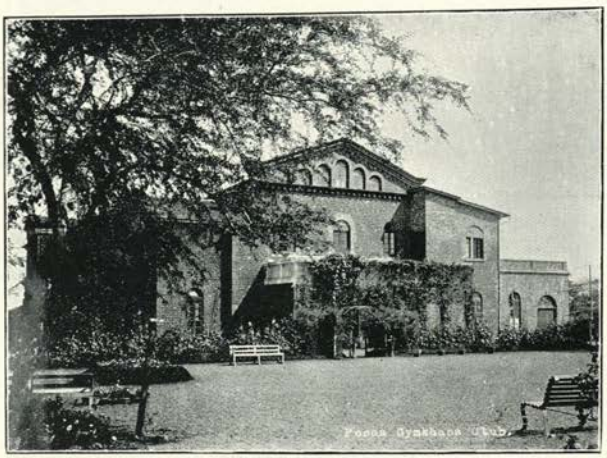
means an ideal pitch, as the ground slopes and the boundaries are narrow, but nevertheless good cricket has been witnessed on this ground. Facing Kirkee there is a nice little dip in the grounds where gymkhanas are held. The grounds also hold four bungalows for members of His Excellency's Staff, a guard room with an ornamental clock tower and quarters for H. E. the Governor's Band. The Body Guard is located at Aundh, about a mile to the west.



THE COLLEGE OF SCIENCE, POONA.

Facing the southern entrance of Government House stands the modern hill temple of Chatrasinghi. The temple stands on the slope of the hill and is cut into the hill side, the approach being by a flight of rudely cut stone steps. The main temple is a small room with a conical spire. A fair, lasting nine days, is held in connection with the shrine in the month of September or October, just prior to the Dusserah festival, and is largely attended. The religious history of this temple is told in a few words. It appears that a Poona banker was in the habit of worshipping a certain deity in Nasik, but growing older he could not make the journey, and the god in a dream told the devotee that in future he could be worshipped at Chatrasinghi, where he had translated his astral body for the convenience of his disciple.

The Bund Gardens at Poona are not extensive, but they are very pretty. The grounds are laid out in terraces overlooking the stream. In the centre of the gardens is an ornamental marble fountain and a band-stand. Queen's Gardens are the most extensive and beautiful in Poona. They serve the purposes, besides those of rest and recreation, of a botanical garden and an agri-horticultural farm. The fields, the ferneries, and the fine old overshadowing trees make this the coolest spot in Poona. The roads and drives are broad and exceedingly well kept, and there is a band-



POONA GYMKHANA CLUB

stand. It is a pleasant place to loiter, musing over the morning's crowded impressions on the first day of one's visit to Poona.

Oarsmen visiting Poona may indulge in their favourite pastime on the bosom of the Mula and Mutha Rivers, which sweep in broad and graceful curves from Kirkee to the Bund, where the waters dash over the stone parapet into the channel below. "Rosherville," the Royal Connaught Boat Club, is situated near Kirkee. It is a single-storeyed building well adapted for the purpose for which it is intended, and lies almost hidden by trees in a garden, the terraces of which lead down to the water's edge. Everything is green and beautiful, even the tall cypress trees.

The Club of Western India is very centrally situated at the north end of Elphinstone Road, occupying about 14 acres of land on a natural elevation, the actual height of which is 1,880 feet above sea-level. The Club is one of the oldest in India, and consists of an unlimited number of European members.

The Poona Racecourse, which has greatly improved of recent years, encloses the whole of the parade ground. The Grand Stand, paddock, lawn, betting shed, and stables have all been vastly improved.

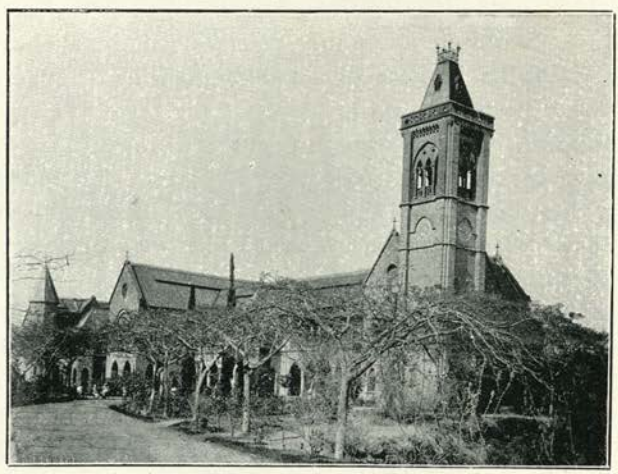
On the Civil Lines stands, enclosed in beautiful grounds, the Poona Gymkhana Club, a handsome edifice of grey basalt, the *venue* of society. The foundation-stone of the building was laid in January 1885 by Sir James Ferguson, who was then Governor of Bombay. The structure was planned and commenced by Colonel W. Ducat, R. E., and carried to completion by Mr. W. H. Howard, C.E.

One of the buildings which attracts attention conspicuously at Poona is the ornamental coloured brick building of two storeys which is known as

the Council Hall. It is situated in Queen's Gardens, is nearly rectangular in plan and Venetian-Gothic in style. The entrance is from a carriage porch, over which is a campanile 76 feet high. On the ground floor at the northern end of the building is the Council Hall, 80 feet by 40 feet, decorated in white and gold with a gallery running all round its lofty sides. On the southern side are two rooms which are used as offices, while at the same time forming picture galleries. On the walls are hung oil paintings of the Peishwas and other Native Princes of India. Upstairs are offices where H. E. the Governor of Bombay transacts business on certain days of the week during the season (June to October). The Council Hall is used for meetings of the Legislative Council, for Levees, Receptions, and for the Birthday Durbars attended by the Sirdars of the Deccan.

Situated near the Post and Telegraph Offices, St. Paul's Church, with its tall belfry, arrests attention. The original builders of this small but picturesque little edifice did not aspire to raising a monumental structure, and the church was built on the lines of the little La Sainte Chapelle, Paris. The work was completed in 1863, the consecration ceremony being performed by Bishop Harding. On July 5th, 1900, owing to the carelessness of some workmen, the roof and a great deal of the wooden part of the structure were destroyed by fire, but the building being composed of solid stone, it was soon restored.

St. Mary's Church stands on high ground on the Napier Road, and with its conical-shaped tower is a striking building. It was built so long ago as 1821, and is of plaster. The tower at the west end of the building is 103 feet high and has a belfry. The interior of the Church is 97 feet long and 83 feet broad. There are four round pillars on each side of the nave and the Church is lighted by massive brass chande-

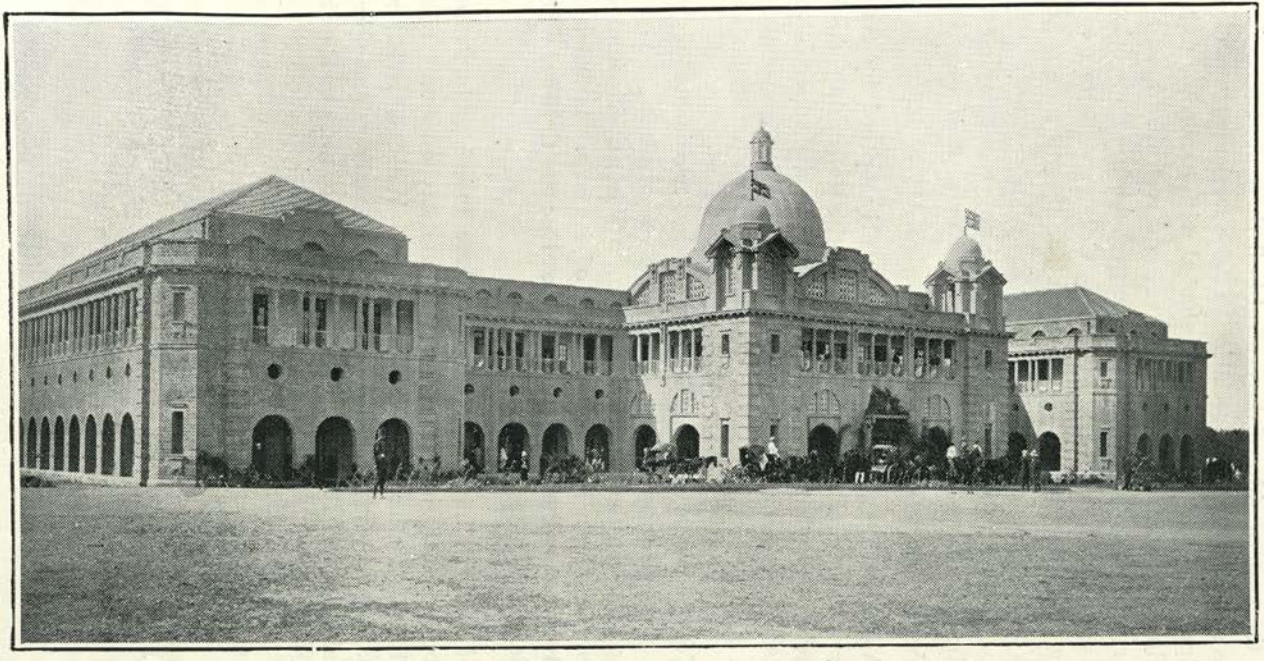


THE SASSOON HOSPITAL, POONA.

liers. Being the principal church in Poona, it contains numerous tablets and inscriptions commemorating many names well known in the history of this part of the Empire, including a memorial of Sir Robert Grant, Governor of Bombay, who died at Dapuri in 1838. The stained glass window over the altar was erected in memory of Colonel Nasmyth of the Survey Department. To commemorate the life of Brigadier Shewell, the baptistry window was erected. On the four walls of this commodious Church, which can seat 1,000 persons, there are numerous monuments of officers who have bled and died for King and Country.

Towering on sloping ground on the northern bank of the Mutha-Mula on the Poona-Kirkee Road stand the buildings of the Deccan College. It is a picturesque pile built in grey stone, pointed here and there with white Porebunder stone. Situated in spacious grounds, the Gothic-designed building stands out boldly. It was designed by Major-General H. C. Wilkins, R. E., and was completed in 1868. The College grounds cover over 50 acres, and the buildings, which cost 2½ lakhs of rupees, are substantial and roomy. The College is capable of receiving 120 to 150 students. As the building is situated some distance from the City and Cantonment, the principal has a pretty bungalow on the premises, and the students are provided with residential chambers. Their physical welfare is also attended to, as tennis and cricket grounds are laid out, and a boat club is also attached to the College, so that the students can indulge in a row on the river which sweeps not far from the College grounds on to the Bund.

Standing in solitude and yet within a short distance of the stir of business-life in Poona, is the College of Science, designed and built by Mr. Howard in the Saracenic-Gothic style. This building, covered with creepers, is almost square (111 × 109), and it may best be described as a large central hall (60 × 30 × 42) covered by an open roof of iron arched girders, and surrounded on three sides by double-storeyed arcaded corridors, 8½ feet wide, round which central hall and opening into whose corridors are the class rooms of the College. The north-west corner of the building rises to the third storey, and above that carries a square tower, 67 feet from the ground to the eaves, covered by a low-patched tiled roof with overhanging eaves. Beneath this tower, flights of stairs lead to the upper storey. Passing through the effective looking porch entrance is gained into a vestibule with its arched openings into the central grand hall. Above the vestibule lies the well-stocked museum and an inviting lecture-room, while on one side comes the laboratory and on the other the stairs leading to the upper-



THE POONA AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

storey. On the eastern side of the central hall there are two more spacious lecture-rooms shaded by outside arcades. To the west are the private rooms of the Principal. The grounds are well shaded with handsome foliage, with an oasis of flower and lawn beds and alcoves and restful seats in the midst. In front the river Mutha flows. Within the grounds are the workshops and foundry and astronomical observatory. This College arose out of a school established in Poona in 1854 by Government for the purpose of educating the Public Works Department clerks. The foundation-stone of the College was laid on the 5th August 1865, and the building was completed in 1868. It is under the Educational Department, and has a staff consisting of a Principal, six Professors and five Teachers.

The Agricultural College at Poona, recently opened by Sir George Clarke, Governor of Bombay, was designed by the Consulting Architect to the Government of Bombay and constructed under the supervision of the Public Works Department. Its total cost when fully completed will be about eleven lakhs of rupees.

The College proper consists of three blocks, two devoted to the work of teaching and the third to the housing of the students. The College stands a long way from the residential portion of Poona, surrounded by its own grounds, forming a little community of its own. It fails, however, to command the prominent position of the Deccan College, whose bold outline stands out for miles around.

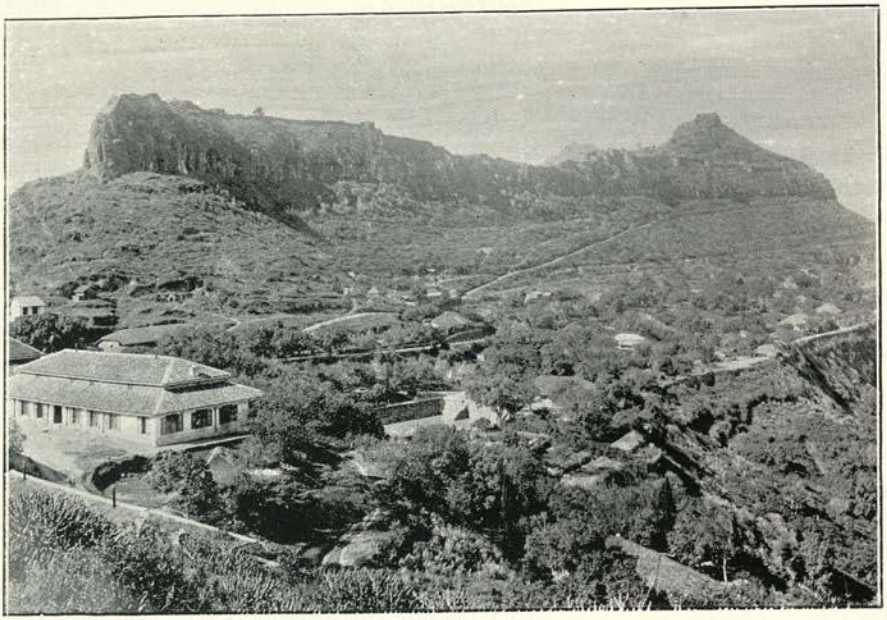
One of the most imposing and handsome buildings in Poona is the David Sassoon Hospital, situated close to the Railway station. It is built in English-Gothic style after a design by Colonel Wilkins, R.E., and was erected by that benevolent merchant Sir David Sassoon. The foundation-stone was laid by Sir Bartle Frere, the then Governor of Bombay, and opened in October 1867.

PURANDHAR.

THE OLD FORT—SANATORIUM—SINGHAD THE "LION'S FORT."

The lovely little village of Purandhar is about 20 miles from Poona by the Bápdev pass, and 25 miles from Deva pass and Sâsvad. The station itself lies to the northern side of the old fort, while the barracks occupy the eastern side and the officers' quarters lie between the two. Looking towards the south, the lovely and picturesque valley watered by the Nera, fringed on all sides by the distant hills, affords a beautiful prospect. The eye wanders far over the plains and mountain ranges and picturesque views of rural life, fit for the painter's brush, lie all round; charming walks over hills, old-fashioned villages and pasture lands, and pleasant paths through woods for miles. Owing to the exertions of Lord Fitz Clarence, the then Commander-in-Chief of the Bombay Army, this delightful place was chosen as a sanatorium for British troops.

The hog-backed Vazirgad and the saddle-backed Purandhar are entirely separated except for a narrow ridge which joins the two peaks. From the top of the Bápdev pass, a long road leading through the village of Chambli, a lovely view of the masonry ruin studded with bastions is obtained. The actual hill of Purandhar bears the temple of Mahadev, and 300 feet below the temple runs the level terrace which forms the present cantonment. The northern end of the terrace is defended by a low wall with several semi-circular bastions and a gate flanked by two towers. This is called the Máchi or Terrace Fort. At the foot of the hill is a well-built rest-house, from which the ascent leads by an easy wide road. Half way up the road branches to the right and left, the right branch leading to the hospital and the left to the cantonment and barracks. From the centre of the cantonments a winding road about 800 yards long runs towards the upper fort, and ends in a flight of rude stone steps which pass between a loop-holed wall of masonry and the basalt cliff on which the fort itself stands. A sharp turn leads to the Delhi Gate, to the left of which runs a path leading to the "Sky-scraper" bastion, the most easterly point of Purandhar, commanding a grand view of the rich Bhima valley to the distant Mahadev range. From the Delhi Gate another path leads up the famous Ganesh Darwaja, passing by a small chamber where Shahaji, the father of Shivaji, was confined in 1649 by Mahmud, the seventh Adil Shahi King; on the left are the ruins of a figure of Ganesh which gives its name to the gate.



PURANDHAR WITH WELLESLEY HILL.

Passing by the granary, a bomb-proof building, and the masonry pile which marks the site of Abaji Purandhare's palace, the path continues towards the west. On the left-hand side are two cisterns looking like tombs behind the mosque, which were used in old times during sieges to hold oil and clarified butter (ghee), while on the right is a bomb-proof magazine under the shelter of one of the two great eminences which mark Purandhar. This eminence is called the "Lover's Seat" or Rája's Váda or king's palace, because the grandson of Shivaji began to build his palace here. A little further to the left is a beautiful reservoir called the Mhasohie Taki. It runs a little under the rock and is fed with springs which furnish drinking water during the season. A little beyond the reservoir are two rock-cut chambers which were formerly used as dungeons. To the north-west lies a rudely shaped bastion like an elephant's head and called the Hathi Bastion. Past this bastion two rock-cut cisterns mark the spot under which a married couple were buried alive.

From the Ganesh temple a grand and picturesque view is obtained over crests of mountains, huge blocks of barren rocks and dense forest-

clothed ravines, wide spreading plains and winding rivers. To the north the eye wanders over plains and a mountain range, till it is lost in a distant ridge of pale blue hills, eighty miles off. To the south lies the river Nera sparkling in the sun, while in the distance rise Vairatgad and Panchgani; and beyond the square hill fort of Rohira are seen Mount Malcolm and Mahableshwar temple. To the west, where range after range stretches as far as the eye can see, the view passes over town and village, valley, hill and dale to the peak of Geser and Puluk Khind and still further to Singhad, standing out in bold relief against the sky.

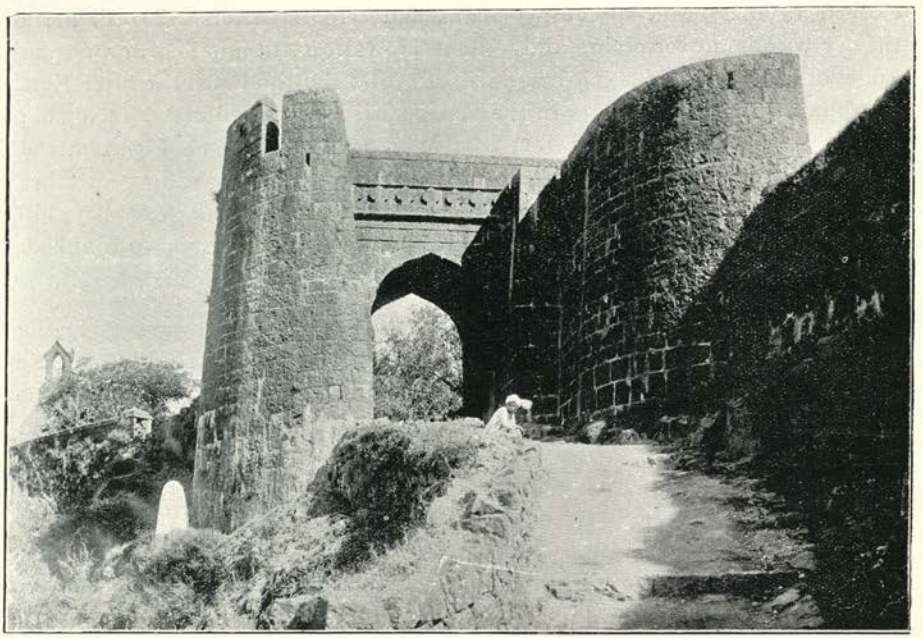
Seen from Poona "the virtuous," lying mistily in her gardens by the sacred meeting of streams, Singhad compels the gaze, as it stands majestic and pre-eminent, in the blue line of ramparts that guard the plains. It was a fitting den for the fierce little Mahratta lion—Sivaji Maharaja—for from here his keen eye could sweep far over

"the wide stony worlds of the Deccan"

stretched out at his feet.

Could these grim walls but speak, with what breathless tales of love and war they might enthral us! Bastion and battlement, tower and rampart, they still frown blackly down upon the valleys, enduring monuments of the vanished power that once sat watchfully behind them. Fancy flies back to dim ages, when those rocky heights were the fastnesses of the dark Dravidian in his strife with wild creatures but a little more savage than himself.

Over it, long afterwards, poured the irresistible flood of Islam, driven by the fiery living faith of distant Arabia to conquer the infidel for God and His Prophet. And when the waning of that faith brought weakness, then the grim little Lion of Maharashtra found his opportunity, and flouting the power of mighty Aurangzeb—who had dubbed him in scorn the Mountain Rat—made his den more famous than its former masters had ever done. Durbar and Palace, Treasure-house and Women's apartments are now but ruins, but they still live with memories of those stormy times. The great gateways stare blankly out, with the unseeing gaze of the dead, over the valleys they once so proudly dominated, and the great walls guard a casket from which the treasure is gone.



THE FORT GATE, PURANDHAR.

PARVATI.

THE HOLY HILL OF THE PEISHWAS.

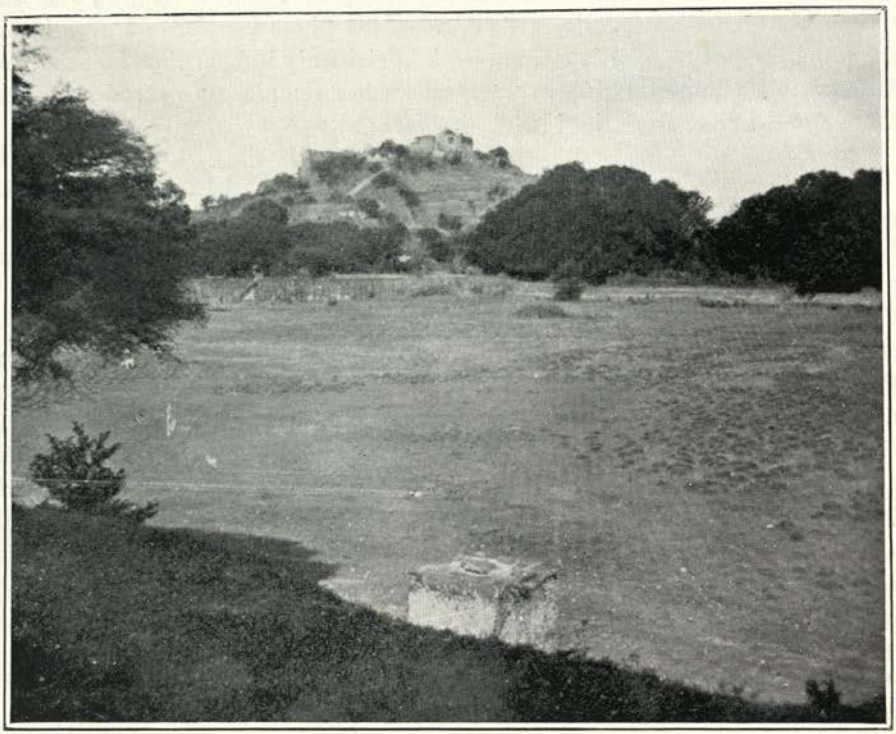
Near Poona stands a hill called Parvati. It is crowned with temples and receives its due share of worship. But for historical interest it has probably no rival. Among its buildings one prince died of a broken heart, another watched his empire tumble to pieces like a house of cards.

Like most other celebrated Indian celestial dwellings, the present gods were not the earliest to live in Parvati. Before they came the old hill goddess was already there. The common tale goes that one day Gopikabai, the wife of the 3rd Peishwa, Balaji Bajirao, suffered from a sore heel and was told that the Devi on Parvati hill was swift to answer prayers. Gopikabai promised, if she got well, to build a temple to Shiva on Parvati's summit. She did so, and Balaji Bajirao fulfilled her promise. The tale told in the Peishwa's Bakhar is different. For there the founding of Parvati is ascribed to Balaji Bajirao's wish to honour King Shahu, to whose memory the Shivaite temple was erected. It is probable, however,

that this latter story really describes the origin of Vishnu's temple, and the former that of Shiva's. In either event, the pious founder of Parvati was the 3rd Peishwa ; and it is related in the Peishwa's Bakhar that he sent the Holkar and Shinde Jaghirdars to extort for her temples the sacred stones of the Gandaki river from the Maharaja of Nepal.

The hill is usually approached by the Shankarshet Road, which winds past the tombs of unknown French officers, once in the service, past the Deccan Club and a shrine to Bahiroba, himself like Parvati Devi one of the earlier deities. Then it curves round Parvati lake—now an open ugly hollow—but once a beautiful sheet or water which the sanitary engineers alas ! condemned. The lake, like the Parvati temples, was built by Balaji Bajirao ; and the tale runs that enraged with the slow building of the dam he himself descended from his elephant and began carrying stones to the masons. At once courtiers and soldiers sprang from their horses and did likewise, and the dam soon neared completion. At a later date Mahadji Shinde wishing to oust Nana Phadnavis from the control of the second Madhavrao took the latter to the little Ganpati temple on the Serasbag island in the centre of the lake. While rowing across Shinde so poisoned the young prince's mind against the old statesman that they in the end quarrelled with terrible results to both. Madhavrao II perished in the Shanwar Wada. Nana Phadnavis died broken-hearted and disgraced. But the house of Shinde grew till it overshadowed the whole Empire. On nearly reaching the top, the Brahmins will point out where the Bhor Chief's elephant slipped and nearly fell with the late King Edward when Prince of Wales.

At the summit is the court-yard of the principal temple, that of Shiva. Opposite it is the nagarkhana or drum-house, whence wild music thrice a day issues either to rouse the god or warn him that it is time to rest. A stone bull lies as usual facing the temple hall, and in front of him may usually be seen some grains of rice and a bel-tree's leaf given him in honour of Shiva. The animal has two panoplies, one of silver for the Mahashivratra and such great days and one—its second best—of copper for less important fetes. Inside the temple the royal cobra rears its hood over Shiva's "pindi" and behind it are images of his queen Parvati and their son Ganesh. At each corner of the court-yard is a little shrine sacred to Vishnu, to the hill Devi, to Ganesh and the Surya or the Sun. And the latter's chariot drawn by a strange seven-headed animal reminds one forcibly of the splendid horses which prance and bear Hedios so gaily in Flaxman's drawings. To the



PARVATI HILL: THE TEMPLES CAN BE SEEN ON THE SUMMIT.

north is a railed window whence the last Peishwa watched the battle of Kirkee. And it is certain that nowhere else can so good a view be obtained of the straight road along which Bapu Gokhale and the Bhagwa Jhenda passed to do battle with the troops of the English cantonment. In the same court-yard is a trap door which covers the entrance to a secret passage by which, it is said, the same Peishwa, a few hours later, fled to the old palace in the Shanwar Peth.

Somewhere close by the third Peishwa, Balaji Bajirao, the founder of the temples, killed by the news of Panipat, breathed his last. But either through ignorance or wilfulness the priests refuse to point out the spot.

One temple remains, that of Vishnu. Opposite the hall entrance is a figure of his vahan or steed, the eagle. For Vishnu's incarnations have been martial princes and all the earth over the eagle has been the emblem

of the world-conqueror from Vishnu's Garuda to *les aigles Napoleoniennes*. On the door is an image of Ganpati, and below it is the hideous face of Kirtimukh. Inside is Vishnu himself and at his feet sits his last great incarnation, Balkrishna. The latter, as the name shows, is not here in the same guise as when he fought on the side of the Pandava brothers and made Dwarka his capital; but as he appeared in his wondrous childhood and won the hearts and the loves of the 16,000 Gopikas.

To the south stands, hiding the view of the Sinhgad mountains, the outer shell of Bajirao II.'s palace. It has however no history, for it was never finished and lightning struck it two years before the English cannon blew away the Peishwa's Empire.

From the northern wall Poona city and Poona Camp unroll for us their vast panorama. At either end sleep scions of the great rival houses of Shinde and Holkar. In the centre rise the great towers of the Shanwar Wada, where so many Peishwas fought and intrigued, loved and ruled. To the north flash the waters of the Mula-Mutha now deepened by the great Bund, but once low enough to let Elphinstone and his escort escape from Vinchurkar's horse. To the east are the bold outlines of four-spurred Chaturshringi, in whose side is a cave where the Pandus rested on their way to Viratnagar. And at its feet is the spot, where by a strange fatality the Peishwa's vakil met Sir Charles Malet, the first British envoy, and on which now swing the gates of the Ganeshkhind palace. Far to the south rise Torna, dear to Shivaji, and Sinhgad, where Tanaji Malusure met an heroic death. And between them the waters of Khadakwasla catch the last rays of the sinking sun, throwing up a blaze of light amid the gathering darkness.

KOARIGARH.

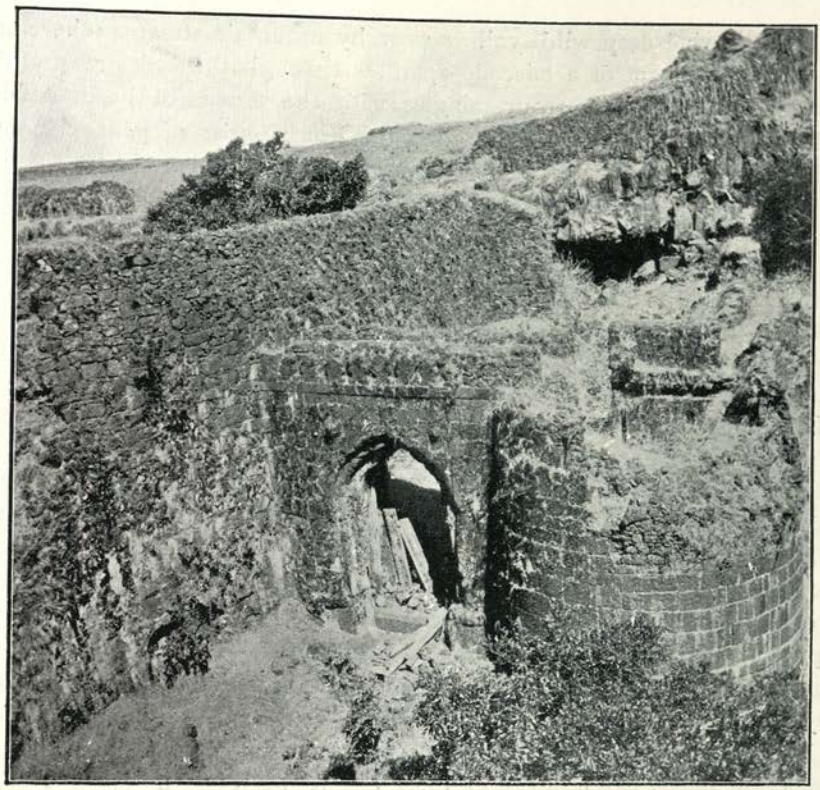
THE OLD-TIME FORTRESS—GRAND SCENERY.

"What I love best in all the world
Is a castle, precipice-encurled,
In a gash of the wind-grieved Appenine."

If Browning had ever travelled in Western India, he might not have called the Ghauts the "Indian Appenines" as other folk have seen fit to do, but he would undoubtedly have been delighted with the castle or the fort of Koarigarh; perhaps he might even have crystallised in a phrase of rugged magnificence, the romantic grandeur of the place. But Browning did not come to Western India, and until we can produce a poet of our own, or inveigle an alien, some of the finest scenery in the world waits for its birthright.

Koarigarh stands like a plume on the crest of the Sahyadris, some 15 miles south of the gap at Khandalla, where the railway climbs through them. The hill is a wedge of sheer rock, rising a thousand feet out of the sea of forest, whose green waves swell about its base like the Atlantic rollers at the foot of a Cornish headland. No fortress in the Deccan is guarded on every side by such a lofty and precipitous scarp as that of Koarigarh; not the surest-footed Mawullee in Sivaji's army could have scaled that mighty wall. The ascent is made by a boulderstrewn gully, the course of a mountain torrent, which some rude efforts of engineering at the most difficult points have converted into a practicable path; there is another track leading up to a sally port in the western face, but it is one which only a Mawullee or a monkey would attempt to negotiate.

On the top of the hill there is little to see; it is a long narrow plateau, half a mile in length, and from fifty to two hundred yards wide. A solid rampart of masonry crowns the scarp, not so much, it would appear, to hinder assailants from getting in, as to prevent the garrison from falling out; the point where the pathway reaches the summit is guarded by a gateway flanked by massive bastions. There are a large open tank and one or two rock-cut cisterns near the northern end; a few crumbling walls are all that remain of habitations and magazines. A dilapidated shrine stands on the highest ground, from whose innermost recess a queer little goddess called Koaridevi looks out with stony but reminiscent eye on the desolation around her.



THE GATEWAY, KOARIGARH.

It is the view, the glorious prospect North, South, East and West, which rewards the climber. To the East, half a mile from the foot of the hill, is the edge of the Ghauts ; it looks to be the edge of the world, for the valleys and hills of the Konkan which lie below their rugged outlines softened by the veil of nebulous azure haze, which clings about them, seem to belong to another world—a world of fairyland. Silver rivers glitter here and there among the blue hills, widening into creeks and estuaries as they approach the sea. Karanja is visible, keeping watch over the broad waters of Bombay harbour, and Matheran stands up like a cloud from among the lesser hills which cling to her skirts. Far to the north, Bhimashankar rears his wooded crest ; and inland the eye ranges over a majestic amphitheatre of mountains, from the black bulk of Lohogarh and the rocky spire of Deogarh rising from its demon-haunted forest, to the great masses in the South which hide the Mahableshwar hills from view. Around the feet of

these giants wind deep wild valleys worn by mountain streams ; here and there the white foam of a cascade sparkles through the dark green of the forest, and its distant murmur mingles with the sounds of the untrodden jungle, the shrill crowing of jungle-fowl, the hoarse cries of peacocks, and the chattering of monkeys, which rise from the woods below.

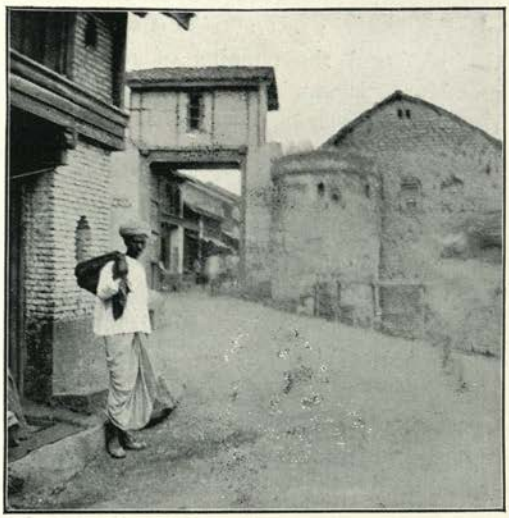
JUNNAR.

THE BIRTH PLACE OF SHIVAJI—FORTRESS OF SHEONAR.

"Man's hands never built it; God made the town." This was the rapturous cry of the Russian traveller Athanasius Nikitin, who toiled up the Ghauts from Cheul in the year of grace 1470, and visited the town of Junnar. Now in a country as conservative as India, and in a nook of it so remote from the iron roads of civilisation as the northern corner of Poona District, it is permissible to assume that, in a general view at least, the Junnar of to-day is but little changed from that of Nikitin ; but it must be confessed that the modern traveller who beholds it cannot for the life of him conceive any motive for his earliest predecessor's ecstatic statement, except that he ran no risk of being contradicted. From the summit of Sheonar Fort, or from any of the hills round about, Junnar with its fertile valley, its gardens, its trees, its winding river and its grey "kot," or citadel, looks to be a very type of the prosperous country towns, of which, in these piping times, half a dozen or more are to be found in every Deccan district. The town walls, perhaps, are a little out of repair ; one of the bastions of the "kot" has crumbled into its elementary stones and mortar ; and the "kot" itself contains not a Mahomedan baron "prancing in pride," but the less interesting establishment, from a spectacular point of view, of a Brahmin mamlatdar with his dingy retinue. But overlooking these details, the town and the trees and the scarped hill-sides honey-combed with Buddhist caves, and the imminent black-browed fort stand now just as they did when Nikitin saw them, or when a little brown baby, whose destiny it was to call a nation into life and being, sprawled in his mother's arms on the ramparts of Sheonar, and looked out with grave round eyes on the world below.

The town stands in a valley shaped like a spear-head of the bay-leaf pattern, preferred by pigstickers. The point of the spear runs westward, piercing into the confused masses of mountains which stand guard around

the gap where Nana's Pass drops into the Konkan. To the north the valley is bounded by a lofty precipitous hill called Hatkeshvar, halfway up whose face may be seen a long row of Buddhist caves, looking, but for their regularity, like sea birds' nests in an ocean cliff, a resemblance strangely heightened by the splashes of whitewash with which, for some reason or other, the threshold of each monastic cell has been adorned. Harischandra, the loftiest hill-fort in the Deccan, towers in the distance behind Hatkeshvar, and further west are two curiously-shaped pinnacles of rock, like Dartmoor tors, which local tradition calls the "Bride and Bridegroom," and associates with an old miraculous legend—a thing which, in the East, local tradition seldom takes the trouble to do. To the south of the Junnar valley is the hill-fort of Shivner or Sheonar. At the mouth of the valley the hills close in, forming, so to speak, the base of the bay-leaf triangle; through the gap where the river flows, the eye ranges over the interminable Deccan, broad and brown, with low, flat-topped ridges and here and there a cluster of trees marking the site of a village.



JUNNAR: A GATEWAY IN THE TOWN.

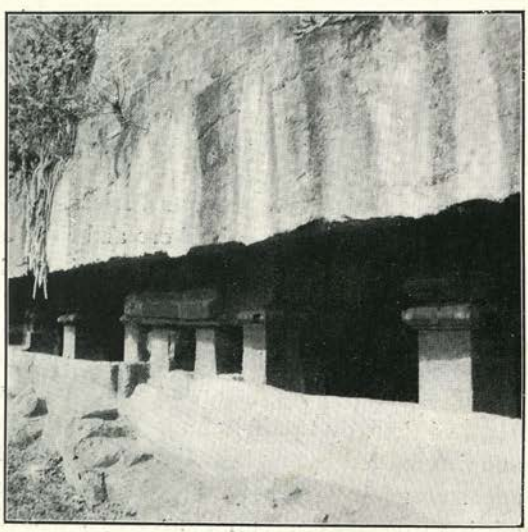
The Buddhist caves in the hills round Junnar are numberless. Almost every hill has its warren of cells and cloisters, with here and there a larger chapel cave, like that at Karli, with a "dagoba," or relic shrine, all hewn with pious labour out of the living rock.

Sheonar Fort is a great triangular-shaped hill, whose apex stands sheer up a massive bastion of cliff, overhanging the town. The eastern and western faces are inaccessible, and the way up lies along the southern face, or base of the triangle, and is guarded by no less than five lines of fortifications, built with an uncompromising solidity that has defied the assaults of time. On the summit is a grassy knoll, surmounted by a domed

Mahomedan tomb, a range of elephant stables, an "id-gah," or Mahomedan place of prayer; several cisterns and reservoirs hewn out of the bowels of the hill, and the remains of a mansion, the residence of the fort commandant. It was in this latter, no doubt, that the event took place which secures to Junnar its place on the page of history. Here Jijibhai, the wife of Shahuji Bhonsle, flying from a political storm, found refuge and here gave birth to Shivaji (17th May 1626).

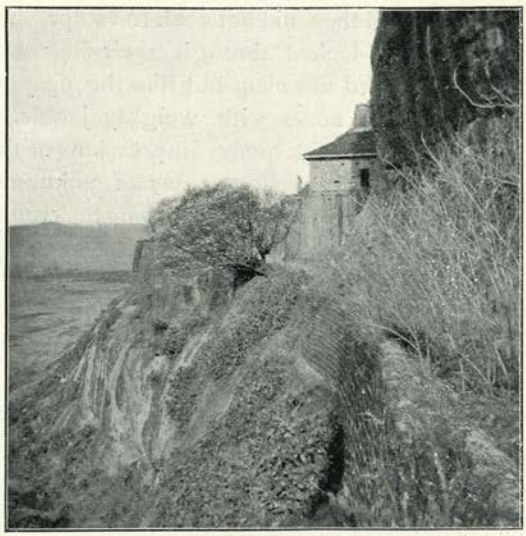
The salient fact about Shivaji is that out of a whole sub-continent of Hindus he is the one man since mythical times, who has earned the right to be considered a national hero. There have been other Hindu conquerors and empire-builders but Shivaji alone among them conceived the idea of building his kingdom on something more durable than the personal character of its king. He went down to the bed-rock, and founded his government on national religion, national language, and national unity. We shall not properly understand Shivaji until a Walter Scott has arisen in India and turned him into a hero of romance.

Humanly speaking, Shivaji created the Mahratta nation. By him a chaos of warring tribes and families with no more idea of a common nationality than the Bhils or Gonds of to-day possess, were imbued with a spirit of patriotism so powerful that they forgot their diverse interests, forgot their feuds, forgot their independence, and remembered only that they were Mahrattas. Strong in the power of that national spirit they toppled down distracted thrones and kingdoms and swept across India from sea to sea. Shivaji's sceptre dropped from the nerveless hands of his successors; the superstructure of his kingdom was demolished but its foundations endure, sunk deep into the hearts of his people.



WATER RESERVOIR ON SHEONAR FORT.

A quaint account is given in a forgotten old book by a doctor named



SIVABHAI TEMPLE ON SHEONAR FORT.

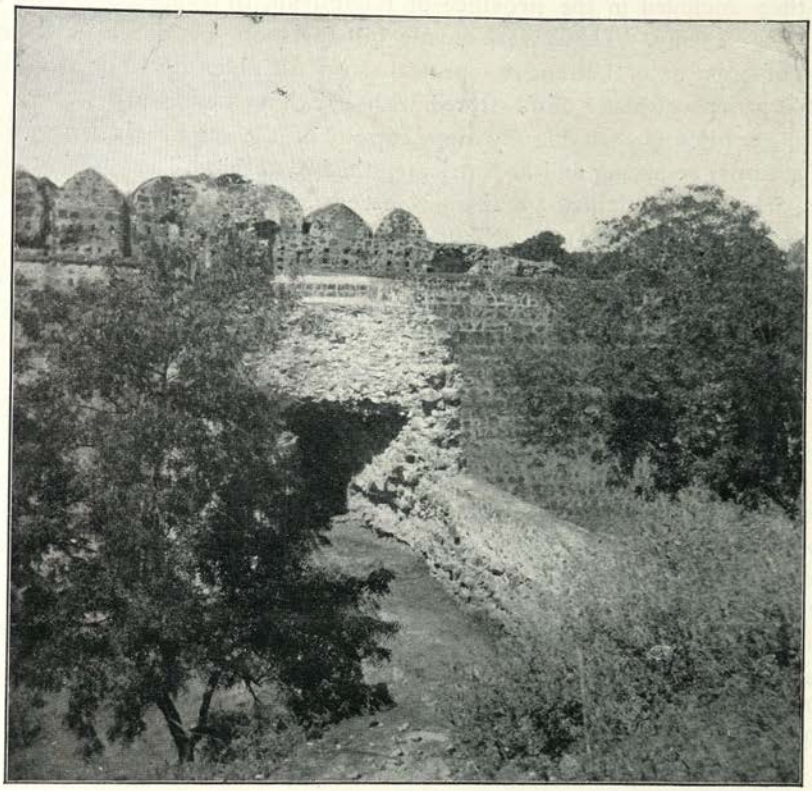
Fryer, who visited Junnar in 1673, having been invited from Bombay by the Mahomedan governor to cure his favourite wife who was sick. This was in the palmy days of Junnar, when the governor of a province of the Nizam Shahi kingdom held his court there. The governor's mansion, says Fryer, was in the middle of the castle (by which he means the "kot"), surrounded by a green quadrangle of trees and plants. In the chief hall sat the governor, with his great men on his right; he was bolstered with embroidered cushions and smoking a "hubble-bubble," with a rich sword and buckler laid before him, and a page holding his bow and arrows. Fryer was received with due ceremony, and on the first lucky day after his arrival, he went to see his patient in the ladies' quarters. An "old gentlewoman in a tiffany veil," horrified at the idea of a strange man entering the seraglio, had first to be disposed of, after which the doctor and his "linguist" were admitted, and were led through long dark passages to a room where there was a bed surrounded by silk curtains. Fryer was told to put his hand through the curtains and feel the patient's pulse. The wary medico had probably played this game before and finding the pulse to be a perfectly sound one, he declared that the lady had nothing the matter with her; whereupon he was gleefully informed that a healthy slave had been placed in the bed by the strategists of the harem, in order to try his skill before he was given access to the real patient, who was now produced and prescribed for. This incident having reached a satisfactory issue, the confidence of the ladies in the "Feringhi" medicine-man became unbounded; and the next day he was called in to bleed another of the wives. A curtain was drawn across the room and an arm held forth at a hole. But there were many women behind the curtain, and as they pressed forward to have a peep at the doctor, the curtain gave way, and the whole bevy "fluttered like so many birds when a net is cast over

them." Still they did not seek to escape, but covered their faces with their hands, and—looked through their fingers. "The ladies," he observed, "were clothed like men, but like the gipsy Cleopatra of old, they exercised their ears and noses with weighty jewels." Much more there is to the same purpose, with quaint impressions of the town, the fort and the people, and not a few marvellous tales of unknown lands beyond, with which his new friends delighted to astonish the credulous doctor.

MALEGAON.

WEEKLY FAIR—THE TOWN AND FORT—STORY OF THE SIEGE.

Although it is some distance from the railway, Malegaon is by no means a Sleepy Hollow. A hundred years ago, when the stream of life and commerce flowed up and down the Agra Road, it was the chief town of South Khandesh; the conservative country-folk still hold it so, and crowd to its weekly market to buy and to sell. The scene, every Friday, is a busy and exhilarating one. The sandy bank of the river is covered with booths and tents, where merchants of every description display their wares. The rich agricultural produce of Khandesh is brought here for sale, and the green and golden fruit of Baglan "the Land of Gardens." Ponies from the Moglai and the Godaveri Valley, cattle of the celebrated Khillary breed, innumerable goats and sheep and fowls from the neighbouring districts, occupy their allotted places in the Fair, and add their voices to the merry din. Along the streets and between the rows of booths the purchasers pass with judicial gravity—equally in earnest, whether they wish to buy a pair of bullocks or a pumpkin—trying, testing, tasting with minute discernment until they find the ultimate object, and sit down with a sigh of satisfaction to contend with the merchant on the question of price. Tall, weedy Mahomedans, thick-set, weather-beaten Mahratta farmers, hairy Bhils, Borahs with cunning eyes and little goat's beards, and loose-robed "Muvallads," the descendants of the Arab mercenaries settled here a hundred years ago, who still retain traces of their origin in their dress and language—these constitute the bulk of the throng of men. Nor are the womenkind less numerous, and the vendors of sarees and bangles drive a brisk trade, and sharp-eyed Autolycus, standing with his tray of fairings at a busy corner, takes his toll.



MALEGAON FORT: THE FIRST BREACH.

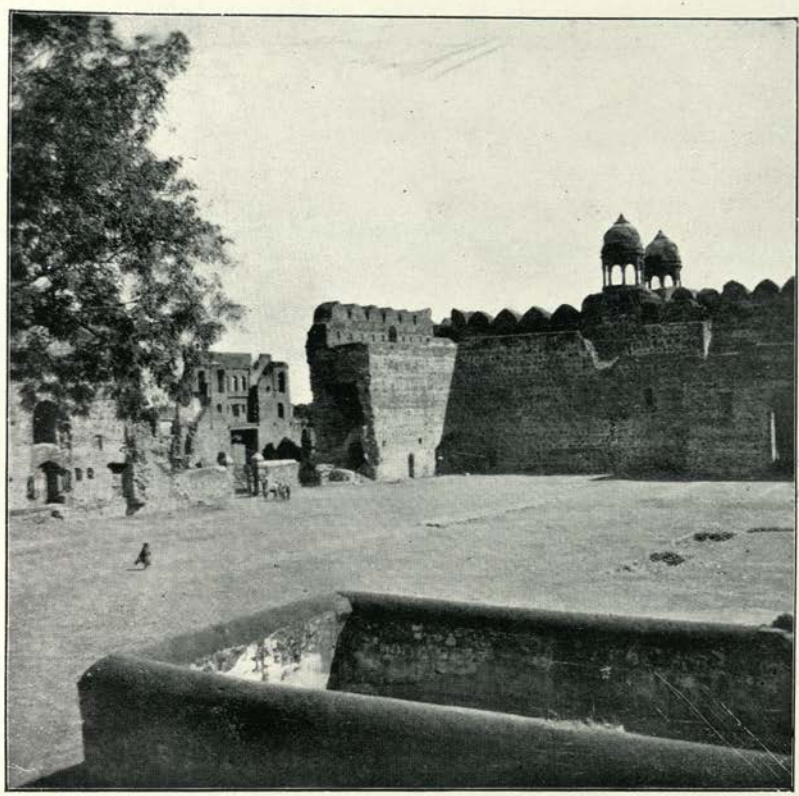
The town itself is a prosperous little place, its narrow streets lined with well-furnished shops, and its houses built of good solid masonry, adorned with carved wooden doors and balconies afford visible signs of a well-to-do bourgeoisie. But it is the Fort, whose grey and battered walls dominate the town, which has the greatest interest. The story of its siege and fall will bear re-telling, if only because it gives a vivid glimpse of a state of things which, though it existed not a hundred years ago, is as completely effaced and forgotten as if it had never been.

It was in 1818, when the last Mahratta league against the British had been broken up, and the Peishwa was a fugitive with two British columns hard on his heels, that a detachment of about 1,000 men, more or less, under Lieut.-Colonel McDowell, marched into Nasik District, which

was then included in the province of Khandesh, to reduce the places still held by the enemy. These were mostly hill-forts on the Chandur Range, places of great natural strength—protected on all sides by lofty and inaccessible scarps of sheer cliff—stored with provisions and fresh water, and, as a rule, only approachable by steps cut out of the solid rock, guarded by fortifications, so strong and so intricate, that "nothing," says Lieutenant Lake, "but a determined garrison is necessary to make these positions impregnable." The same author speculates that "the thirty Nasik fortresses, with Sivaji as master, would have defied the whole Anglo-Indian army." But Sivaji was gone, and his spirit was dead; the Mahratta will not play out a losing game, and the strongholds went down like nine pins before Lieut.-Colonel McDowell and his handful of men.

Meantime, Malegaon was held by a body of Arabs, mercenary soldiers, who had been called in by the chiefs and landholders of the district to protect them during the Bhil rising of 1816. This work accomplished, by the time-honoured method of exterminating the Bhils, the Arabs showed no disposition to abandon their employers to the enervating influence of peace. They established themselves at Malegaon; for, according to their own expressive saying:—"If you hold Malegaon, you have Khandesh by the nose!" And they lived, in those troublous times, at the expense of their neighbours. After the reduction of the hill forts, Colonel McDowell marched to what he thought would be the easy conquest of the small fortress of Malegaon. But the Arabs were made of different stuff from the disheartened Mahrattas, who had yielded to the terror of the British name. To a summons to surrender they paid no attention whatever, and the besiegers proceeded to attack the fortress on "the system according to which such operations have usually been conducted in India," that is, by battery, sap and assault. They commenced by establishing a breaching battery in the gardens on the bank of the river opposite the fort, very near the place described above, whence the traveller gets his first full views of the fort and town.

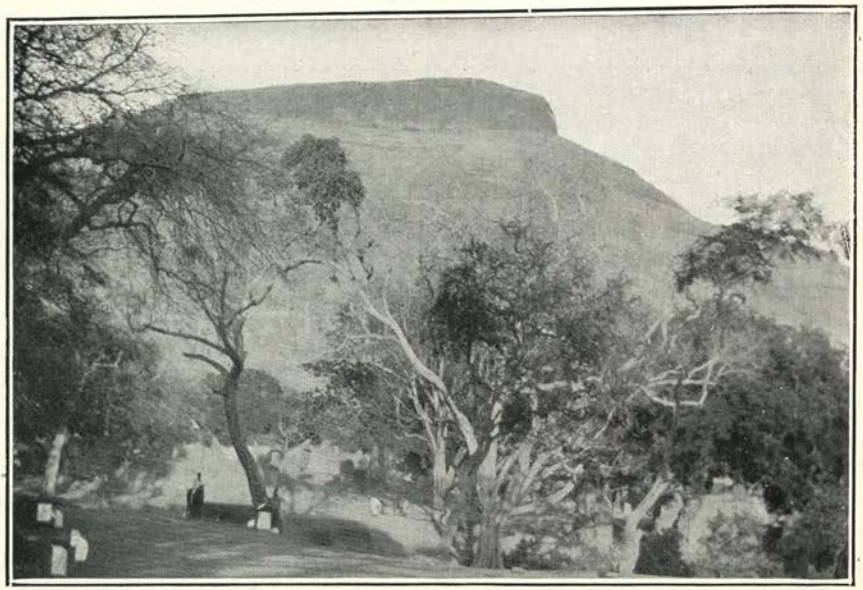
The defences of Malegaon Fort consisted of three lines of works. The body of the Keep was a square of 120 yards, with stout walls 60 feet high, and round towers at the angles and in the centre of each side. The middle line was a *fausse-bray* or low parapet with a ditch and glacis; the ditch was a formidable obstacle, some 25 feet deep, and the same across, cut out of the solid rock. The outer line of defence was a rampart 14 or 15 feet high, strengthened by round towers at irregular intervals. At the com-



THE INTERIOR OF THE KEEP, MALEGAON.

mencement of the siege, the Arabs numbered about 400 fighting men and the besiegers about 1,000, of whom about 250 were Europeans. For eight days after the place was invested, the southern face of the Keep was pounded with shot and shell from the breaching battery, with very little effect, though the range was not more than 500 yards. In the meantime the Arabs made some spirited sorties, which were repulsed at the point of the bayonet, not without loss. In the first *melée* Lieutenant Davies, the commanding engineer, who was conducting the siege, was killed but his plans were carried on by his successor, Lieutenant Nattes, until they proved to be impracticable.

It was not until the ninth day that the battery succeeded in breaching the Keep. On the same day a reinforcement joined the besiegers, and an



CHANDUR FORT, NASIK : A TYPICAL HILL FORT OF THE DECCAN.

THE LALING FORT, KHANDESH, COMMANDING THE BOMBAY-AGRA ROAD.

assault was decided on without delay, for the ammunition was nearly expended, and "all the guns ran at the vent, in consequence of the continued firing, and had become almost unserviceable." The attacking force was divided into three parties; one was to storm the breach of the Keep, the second to occupy the town and cut off the retreat of the garrison in that direction and the third to escalade the outer wall and support the first. At daybreak the assault commenced. The storming party for the assault of the breach was led by a handful of Europeans under Lieutenant Nattes, supported by the Native Sappers and Miners. Lieutenant Nattes was the first to reach the summit of the breach in the outer wall. There he turned and signalled to his followers, but to this day no one knows what he meant, for he fell dead the next moment. The storming party surged up after him, and were met by a withering fire. "The Arabs," remarks Lieutenant Lake, "are very expert marksmen." The ladder which the attacking party carried were too short to reach to the inner base of the wall, and fell from their hands to the bottom. Their leader was killed, their commanding officer wounded, and they were brought to a standstill on the outer rampart. Before them was a steep drop and the impassable ditch of the *faussebray*, the existence of which was until then unknown. Colonel McDowell, seeing that it was impossible to get any further, recalled his men; and they retired steadily though not without considerable loss. In the meantime the second party had stormed and occupied the town. The third, seeing the retreat of the first, fell back also.

After this failure, the original plan of attack was abandoned. The force moved into the captured town, and sat down to wait for a reinforcement of artillery which was on its way. Three mines were commenced, opposite the three towers, of the outer wall which faced the town, but of these two were soon abandoned, on meeting with a stratum of rock too hard to be pierced. The third was carried too near the surface, and fell in, "burying the European miner," but this mishap was not perceived from the battlements; even the remarks of the European miner were unnoticed by the drowsy sentinels; and the gallery was quickly covered over, and the work pushed on.

On the 10th of June, after the siege had lasted for nearly a month, the fresh guns arrived, and the bombardment was re-opened. On the 11th a tremendous explosion of two powder magazines inside the Fort destroyed the whole of one of the walls of the Keep. A second assault was immediately resolved on; but before it was carried out the garrison surrendered, and

marched out of the Fort on the 15th of June, just one month from the arrival of the British force before its walls.

This spirited little siege cost the British 13 officers and 220 men. The walls of the Fort now contain a municipal council room, a school, a dispensary and other attributes of an unruffled, if somewhat stagnant, civilisation. Only the grey towers, the grass grown ramparts, and the mouldering breach remain as a monument to those brave men on both sides who lost their lives there some eighty odd years ago.

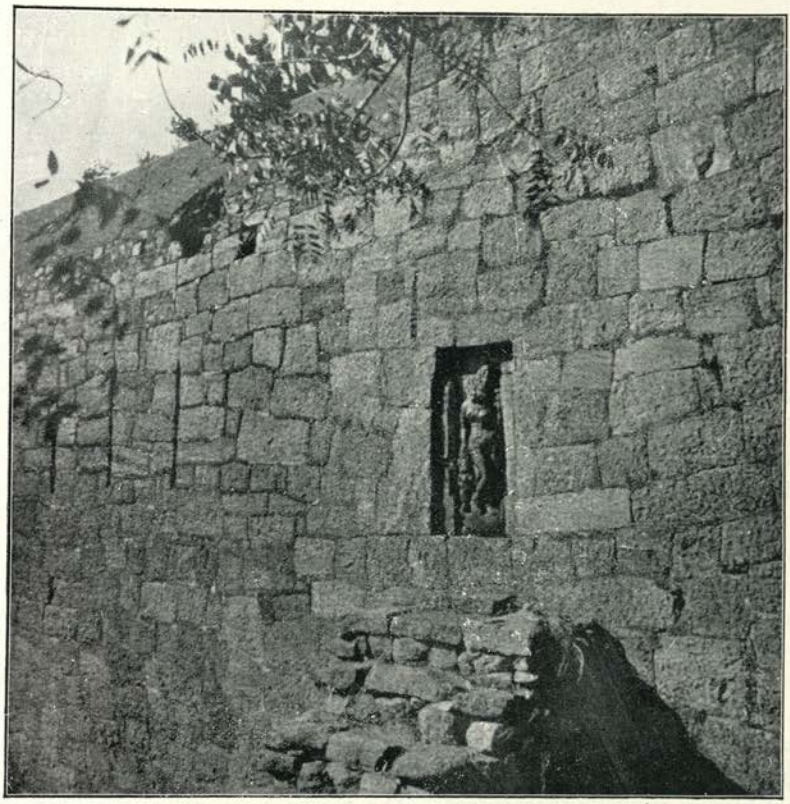
BADAMI.

LEGENDARY HISTORY—EARLY RULERS—FAMOUS CAVES.

South of the Krishna River, the scenery of the Deccan changes. The rolling grass plains, the broad valleys and rocky hills disappear, and the country of broad rivers and wooded uplands which spring in bluff promontories of red rock from the rich soil of fertile valleys, and rise tier on tier to the horizon is entered. In a cleft of one of these rocky walls in the south of Bijapur District, lies the small town of Badami.

From the high road, which skirts the base of a range of jungle-covered hills, a narrow gap opens up the view of a wild rocky combe or valley. The cliffs to right and left are crowned by the grim walls and massive bastions of two fortresses; and between them, like a brown nymph of the woods in the embrace of a giant, lies the little town. Behind the town, in a hollow of the combe, is a lake, whose placid waters reflect the crumbling walls and pillars of many ancient temples which fringe its banks, and the precipitous cliffs which tower above them. The head of the valley is filled with shapeless masses of red rock and dark jungle, through which by a precarious track pilgrims make their way to Mahakuta, the Benares of the Deccan, which lies beyond a shoulder of the mountain. The still lake, the grey sunlit temples, the overhanging precipices, and the dark background of rugged wilderness form landscape which it would be hard to match for beauty and sublimity.

Badami is one of the oldest towns of which there is any record in Indian history, or in the nebulous legends, half tradition and half myth, which obscure the dawn of Indian history. Its first ruler was a one-eyed demon named Vatapi, a terror to the Aryan settlers in his neighbourhood. With

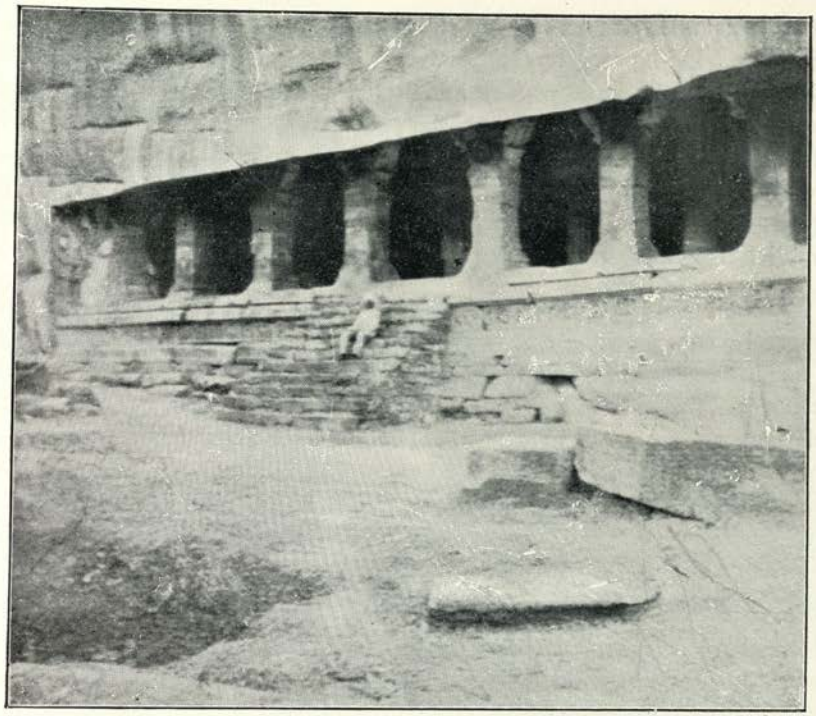


THE MHAR GODDESS, BADAMI.

this reputation he vanishes into limbo; and next appear a shadowy race of Kshatriya chieftains, who gradually emerge in the dim light of early records. At length Badami is renowned as the capital city of a considerable kingdom—the seat of power and bone of contention of stalwart Chalukya and Rashtrakuta kings, whose names, rough and rasping to modern ears as the clash of their own swords, echo faintly through the vast empty spaces of remote antiquity. The greatest of these sovereigns, Pulikeshi by name, was visited in his capital by the Chinese traveller, Hwen Thsang (A.D. 629), whose account of the glories and prosperity of Badami, even allowing for the exaggeration proper to travellers, and multiplying this by the fact that the traveller was a celestial, leaves us a picture of a flourishing city, the capital of a great kingdom, inhabited by a noble and high-spirited race of warriors, "tall and proud, simple and honest."

The next rulers of Badami were the Yadus of Deogiri (Daulatabad). In the middle ages of India, it lay on the frontier marches of the great Hindu kingdom of Vijayanagar, and the Mahomedan State of Bijapur. Between these two the embers of war were ever smouldering; and when they flared up, the town was taken and retaken as the fortunes of Hindu and Moslem waxed and waned, held by each side as an outpost, and treated as a step-child by both. Then Vijayanagar went down before the combined power of Bijapur and Golconda, and Bijapur and Golconda fell before the might of the Great Moghul. Hordes of Mahrattas watered their horses in the Ghatprabha and Malprabha rivers, and the politics of Southern India remained for a century in a state of chaos until the lava-flow of British conquest overwhelmed them, and solidified the kaleidoscopic outlines of states and kingdoms into quiescent masses, which remain very much the same in the map of to-day. The last historical incident connected with Badami, is that of the blind Brahmin who in 1840 raised an "army" of 125 men in the Moglai, captured the town and forts, and was proclaimed King of Badami, the last of that ilk. He reigned for ten days—ten crowded days of glorious life, whose memory perhaps solaced his later years of retirement in the isles of Andaman.

Archæological cave-experts say that the caves at Badami, hollowed out of the rocky cliffs of the South Fort, are of grave and surpassing interest, inferior only to those of Elephanta and Ellora. But the amateur antiquarian who prefers places which he can connect with deeds, will find more to interest him in the forts themselves. The North Fort, called the Fort of the Fifty-two Rocks, stands on the level summit of a hill, guarded on three sides by crags which, curving boldly outward, in some places literally overhang the town. The hill itself is cleft in every direction by deep ravines which wind and intersect, forming a labyrinth of abysmal passages between unscaleable rocky sides. Some of these passages are broad enough for men to march in four abreast, others so narrow that a single file can barely pass. The engineers who fortified the hill have taken full advantage of this natural spider's web in the heart of their stronghold; some of the passages are blocked, others fortified, others purposely left open, so that the soldiers of an enemy assaulting the fort would presently become entangled and bewildered in the tortuous maze, and lie at the mercy of the defenders hurling stones and darts at them from above. On a bastion of the fort overlooking the town, half-hidden among weeds and cactus lies, an old piece of ordnance; on its breach is engraved the date 1550.



EXTERIOR OF THE BADAMI CAVES.

Now it was just about half a century after this date that the first Englishman of whom there is any record set foot in India; and nearly 50 years before it that first, to the seaboard towns below the Ghauts—

> "Shy traffickers, the dark Iberians came,
> And on the beach undid their corded bales."

Their shyness soon wore off, however, and the traffickers were followed up by swaggering caballeros in "high-built galleons" and caravels, who played havoc with the merchant shipping of Cochin and Calicut, and soon took a hand in the game of politics. "Rummage" by land and sea, with varying fortune, took place between these gentry and the troops of the Bijapur and Vijayanagar potentates. Was this old gun part of the plunder of some captured caravel?

In the great outer wall of the Fort, on a stone tablet built into the wall, is the bas-relief figure of a woman, not ungraceful; she holds a child by one hand and stands on the back of a tortoise. There is a legend that this

figure represents a woman of the Mhar caste, who was sacrificed as a propitiatory offering when the fort was built, and buried beneath the foundations; but later she was resuscitated in the character of titular goddess of the fortress, and became especial protectress of the local Mhars, who dwell in a hamlet hard by, and by whom she is to this day, held in great reverence, and worshipped with gifts. Sapient archæologists may attribute a very different symbolism to this figure, but that will not make the devout Mhars disbelieve their tradition or abandon their goddess.

There is very little left on the crest of the hill, save some old granaries and store-houses, a strong treasure-house, and a large temple, now deserted, with carvings of strange beasts, half-buried in its grass-grown court. From the cliffs on the east side the pilgrims' path can be seen winding up the boulder-strewn slope and through the "Gate of Heaven," a solitary arch on the brow of the hill over against the Fort. The cliffs on this side are sheer, and more than sheer, for in places their crest-line overhangs the base by twenty yards or so. Half-way up the cliff, swarms of bees hive in niches of the rock and a few families in the village below make a miserable living by gathering the honey, swinging themselves perilously with ropes over the dizzy beetling summit, a hundred feet above.

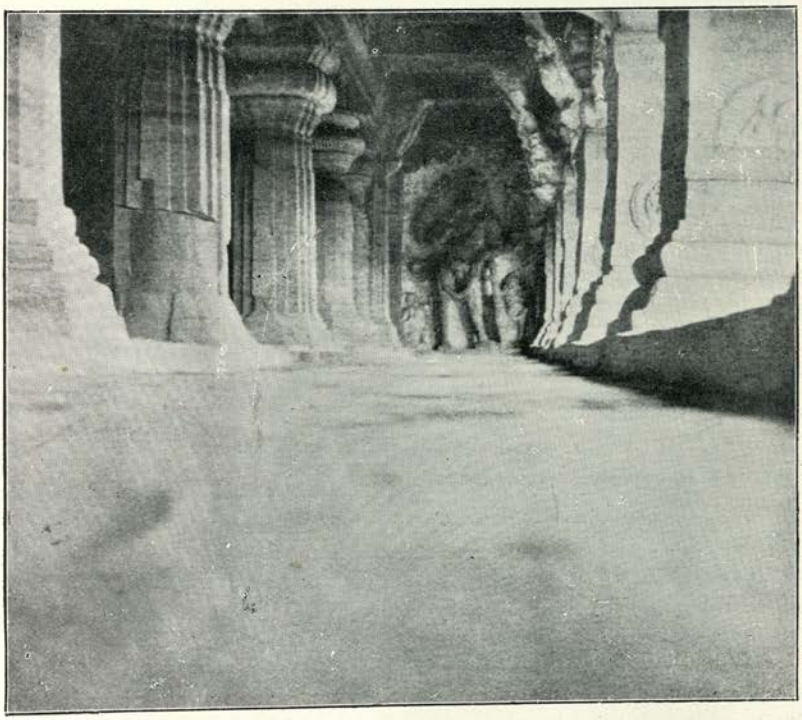
In near proximity to the lake stand a group of ancient temples in various stages of dilapidation, stately in ruin, with graceful pillared porticoes and richly carved cornices now crumbling to decay. The walls are half hidden in the encroaching jungle, which here comes down to the water's edge. Wild beasts make their lairs in the holy places of Siva and Vishnu.

> "A savage place! As holy and enchanted
> As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
> By woman wailing for her demon-lover!

To judge from the number of temples, this must once have been held a very sacred spot, but Mahakuta, the Dakshina Kashi (Southern Benares), three miles away beyond the hill, outshone it in sanctity. It was there that King Devdas of Benares brought his monkey-faced daughter to be cured by the "rishi," whose fame had reached his remote capital in the north; and the sage made short work of the poor little thing's affliction, giving her a face sufficiently handsome for all practical purposes in less time than it takes to tell. And it was there, at Mahakuta, that Gauri, the consort of Siva, was bathing in the stream, innocent and unadorned, when she was surprised, like Diana by Actæon, by some bold mortal. With

commendable presence of mind, the goddess whipped off her head, so that she should not be recognised ; and there her statue is to-day the figure of a woman without a head, carved in black-stone, to bear witness to the truth !

The celebrated caves of Badami are hollowed out of the cliff face of the South Fort, and are four in number. One of these is a Buddhist cave, and another is sacred to Siva ; but the two largest and most elaborate are dedicated to Vishnu, and are filled with sculptures representing the various incarnations of that deity. Fantastic images run riot on wall and pillar, and spread on to ceiling, illustrating the deeds of Nar-sinh the Man-lion, of Vamana the Dwarf, of Varaha the Boar, and the other Avatars. To describe these would take too long, and is unnecessary besides, for they can be seen in most Vaishnavite temples and caves.



BADAMI CAVES : INTERIOR.

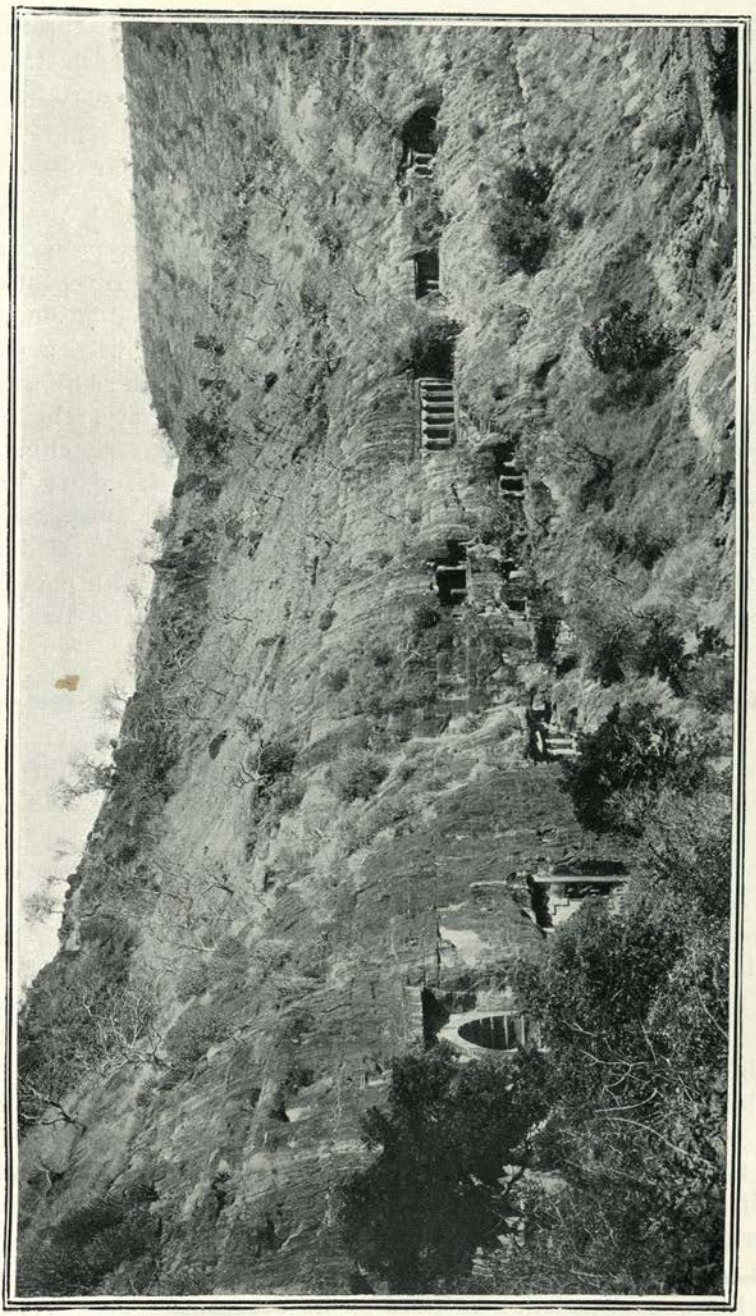
AJANTA.

BUDDHIST CAVES—MURAL PAINTINGS.

In the middle of the 3rd century B.C. the Emperor Asoka adopted Buddhism as the state religion of India, in place of the Vedic faith, brought from Central Asia, by the Aryan invaders, perhaps 3,000 years before. Buddhism then endured for about a thousand years, until it fell in the 7th century A.D., before Vedantism was resuscitated as Hinduism, and vanished entirely from India proper. Its rise is said to have been due to the revolt of the lower classes against the intolerable yoke of caste and the Vedantic doctrine of metempsychosis which offered no permanent peace, even after death. Its fall seems to have followed the gradual degradation of its doctrines from their original purity at the hands of its priests, and perhaps owed something also to the superior materialistic attractions of its rival, popular Hinduism.

During the above period of ten centuries, however, the Buddhist monks carried out a large number of excavations in rock in various parts of India, and it is to these cave temples that we owe our knowledge of the rise, development and fall of their religion. These caves were usually massed together in communities, and amongst these the finest and most complete is the collection near the town of Ajanta in the extreme north of H. H. the Nizam's dominions. The peculiar interest of this collection to the antiquarian lies in the fact that the caves of which it is composed cover practically the whole period of the life of Buddhism in India. Thus, within a few yards of each other can be compared examples of Buddhist cave architecture at every period of the development of the faith, from the first simplicity and purity of the Atheism founded by Gautama, to the polytheistic ritual practised by the later Buddhists. Here, on the spot, are caves ranging from the plain, unornamented severity of the Hinayana sect, dating from before 100 B.C., and lacking carving of figures even of Buddha, down to the final florid productions of the Mahayana sect of the 6th century A.D., covered with minute carvings and crowded with images, not only of Gautama and the other Buddhas, but even introducing Indra and various gods of the Hindus.

A curious point about the earliest caves is the marked influence exercised on their design by the wooden temples which they replaced, architecture in stone having been previously unknown to the inhabitants of India. The shapes and dimensions necessary in the case of pillars, rafters, etc., fashioned from wood, are found laboriously imitated in the solid rock

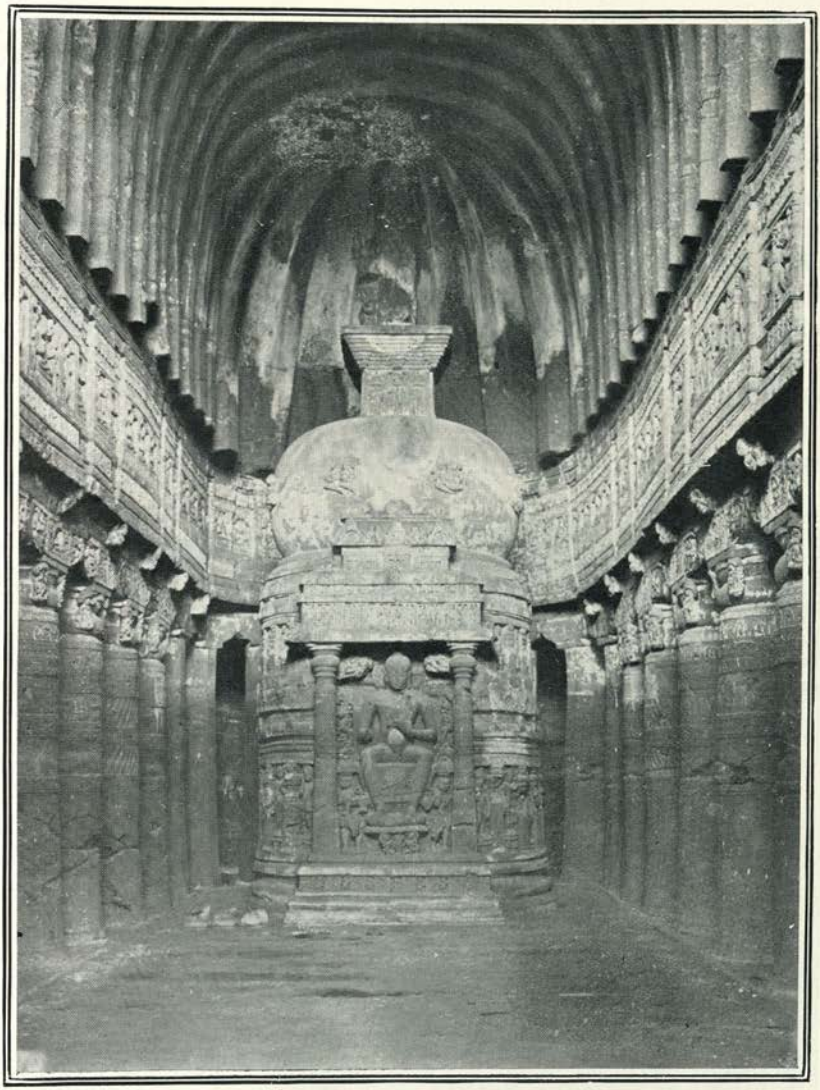


VIEW OF THE CAVES LOOKING EAST FROM NUMBER 9 TO NUMBER 1.

with a strange mechanical fidelity. Even nail-heads have been copied, and in certain caves the inward slope given the pillars of previous wooden structures to take the side thrust of a curved roof has likewise been reproduced, though no longer necessary. All this, however, gradually disappears with the lapse of time, and the later caves exhibit designs more suitable to architecture in stone.

Buddhist caves are found in two patterns, the *vihara*, or monastery cave, for residential purposes, and the *chaitya*, or chapel cave, used for worship. The former usually consist of a flat ceilinged quadrangular hall, possibly 80 feet by 100 feet, and some 15 feet in height, with a pillared verandah in front, and the remaining three sides pierced with small cells for the monks to live in. In the *chaitya*, on the contrary, the length considerably exceeds the breadth, and the whole is of singularly church-like design, consisting of a central nave separated from two side-aisles by rows of pillars supporting a vaulted roof, while a semi-circular apse facing the entrance encloses the *dagoba*, or relic shrine, as a church chancel does the altar. One or more *chaitya* caves were always associated with each group of *viharas*, and at Ajanta there are five of these as opposed to twenty-four of the latter.

The Ajanta caves are situated in the wild and deep ravine piercing the range of Ghauts forming the northern buttress of the Deccan tableland, where it falls sharply to the plains of Khandesh. This ravine is a narrow and sinuous cleft in the amygdaloid trap rock, of which this range is composed, the sides covered with grass and jungle, while a perennial stream of clear water meanders at the bottom, finally entering the plains as the Wagora river. At the point where the caves are placed this ravine is curved like a horseshoe, with a vertical scrap of rock on the concave side, rising between two and three hundred feet above the river bed. In the centre of this concave wall of rock were hollowed out the earliest caves, some thirty feet above the stream. Those constructed later were added on either flank, gradually also rising in elevation, until the last excavated are found some hundred feet above the water. Thus the whole twenty-nine caves form an arc or amphi-theatre of no more than 600 yards from end to end, being placed close side by side like the houses in a street. The upper end of the ravine is closed by a cliff of considerable height, over which the stream leaps into a deep pool by a series of magnificent cascades. It would be hard to select a spot with greater natural beauties wherein to place a monastery, or one more suitable for the life of contemplation enjoined on its occupants. To quote an apt



VIEW OF THE INTERIOR OF A CHAITYA CAVE.

inscription from one of the caves: "A splendid house, to be inhabited by the best of ascetics, on the best of mountains, the top of which is covered with water-bearing clouds and which is inhabited by serpent-lords——and warmed by the heat of the rays of the summer sun, affording the enjoyment of comfort at all seasons."

The feature peculiar to these caves is the mural paintings with which they are adorned. Although it is probable that all Buddhist caves were originally so decorated, Ajanta, doubtless owing to its inaccessibility, is the only place where such paintings still remain in a comparatively decipherable condition. Of these a well known authority says: "Whoever were the authors of these paintings they must have constantly mixed with the world. Scenes of everyday life, such as preparing food, carrying water, buying and selling provisions, hunting scenes, elephant fights, men and women engaged in singing, dancing and playing on musical instruments, of these many are most gracefully and all most graphically depicted upon the walls." Unfortunately the clearing of these caves from rubbish, and their general opening up to the air and the public during the last half century, appears to have exercised a bad effect on the paintings. They are even now fast disappearing and will probably have entirely disappeared in the course of a few more decades.

TEMPTATION OF BUDDHA IN CAVE NO. 1.

ELLORA.

BUDDHIST—BRAHMAN AND JAIN CAVE TEMPLES—THE "TEMPLE OF HEAVEN."

Among all the places worth visiting in India, there is none to which Ellora, with its wonderful caves, need bow the head. The great monolithic temple, which lies hidden in the hill-side, ranks among the wonders of the world, and the long line of rock-hewn temples and dwelling caves has not its counterpart in India. Besides, Ellora is one of the most delightful spots in the Deccan. It is in the midst of an extremely interesting country, full of the relics of past history, and before the dry weather has had time to reduce nature to a brown monotony the rugged hills and wide expanse of plain are teeming with rich colour and life. The climate even in the hot weather can give points to many a hill station.

The Ellora caves are remarkable from the fact that they belong to three distinct periods and represent by peculiar styles of architecture and decoration—three different religious creeds. The first of these is Buddhism, whose devotees were the pioneers of cave temple excavations; then follows Brahmanism ; and the third section of the caves belong to the Jains.

The ornate character of the Buddhist caves stamps them as belonging to a later date than others of the same type in Western India, such as those at Nasik and in Salsette. Most of them are *viharas*, or monastic caves. They are large and lofty and many of them contain fine galleries of sculptures which depict scenes from the life of Buddha, illustrate his teachings and represent him in his characteristic attitudes. There is only one of the *chaitya*, or chapel caves, which characterise the remains of Buddhistic settlements and this is elaborately decorated. It contains the usual broad centre aisle and two side aisles, which are divided off by two rows of octagonal pillars, fourteen in each row, supporting the roof. The side aisles contain large sculptures illustrating the Buddhistic creed. The roof is arched and carved in imitation of wooden ribs, while the inner end of the cave has a huge *dagoba*, on which is carved a seated figure of Buddha. An inscription on one of the pillars contains the date equivalent to the beginning of the 14th century A.D. Further on in the same direction, are the Brahmanical caves, whose architects evidently derived their ideas from the former splendid caverns but elaborated them considerably. It is in the traditions of Ellora that the architect hurt his finger in one of the caves, which he had designed with the deliberate intention of out-doing all the others in the neighbourhood. This cave has two stories, divided by a

THE BUDDHIST CHAITYA, OR CHAPEL CAVE, ELLORA.

floor of solid rock supported on rows of pillars. It seems to contain both the characteristics of the Buddhist caves and some of the features of the later Brahmanical type. The Brahman caves are remarkably fine and form the central group. Beyond them are the Jain caves, which are only three in number but well worth a visit as they are the best preserved of all and

THE GREAT KAILASA, OR "TEMPLE OF HEAVEN," ELLORA.

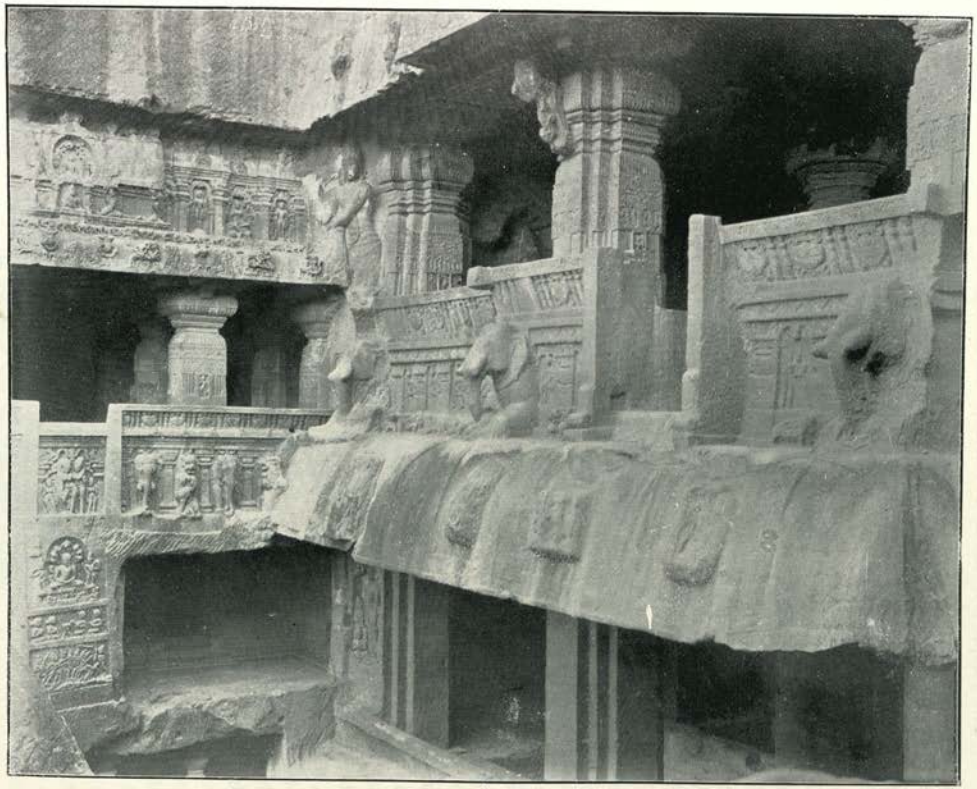
contain a large amount of very beautiful carving. In the middle of this magnificent stretch of caves is the Kailasa, or "Temple of Heaven."

The Kailasa is an enormous monolithic temple standing in the middle of a courtyard which has been quarried out of the solid hill-side. The smooth, chiselled walls of rock, rising up perpendicularly to a height

of nearly two hundred feet, enclose it at the sides and rear and present an unbroken surface except where they have been cut away into the long pillared verandahs which form the outer galleries of extensive monastic caverns in the heart of the rock. Beside this mighty monument all the other caves, magnificent by themselves, become puny. This marvellous work alone would make Ellora famous throughout the world. This enormous fabric rising solidly to over a hundred feet, with its elaboration of halls and porches, ornamental bridges and colonnades, its colossal sculptures and life-size elephants of stone, its chapels and shrines and multitude of carved gods and goddesses, was cut bit by bit from the solid rock, and there it has stood through summer and winter, while empires rose and fell, for more than a thousand years. The Kailasa is a triumph of art and a victory for human industry which bears comparison with the finest achievements of the present age, and represents an era of culture and civilisation before which the twentieth century must pay respectful homage.

The courtyard is two hundred and seventy feet long and about a hundred and fifty feet wide. In the front a heavy curtain wall of rock, some thirty feet high, has been left, and in the centre of this is a lofty archway leading to the interior. In the courtyard, to the right and left of the entrance, are two enormous elephants, which, unfortunately, in the course of ages, have lost their trunks. Near each of these is a lofty pinnacle of rock, four square and slightly tapering towards the top, the pair being completely covered in carving from the plinth upwards. The temple proper is situated towards the rear of the courtyard, and round its basement is a row of sculptured elephants and wild forest beasts, supporting, as it were, on their bodies the platform on which the temple is built, their limbs being intermingled and contorted in a marvellous manner. On the platform, at the corners, are two small chapels, or shrines, and in its centre is the main hall of worship, over which a ponderous steeple rises to a height of over a hundred feet. Inside the temple four rows of pillars support a flat carved ceiling and a large shrine, guarded by Titanic figures, occupies the eastern end. The entrance opposite opens out into a handsome porch supported on massive pillars. Forming a continuation of this a series of lesser chapels, or ante-chambers, on bridges, form a complete chain of apartments between the central hall and the outer courtyard wall.

There is hardly a square foot of space to be seen on the temple walls, whether inside or outside, that is not either elaborately carved or does not form a part of some section of the one grand scheme of decoration.



HALLS OF THE JAIN CAVES, SURROUNDING THE ENTRANCE COURTYARD, ELLORA.

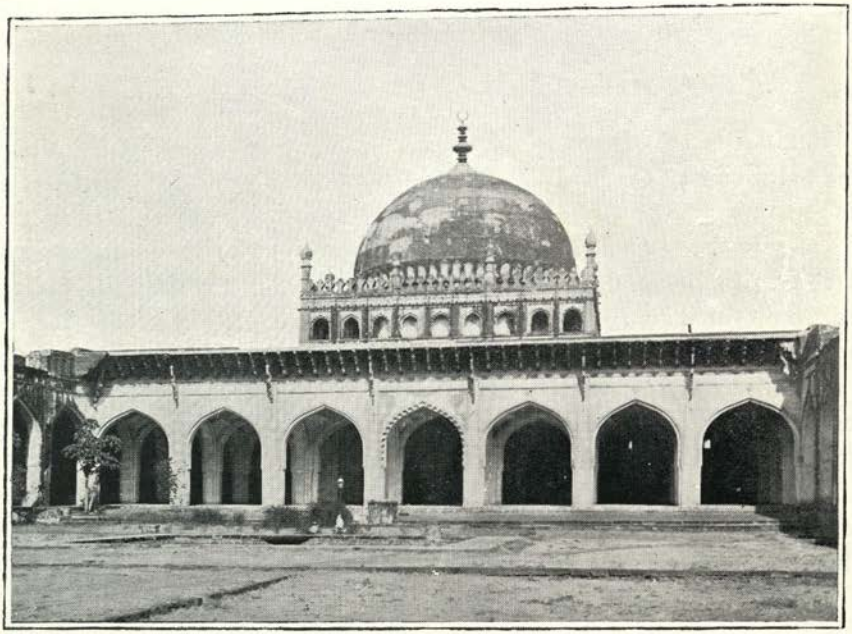
The steeple is a mass of intricate chiselling from base to summit, figures of men and women, ranging from twenty-foot deities and guardian sentinels to midgets six inches long, crowd together in a vast medley on every wall. The square massive pillars that flank the aisles in the main temple hall are minutely decorated, from floor to ceiling, the first of which is smooth and polished from the tread of countless shoeless feet, while the second is covered with ornamental carving. The inner walls of the temple are divided into ornately sculptured panels. The porch, which shelters the entrance to the hall and a portion of the surrounding walls and those which flank the stair-case, were at one time richly painted, and even now there are small patches where the faded lines of interwoven colours still bear witness to the original beauty of the work. It is stated that Aurungzebe's Mahomedans in their religious ardour zealously plied the destroying hammer upon these trophies of ancient handicraft, but the stone was tough enough to resist in the main their vandal energy. The surface of the rock is now pitted and worn with the ceaseless attack of rain and heat and cold, but when we remember the granite-like polish which is worn by the same sort of black stone in the temple at Ellora not a mile away, we see also in our mind the Kailasa with its sculptures newly cut, the burnished walls glistening in the sun, those paintings gleaming in their fresh bright colours. And then also we picture the crowds of gaily dressed, awe-inspired pilgrims, staring open-mouthed or whispering softly, and mingling with them, the holy men in sombre garments, emerging from their dim carverns or passing slowly up the narrow flight of steps leading to the entrance of the temple. And as we pass out of its shadows into the broad sunlight again, one more picture arises, and it is that of the pious Hindu bathing at a well close by, the Raja who in return for the healing of his disease in its waters initiated the scheme of the "Temple of Heaven."

BIJAPUR.

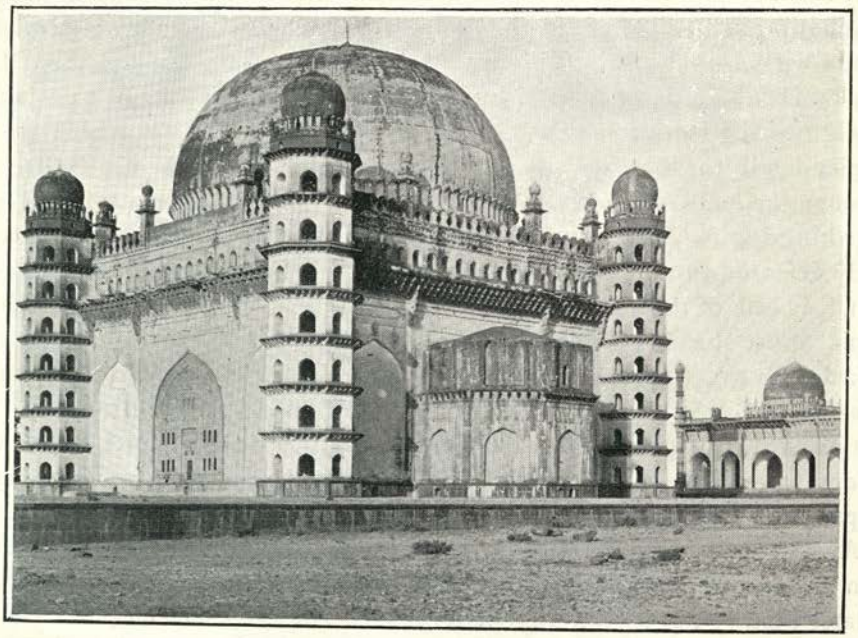
EARLY HISTORY—ANCIENT MAUSOLEUMS—JUMA MASJID.

For a period of two hundred years, Bijapur (The City of Victory) was the premier city of the Deccan, evidences of this former greatness still abounding in every part of the town as it is to be seen by the traveller to-day. Despite the ravages of time and the vandalism of the predatory tribes in search of plunder and hidden treasure, many of the wonderful buildings erected, some for defensive purposes, some for Government needs, some fitting mausoleums for the rulers and their families—and of all the buildings these are build on the grandest scale—they are, as a whole, in a good state of preservation at the present time. That such is the case speaks volumes for the skill of the Mahomedan architect and the quality of the materials used. In recent years Government has taken active steps to recover some of these buildings from the ignoble, if somewhat utilitarian uses, to which they had been put.

The founder of the State of Bijapur was Yusuf, the only one of the family who survived the massacre ordered by his brother Muhammad second, son of the Osmanali Sultan. After many adventures he proclaimed himself king of Bijapur in 1489 under the title of Adil Shah, the people acknowledging him with enthusiasm. This ruler was followed by his son Ismail in 1510, by Ibrahaim in 1534, and by Ali Adil Shah in 1538. It was during the reign of the last named that many of the great buildings which are so conspicuous in the town were built, and it was he who joined the Sultans of Ahmednagar and Golconda against Rama Raya, the minister of the Vijayanagar kingdom. The story of the battle of Talikot, when these forces completely defeated the Vijayanagar king and razed his magnificent city to the ground, is one of the landmarks of Indian history, and requires no repetition in this short sketch. Ibrahim Adil Shah, after a reign of forty-six years, marked with great ability, was succeeded by Muhammad Adil Shah, under whose reign Sivaji, the founder of the Maratha power, came into notice. In addition to the dangers arising from the incursions of this leader, there was a more formidable foe in Shah Jahan, whose son, Aurangzebe, besieged Bijapur, and whose success was only prevented by the urgent demands of the Agra Court. From this time the power of Bijapur decreased until 1686 when Aurangzebe captured it and put an end to it as an Independent State. Its later history can be told in a few words. As the Delhi empire declined the Marathas claimed the rich country and held it till 1818 when the terri-



THE JUMA MASJID.



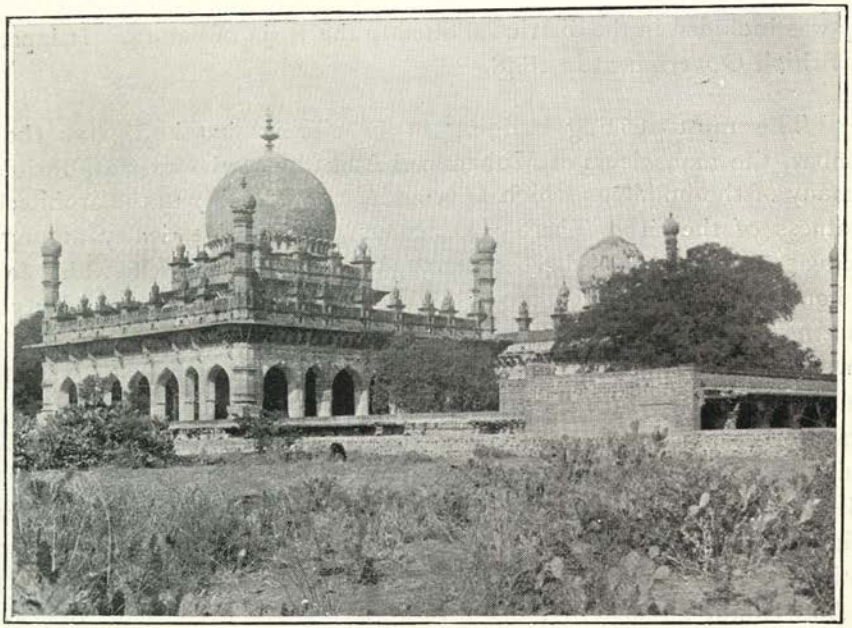
BOL GOMBAZ, THE MAUSOLEUM OF MUHAMMAD ADIL SHAH.

tory was included in the district allotted to the Raja of Satara. It lapsed to the British Government in 1848.

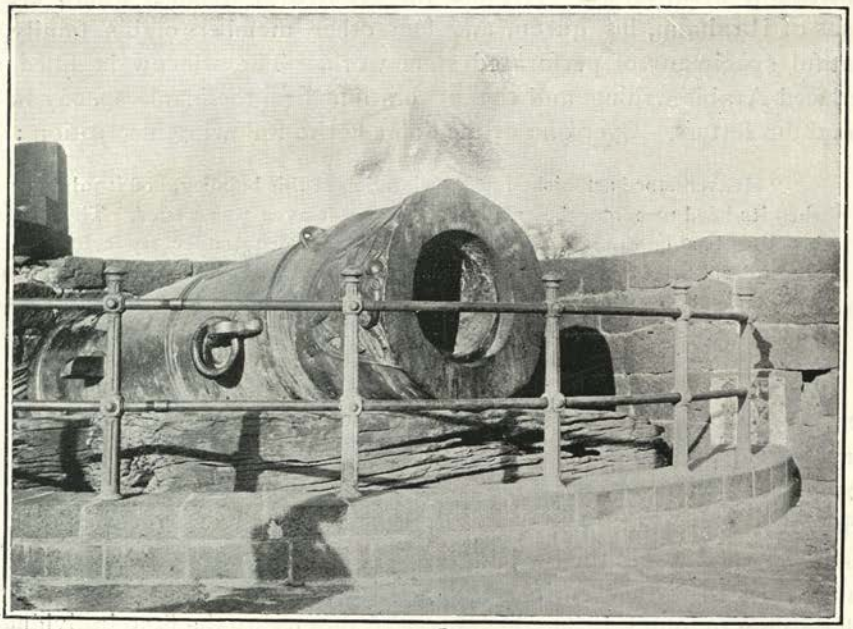
The most striking building in the city is that known as the Bol Gombaz, the mausoleum of Muhammad Adil Shah, who was responsible for so many of the buildings which have added considerably to the architectural greatness of the city. There was always considerable rivalry among the rulers as to which should erect the most striking *masnad* in which to rest his bones. Realising the impossibility of excelling, so far as beauty was concerned, his father's mausoleum, the Ibrahim Ranza, with its wonderful domes, minarets, and beautiful surrounding, he decided to substitute quantity for quality. He succeeded in erecting a building, which by its immense size towers not only over the whole city, but is a landmark for many miles around. Its dome covering the largest area in the world, has a deep overhanging cornice of great beauty. Inside is a wonderful whispering gallery, the echoes caused by the sound of human voices or the grating of a shoe upon the floor being most weird. The tomb of Ibrahim II, Adil Shah, situated in most lovely grounds to the east of the Makka Gate and raised upon a high platform, is a building worthy of the highest Mahomedan architecture. Around the sepulchral chamber where are the graves of Ibrahaim, his queen, and four other members of his family, are beautiful specimens of perforated stone work. The window is filled with interlaced Arabic writing and the perforations are the blank spaces in and around the letters. Over one of the doors is the following inscription :

> " Heaven stood astonished at the elevation of this building, and it might be said, when its head rose from the earth, that another heaven was erected. The Garden of Paradise has borrowed its beauty from this Garden, and every column here is graceful as the cyprus tree in the garden of purity. An angel from heaven announced the date of the structure by saying, ' This building, which makes the heart glad, is the memorial of Taj Sultan '."

One of the most interesting of the buildings is the Mehtar Mahal, interesting because of its beauty and the legend associated with its erection. It is a tall square tower, surmounted with minarets. Above the gateway are some striking windows decorated with ornate stone carving of most delicate workmanship. A most interesting legend the truth of which is seriously questioned, states that the building was erected by a sweeper who was by a strange turn of fortune enriched by a large gift from the king, who was under a vow to pay this large amount of money to the first individual he met on leaving his palace in the early morning. This vow was made at the



THE IBRAHIM RANZA.

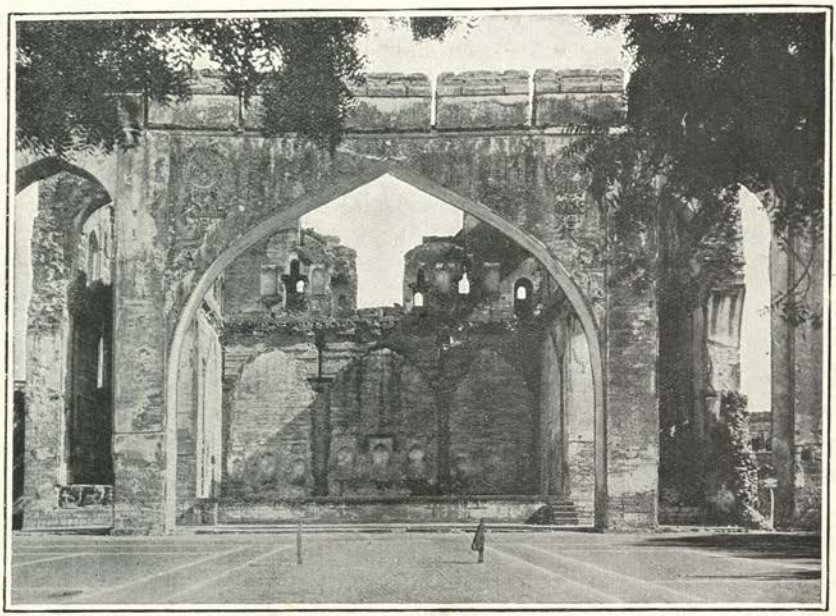


THE MALIK-I-MAIDAN GUN.

instigation of his astrologer who hoped to be the lucky recipient. It is said that the sweeper, being overwhelmed by the immensity of his fortune, was at a loss to know how to use it and so ordered the erection of the Mehtar Mahal or Sweeper's Mahal.

There are several interesting pieces of artillery still preserved on the fortifications of the city. The Malik-i-Maidan, or Monarch of the Plain, is a huge gun cast in gun or bell metal, more like a huge howitzer than a cannon. With the exception of the iron gun, the Landa Kasab, it is the largest piece of artillery remaining, measuring 14 feet 4 inches long, and having a maximum diameter of 4 feet 11 inches. One can scarcely imagine the possibility of very accurate marksmanship with such a gun, yet it has been credited with several wonderful performances. The best story of all is, perhaps, the following: "It is said that, during Aurangzebe's siege of the town he was observed from the walls by Sikandar seated by the cistern in the Ibrahim Ranza, washing his feet before going into the mosque to pray. Sikandar, wishing to take advantage of the opportunity, ordered his gunner, Gulamdas to charge the Malik-i-Maidan with ball and fire upon him. The gunner was, however, unwilling to take the life of the Emperor, but to make Sikandar think he did actually try, he aimed as near as he could to Aurangzebe, with the result that he knocked the lota he was using out of his hand. Considering the distance which is fully half a mile, and the short spreading bore of the gun, this story is worth recording for the very impudent assurance with which it is told." It is said to have been taken to the battle of Talikot, where it executed tremendous damage on the army of the Vijayanagar king. This grand old gun was near meeting a sad fate in 1854 when, by order of the Satara Commissioner, all the useless dead stock was put up for sale. As the highest bid for this mass of metal was only one hundred and fifty rupees, the Mamlatdar reported the matter to the Commissioner, stating in what veneration the gun was held. The sale was cancelled and the gun retained. The Landa Kasab gun is on the south wall of the city and measures 21 feet 7 inches and has a maximum width of 4 feet 5 inches. Near the muzzle of the gun there is evidence of a ball having struck it. This was probably at the time when Aurangzebe posted his battery and breached the walls at this place. Near it is a smaller one which looks like a larger one cut down.

The city was surrounded by a fortified wall, consisting of 96 bastions with their connecting curtain walls, and five principal gates with their flanking bastions. Upon some of these bastions, which are generally semi-cir-



FRONT VIEW OF THE GAGAN MAHAL, OR HALL OF AUDIENCE.

cular in plan, guns were mounted and gun platforms erected for them. When originally built no protection was afforded to the gunners, a defect remedied later by adding a low shelter wall round the crest of the bastion.

The Juma Masjid, occupying an area of 91,000 square feet, has been saved from spoliation by the British Government. The dome is generally considered to be the best proportioned one in Bijapur. Before the Mehrab in the interior hangs a curtain which covers a rich gilding on a coloured ground, with bands and medallions bearing inscriptions. These are as follows :—

"Place no trust in life ; it is but brief."
"There is no rest in this transitory world."
"The world is very pleasing to the senses"
"Life is the best of all gifts, but it is not lasting."
"Malik Yaqub, a servant of the mosque, and the slave of Sultan Muhammad completed the mosque."
"The gilding and ornamental work was done by order of the Sultan Muhammad Adil Shah, A. H. 1045 (A. D. 1636.)"

There is a most important group of buildings in the part known as the citadel, chief among which are the Gagan Mahal or Hall of Audience,

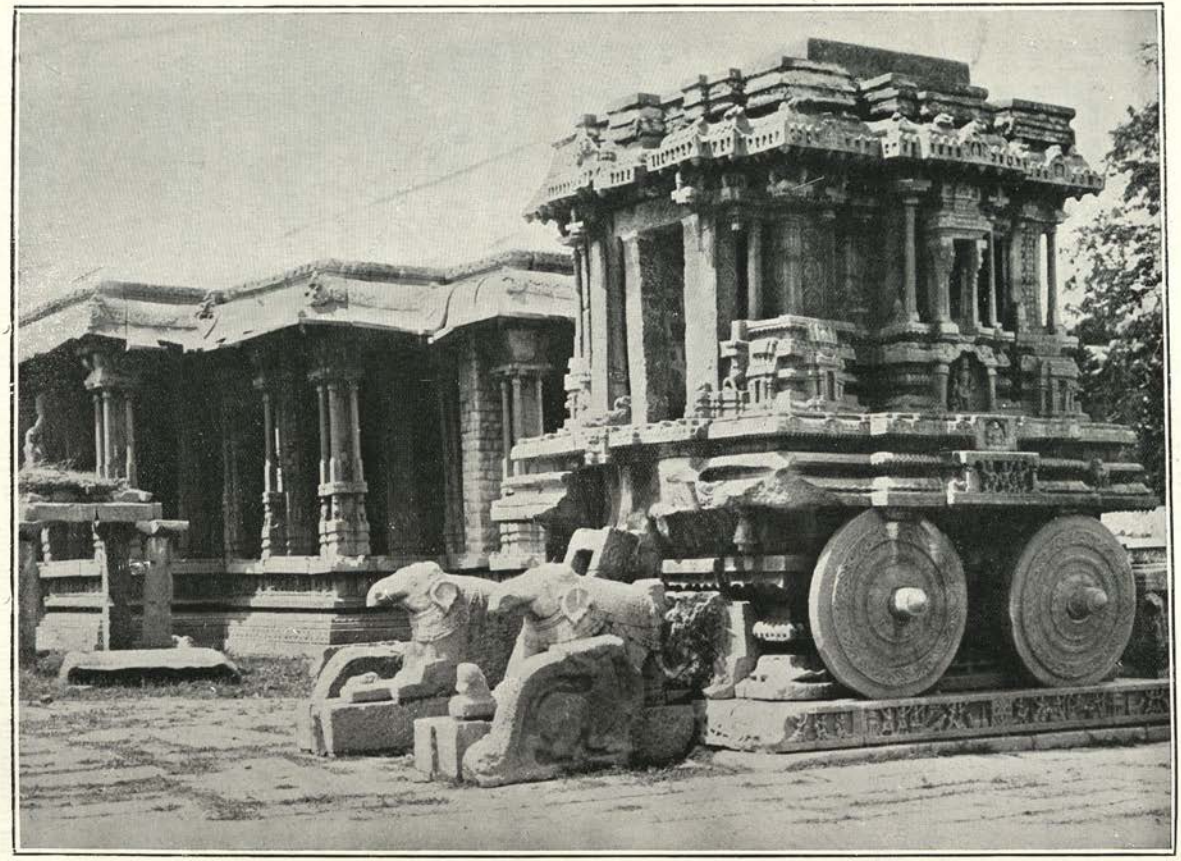
with a great central arch of 60 feet and the Sat Manjli, five stories high, used by Ibrahim Shah as a palace. The Asar Mahal, the most sacred building in Bijapur by virtue of its holy relic, a box containing two hairs of the Prophet's beard, is in the near vicinity of the citadel. The Taj Bauri is one of the many tanks in which the excellent water supply was stored for the use of the inhabitants. Bijapur is a city of unique interest and ought to be included in the itinerary of any visitor to India, affording as it does, such example of the highest Mahomedan architectural art, so many buildings of historical interest, and the monuments of a past so full of romance and reality.

VIJAYANAGAR.

An Episode in History—The Humpi Ruins.

In the neighbourhood of Bellary, South India, there stand the remains of what was at one time the largest and most powerful empire under the Hindu kings, that of Vijayanagar. Of its grandeur in the days of its power we have very descriptive accounts by the old embassies from the European courts, Paes, Nuniz and others. Abdur Rassack, an ambassador from Persia, says :—"The city of Vijayanagar is such that the pupil of the eye has never seen a place like it and the ear of intelligence has never been informed that there ever existed anything to equal it in the world." Another account says :—"The streets and squares are very wide, they are constantly filled with an innumerable crowd of all nations and creeds. There is infinite trade in the city." Paes, a Portuguese, who visited Vijayanagar in 1550, gives a picture in his chronicles of the city at the height of its power under Krishna Deva, the greatest of all its kings :—"What I saw seemed to me as large as Rome and very beautiful to the sight; there were many groves of trees within it, and many conduits of water which flow into the midst of it, and in places there are lakes, and the king has close to his palace a palm grove and other rich bearing trees. The people in this city are countless in number, so much so that I do not wish to write it down for fear it should be thought fabulous."

The royal state of the king is a constant source of wonder to these visitors, and while we are bound to take the numbers they give with some reserve, we are obliged to accept their combined testimony to the wonderful grandeur of the kingdom. "The king is more powerful than all the kings of India. He takes to himself 12,000 wives of whom 4,000 follow



Stone car in Vithalaswami Temple.

him on foot, wherever he may go, and are employed solely in the service of the kitchen. A like number more, handsomely equipped, ride on horseback. The remainder are carried by men in litters, of whom 2,000 or 3,000 are selected as his wives on condition that at his death they shall voluntarily burn themselves with him, which is considered a great honour for them." His army is said to have numbered over one million foot soldiers, and one thousand elephants "in their size resembling mountains and in their form resembling devils." When the king went into battle, he was dressed in most elaborate armour, "riding on his golden saddle, he wears a habit embroidered with sapphires and on his pointed head-dress a large diamond; he also carries a suit of gold armour inlaid with sapphires and three swords mounted in gold."

Such was the empire which to-day is represented only by a number of ruins which are known as the "Humpi Ruins."

During a period of 250 years the hordes of the Mahomedans were prevented from overrunning Southern India by the forces of the Hindu power, united under the Vijayanagar kings. Previous to the existence of this Empire, Southern India had been dominated by the ancient Hindu dynasties, the Cholas, Pandians and Hoysalas. The foundation of the Vijayanagar empire in 1336 was the result of the combination of three States, Warangal, Dwarasamudra and Anegundi, and quickly developed into power as the near approach of the Mahomedan demanded an united front on the part of the Hindu kingdoms. Under Mahmud, the Mahomedan kingdom had become a great power and threatened to add the kingdoms of the south to its conquests. The victory of Vijayanagar is the history of a brave attempt to stem this almost irresistible tide.

After its foundation by two brothers, Harihara and Bukka, the city rapidly developed until it included practically all the kingdoms of South India. In 1565 A. D., the decisive battle of Talikot was fought and the power of Vijayanagar was completely broken. Rama Raja raised an army of one million men and 2,000 elephants. At a discharge of copper coins from the guns of the allied Mahomedan kings, hundreds of Hindus fell dead, while an infuriated elephant dashing near the king caused the bearers to drop the palanquin, in which he was seated. He was taken prisoner and his head was struck off his body. Tirumala, the sole survivor of the three brothers, fled with 500 elephants laden with treasure, equal to one hundred million sterling. The next day the place was looted and within five months,

the whole was a mass of ruins. "Never perhaps in the history of the world has such havoc been wrought, and wrought so suddenly on so splendid a city; teeming with a wealthy and industrial population one day, and the next seized, pillaged and reduced to ruins amid scenes of savage massacre and horrors beggaring description."

There is a notable temple on the outskirts of the city proper, Anantasainagudi temple, having a peculiar inner shrine, oblong in shape with a corresponding lengthy platform for the reception of the idol. The idol never took up its residence here, and a story is told to explain this somewhat extraordinary event. The temple was built by one of the kings of Vijayanagar for the image of Anantasena. A man was sent to conduct it to its home but the god agreed to go only on condition, the man did not look back to see if the idol were following. But the man's curiosity was too great to overcome; he looked back; the idol refused to go further, and has remained at Holulu ever since. The palace buildings were erected on a large scale and evidences are still to be seen of their former grandeur. The

STATUE OF NARASIMHA.

Elephant Stables, the Council Chamber and the Public Offices are still in a good state of preservation and give the visitor some idea of the state of the Royal household in the days of their power. The Dasara Dibba, or Mahanavami, derives its name from the fact that the platform was used at the nine days' feast called Dasara, when the king viewed the festivities in the grounds below. The mural carvings round the basement are of great interest, representing the shooting of black buck, ladies dancing in diaphanous skirts, rows of elephants and other animals. In one of the panels, a cross is carved, clearly a later addition.

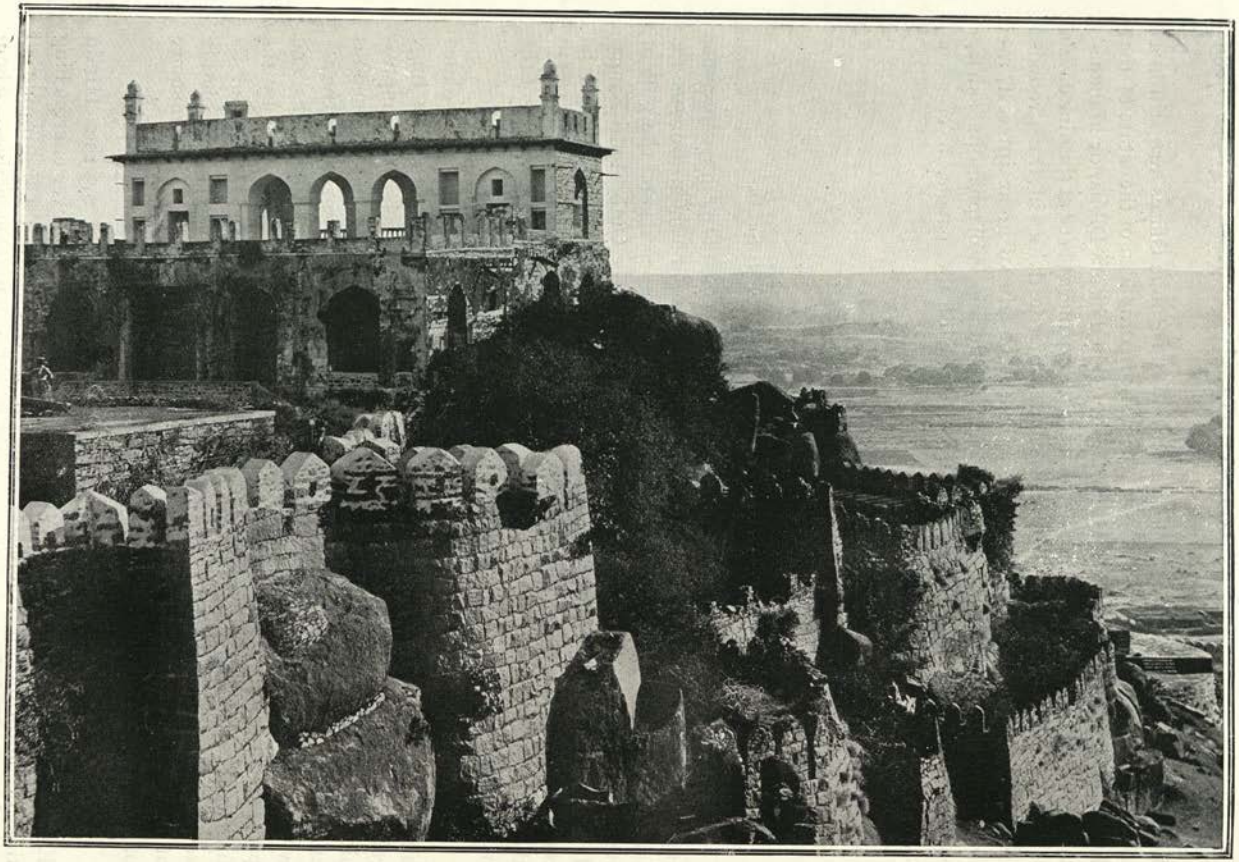
GOLCONDA.

FORMER MART OF DIAMONDS AND RUBIES—FAMOUS SIEGES.

In H. H. the Nizam's Dominions, perhaps one of the most interesting places is the picturesque and historic fortress of Golconda, famous for its long sieges by the armies of the later Moghul Emperors, and the gallant resistance of the latter's all-absorbing power by the Qutb Shahi Kings. It is also famous for the ruined city of the same name, once renowned as the mart of diamonds and of rubies, "the wealth of Ormuz and of Ind;" the city which Pierre Loti says:—"was for three centuries one of the marvels of India."

It is situated about seven miles from Hyderabad on an isolated hill, rising abruptly from the surrounding country, on whose sides huge rocks of granite of strangely weird shapes lie scattered, giving the impression that long ere the place was the scene of conflict, some stupendous struggle of super-human agencies had devastated it. The grim fortress—with its crested rampart thirty feet high, its watch towers, bastions and parapets surmounted by a huge tower, its dark ruins silhouetted by the furnished glow of a clear sunset, which gilds the white tombs of its ancient kings and their consorts on the plain below—presents a picture at once full of grandeur, romance, and desolation; a striking instance of the oft-repeated line:—"The path of glory leads but to the grave."

It was one of the many small forts erected by the Hindu Kings of Vizianagram in their endeavour to stem the ever encroaching tide of Mahomedan conquest. And it is not until the beginning of the 16th century that its history becomes at all consecutive. About



THE KING'S PALACE ON THE CITADEL, FOUR HUNDRED FEET ABOVE THE PLAIN.

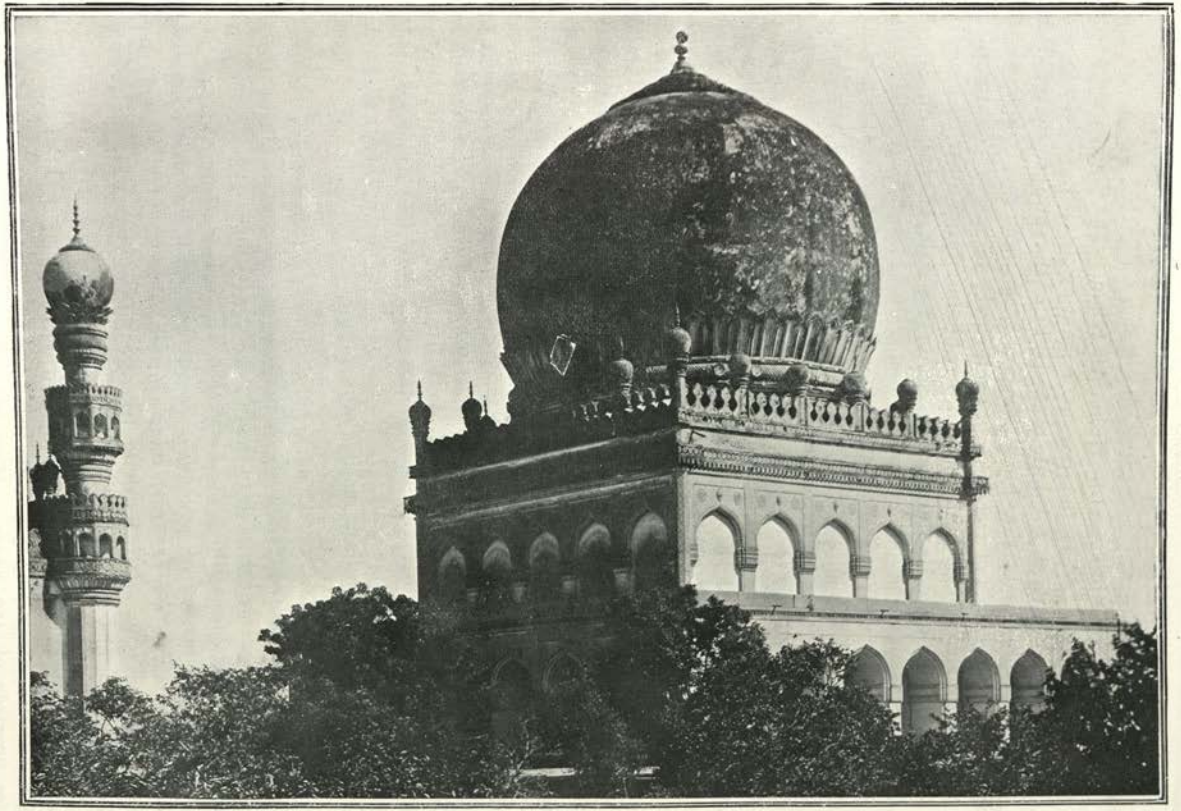
this time, it was given, together with the adjoining country, by the Emperor Mahmud Shah to a Turkish subject—one Sultan Kuli—as a reward for restoring order to this part of Telingana, during the reign of his father Mahommed Lashkari, and this man was also made Commander-in-Chief in Telingana. Taking the title of Qutb-ul-Mulk in A. D. 1512, Sultan Kuli threw off his allegiance to the Emperor Mahmud Shah, and, making Golconda his capital, he replaced the old Hindu mud fort with a strong fortress of stone. This received various additions at the hands of his successors. In A. D. 1642, the fifth king of the Qutb Shahi Dynasty, Abdullah, constructed a large store-house within the Citadel, an inscription on black basalt recording the fact is still in good preservation. He also built a fine armoury of three storeys, and on the summit of the rocky steep of the inner citadel, he erected a spacious durbar hall, from the flat roof of which the eye can command a magnificent view of the country for miles around.

It was in A.D. 1665-66 that Aurangzebe, then Viceroy of the Deccan, first sent an army of the Imperial troops under the command of his eldest son, Sultan Mahmud, to besiege Golconda, ostensibly to punish Abdullah Qutb Shah for his treatment of Mir Jumla. The latter was a powerful but troublesome subject of Aurangzebe who had found a ready ear to his complaints of his royal master at the Court at Delhi. But the real object of the invasion was to gain possession of the wealthy city and so further his ambitious dream of an empire extending from Kabul to Cape Comorin. His hopes, however, were dashed by a command from Shah Jehan, his father, to raise the siege and return to Delhi; and it was not until many years after his succession to the Imperial throne that Aurangzebe re-visited Golconda.

The last and most famous siege took place in A. D. 1687 and lasted for over eight months. Abduffan Qutb Shah had been succeeded by his nephew Abdul-ul-Hassan as king of Golconda, and Aurangzebe now firmly established on the Imperial throne, and having accomplished his design of subjugating Bijapur, was able to turn his full attention to Golconda. Operations against the fortress were begun in real earnest early in A. D. 1687. Space will not permit of more than a brief summary of this protracted siege, but thrilling accounts of it can be found in various histories of the Deccan and its famous forts, describing graphically every incident—the fierce and repeated attacks by the Imperial troops and their repulse by the bravery and ingenuity of the garrison; the miseries caused

by famine and disease and later in the year by deluges of rain ; the failure to negotiate peace, due to the stubborn lust of Aurangzebe who had set his heart on gaining absolute possession of the wealthy city and the gradual desertion through bribery of Abdul-ul-Hassan's chief officers ; the stealthy attempts to scale the city walls by night and so effect an entrance to the fort. Treachery in the garrison finally caused the downfall of the place, and in October A. D. 1687 Abdul-ul-Hassan, who behaved with kingly dignity under his reverse of fortune, was led a prisoner into Aurangzebe's presence. The Emperor received him graciously and treated him with due honour, permitting him to spend the remainder of his days in honourable captivity at Daulatabad.

The present fort is surrounded by a strongly-built crenellated stone wall or curtain, a little over 3 miles in circumference, having high bastions at the angles (87 bastions) on which are still to be seen some of the old Qutb Shahi guns, spiked by the orders of the Emperor Aurungzebe. On five or six of them are engraved Persian couplets. Some of the guns are fine specimens of medieval artillery, being constructed of bars of metal welded together and clasped with iron bands. The moat surrounding the outer wall is choked up with rubbish in many places. The bastions are semi-circular in shape and built out of solid blocks of granite, many of which weigh considerably over a ton ; the average height of the bastions is from 50 to 60 feet. The walls are built also of granite (there is a quantity of granite in the Deccan) and are enormously thick. The fort had originally eight gates, but only four are now in use, namely the Banjara, Fateh (meaning victory and so called on account of the triumphal entry of Muhamed Muazzim, Aurungzebe's son), Mecca and Jamali. The Banjara gate, which now forms one of the chief entrances to the fort, is a massive structure of granite some 50 feet high, with platforms and chambers on either side for the guard and a pair of high teakwood gates, studded with iron wrought into various fanciful devices and provided with huge sharp-pointed iron knobs to prevent elephants from battering them in. The large sheet of water in front of the eastern portion of the ruins is called the Nizam Sagar Tank. The eastern and southern portions of Golconda are strewn with the ruins of the palaces, mosques and dwelling houses of the nobles and retainers of the Qutb Shah kings. Not far from the Banjara gate is a huge stone cistern, constructed by Ibrahim Qutb Shah, but now long out of repair. Beyond the barracks for the 300 cavalry who garrison the place are the Nav Mahal (the nine palaces) of the Nizams. They were mostly



Tomb and Mosque of Hiyat Begum.

erected by the first Nizam and by Nizam Ali Khan. The Court used to be held here frequently, but the present Nizam rarely visits Golconda, and then only for a few days. A little to the right of the entrance to the Bala Hissar (citadel) stands the Juma Masjid, a small mosque whose roof is supported on five rows of arches about twelve feet high. Its courtyard is paved with slabs of granite and an Arabic inscription over its gateway ascribes its erection to Ibrahim Qutb Shah. The Bala Hissar, or citadel, is on the summit of the hill, enclosed by fort walls. Its height above the plains may be roughly estimated at 400 feet. A little distance away are the ruins of Ashur Khana. Not far from here are the ruins of the Ambar Khana, or king's Treasure-house; it is here that the last line of wall encircling the citadel is reached. The masonry of the latter seems to be as stable and firm as when first erected, though it must be several hundred years old. To the right of the last entrance is a bastion on which an old piece of ordnance may still be seen. On the summit of the hill formerly stood the king's palace, the ruins of which form a conspicuous object, the front occupied by a large courtyard surrounded by buildings, very few of which now remain. The view from the summit of the hill embracing, as it does, many miles of country, is, at all times, charming and well worth the fatiguing climb. To the east lies the present capital, Hyderabad, surrounded by gardens, from the midst of which domes and spires shoot up towards the sky; in the foreground is the beautiful Mir Alam tank; far away to the north-east is the Hassein Sagar lake and beyond it the cantonment of Secunderabad and the Koh Sheriff (Maul Ali hill). Below lie the ruins of the once famous Qutb Shahi capital, intersected with the massive-looking fortifications which gave Aurungzebe so much trouble to take and which, but for treachery might have resisted all his efforts.

In the lower fort, on the north side, there is a deer preserve belonging to his Highness the Nizam who sometimes comes out to shoot there. In the plain outside the walls of the fort are the remains of two stone platforms with seats, from which the kings used to review their troops. On all sides rise masses of granatic summits and low hills, taking the most fantastic shapes. As regards these latter, the popular legend runs that the Almighty, after finishing the creation of the world, threw away here all the surplus material.

On the plains to the north and east, about 600 yards from the fortress, stand the tombs of the Qutb Shahi Kings who reigned for upwards of 170 years. Most of them have suffered from decay

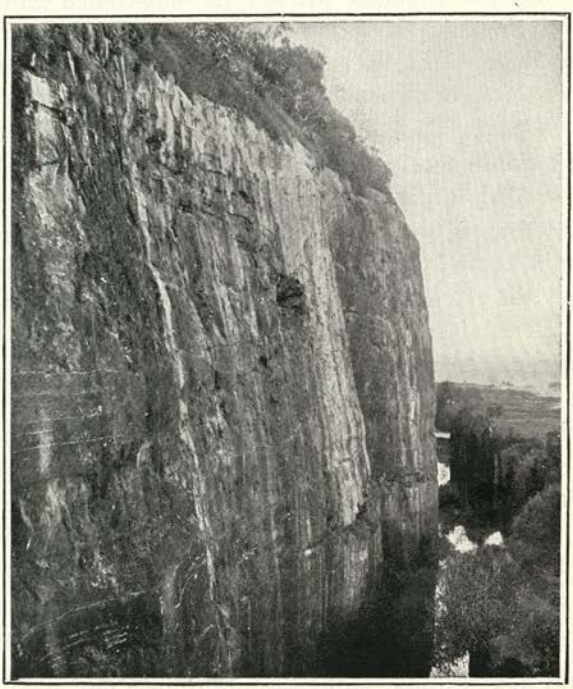
and the hands of iconoclastic visitors, who have not scrupled to plunder the adornments which once contributed to place the tombs amongst the best and most remarkable Mahomedan mausolea in the Deccan. How different are the tombs, as they exist now, from those described by the French traveller Thevenot! The tomb of Mahomed Kuli Qutb Shah, who founded Hyderabad, is the finest of all and is 180 feet high from the basement to the summit of the dome. Its dome is 60 feet high, and is all varnished with green. Tombs of the princes are easily distinguishable as they have not the Crescent which is upon the tombs of the kings. The sepulchres of the chief eunuchs are low and flat-roofed without any dome, but they, like all the rest, have their own little gardens. The tomb of Haiyat Baksh Begum (the Queen's Tomb) is a very fine one and is one of those 7 tombs enclosed in an enclosure by the late Prime Minister of his Highness the Nizam. During the long siege of Golconda in 1687 the tombs and the gardens surrounding them were used as barracks and camping grounds by Aurungzebe's army. It is said also that pieces of artillery were also mounted upon them to bombard the fort. The prevailing style of the Golconda tomb is a dome standing upon an oblong or square, both of grey granite; the shape of the cupola is various; the finials are of silver (not of gold, as in the modern city of Hyderabad). The lower portion is invariably an arcade of pointed arches resting on a raised quadrangular terrace of cut stone, which is ascended by four flights of steps. The prevailing colour is white, in some cases picked out with green. Each large tomb has its mosque or musalla (chapel) usually a hall-porch opening eastward with a prayer arch a mihrab to the west and flanked by minarets on either side. These towers are also of one general type; the cap is a bulb and neck somewhat like the mosque dome in miniature; the body is a shaft, either circular or polygonal, with a floriated gallery, single or double; the foot is a pillar of larger dimensions than that above.

The Golconda of to-day is little more than a city of the dead; and many Sultans and Sultanas of the fairy kingdom slumber under the beautiful and stately cupolas which adorn the surrounding plain; and here also is the burial place of the Nizam of Hyderabad

DAULATABAD.

EARLY HISTORY—THE "ABODE OF PROSPERITY"—FAMOUS CITADEL.

By some Daulatabad is claimed as the site of Tagara, the capital of one Salivahana, a Rajput Prince, and is supposed to have been one of the markets frequented by the Egyptians and Greeks, some 200 years B.C. However that may be, the place first definitely emerges from the mists of antiquity as "Deogiri" or "Devgarh," founded in 1187 A.D. by Bhillama, a king of the Yadava Hindu dynasty.



THE ROCK SCARP OF THE CITADEL, DAULATABAD.

Up to this time the Mahomedan Empire in India was still confined to Delhi and the north; no Mahomedan had so far penetrated across the Vindhya range southwards into the Deccan. In this security the two great Hindu kingdoms of Deogir and Warangal (or Telingana) waxed fat, rich, and correspondingly unwarlike offering a most alluring bait to the northern hordes who lived by the sword. Accordingly in 1295 A.D. Ala-ud-Din, nephew of the Khalij, Emperor of Delhi, hearing of this wealth and

weakness, made a raid south with 8,000 horsemen. At the end of a two months' march into a totally unknown land he fell upon Deogir, while most of the garrison were absent and the citadel unprovisioned. The Raja retired into the latter to await relief, but made the unwelcome discovery that his supply officer, who had been commandeering supplies on all sides at the last moment, had collected bags of salt in mistake for sacks of corn. The Raja accordingly surrendered at discretion and bought himself off by the payment of a ransom (according to Ferishta) of *inter alia* 600 maunds gold, 1,000 maunds silver, 7 maunds pearls, 2 maunds jewels, and the promise of a yearly tribute to Delhi. With this enormous loot Ala-ud-Din retired north again to murder his uncle and make himself Emperor of Delhi.

The Hindu tribute appears to have been extracted by the Mahomedans with fair regularity for the next few years, and Deogir was used by them ot a base for a further expedition southwards against the sister kingdom or Warangal in 1309. In 1318, however, one of the Hindu Royal Family, named Harpal Deo, raised an insurrection against the Mahomedans and temporarily ousted them from the Deccan. But retribution was swift; Harpal Deo was defeated in battle, caught, flayed alive and then beheaded. The country was then formally annexed by the conquerors, and henceforth owned the Delhi Emperor as absolute lord. Presently arose in Delhi a ruler, named Mahomed Ibn Tughlaq, who was much attracted by Deogir, both on account of the impregnable nature of its defences, and from it conveniently central position in his dominions, now enlarged southwards by the conquest of the Deccan. His first mark of appreciation was to rename it Daulatabad—"The Abode of Prosperity"—in 1325, and his next to decree that thenceforth it should be the capital of the Empire, *vice* Delhi deposed.

The denizens of Delhi not appearing to see eye to eye with him in the matter, he proceeded to buy up all the inns and houses therein, and then gave their erstwhile owners three days to clear out for Daulatabad. But, although, to do him justice, the Emperor did all he could to make the new capital attractive to the exiles, it remained always a strange and horrible land to them and its chief crop was Mahomedan graves. Even then Ibn Batuta (writing at Tangiers in 1430) states that in the days of Mahomed Tughlaq, Daulatabad was equal in size and importance to Delhi. It may be mentioned that it was here also that the Emperor established a mint for the

THE SITE OF THE CITY OF DAULATABAD.

prosecution of what must have been one of the earliest experiments in bi-metallism, ordering that his copper coins should carry the face value of gold. It need hardly be said that the experiment failed, even when backed by the limitless power of an Asiatic despot, and occasioned rebellions in all parts of the Empire. Distracted and weakened by these, the Emperor abandoned both the coinage and the colonisation experiments, and after the latter had lasted nearly 20 years, in 1344 he gave permission for all who desired to return to Delhi. Most of the exiles availed themselves of this permission, and Daulatabad fell from its position of capital of the Empire.

By this time it may be assumed that even those Mahomedans, who elected to remain in the Deccan, were somewhat tired of the rule of such an irresponsible lunatic, and in 1346 a certain Viceroy of the Deccan, Hassan Kangoh by name, rebelled and stood a siege of three months in Daulatabad fort. The investing imperial army being called of to deal with other rebellions nearer home, this Viceroy cut himself finally adrift from Delhi, named himself Ala-ud-Din and founded the Bahman Shahi dynasty, with capital at Gulbarga in 1347. For the next 150 years the history of Daulatabad appears to have been as quiet as could be expected in those rapacious times—at any rate it remained in the hands of the Bahman Shahs—till in the process of time the Gulbarga kingdom also disintegrated in its turn, and Daulatabad fell to its heirs in that quarters, the Nizam Shahis of Ahmednagar (1500).

Again succeeded some 130 years of comparative peace. But in the meantime changes had taken place at Delhi, and there now reigned the Moghul, Shah Jehan. In 1630 the latter determined to put an end to the Nizam Shahi dynasty, which had existed by his favour for the last two or three decades, and laid siege to Daulatabad. Once he was driven off by famine, but in 1633 the fortress was captured after a siege of four months, the 1st and 2nd lines of walls having been mined, blown up and stormed in the most approved fashion. It is said, however, that the citadel surrendered more by reason of lack of food (the rains having failed in the district the previous year) than from fear of assault. The fortress thus passed into the hands of the Delhi Emperors once more, but one final change of ownership awaited it. When in 1724 Asaf Jah, Nizam-ul-Mulk, severed his connection with the once more tottering Empire of Delhi and re-founded the kingdom of Golconda, Daulatabad passed to him. Since then its history has been peace.

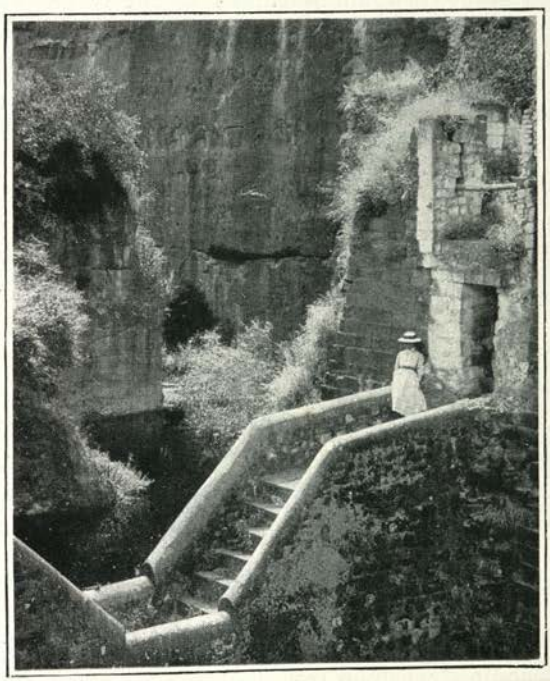
The special interest of Daulatabad lies almost entirely in the citadel. Strong originally by nature, in the days of Mahomed Tughlaq, this mountain had been in addition so reinforced by art as to be quite impregnable, even to a force armed with the heaviest artillery of the period. First the cone shaped rock, between six and seven hundred feet in height, on which stand the Barradari palace and the citadel fortifications, received a vertical scarp of some 100 ft. high all round its base. "So that a snake or an ant would ascend it with difficulty," to quote from the Badshah Nameh. In addition, this scarp was prolonged downwards and a wet ditch, some 30 feet broad and as many deep, excavated at its foot, also completely encircling the hill, the whole of the above executed in the solid rock.

The citadel defences were thus isolated from the lower fort, and the town outside the walls of the latter, by this hundred foot sheer wall of rock, and the wet ditch at its foot. Some path had accordingly to be provided for the peace-time traffic to and fro between these points. Less industrious or less prudent engineers might have been content with a flight of steps, but not so the Vauban of Deogir. The wet ditch was naturally disposed of by a drawbridge, since vanished and replaced by a modern stone footbridge, but after that the path dives straight into the side of the mountain in a tunnel and worms its way upwards in the black heart of the rock by a winding flight of steps, emerging finally in the upper air on the hill side above the top of the scarp. Its exiguous exit was further closed with an iron trap door, on which a fire could be lighted by the defenders should they apprehend an assault. It does not require much imagination to picture the disinclination of the "forlorn hope" to advance to the attack by way of a burrow whose exit was closed with an incandescent door. A water supply had already been provided by Providence in the shape of an excellent spring welling forth from the rock far above the summit of the scarp, and the large cistern excavated to collect the water remains to this day as full as ever. It will thus be seen that, humanly speaking, Daulatabad citadel was ensured against all contingencies except famine and treachery. On the two occasions of its capitulation, mentioned above, it appears that the former factor was responsible for its fall.

Leaving the citadel gallery by the modern stone footbridge spanning the moat, one sees on the left the Chini Mahal, a palace in which the last king of Golconda spent 13 years as a prisoner, on the fall of that fastness to Aurangzebe. The inner wall of the lower fort is now passed by

a triple gate, both gates and walls—as well as those of the outer enceinte of the fort proper, distant a few hundred yards—being in the usual style of the period and in no wise remarkable.

The only other object of special interest in this portion of the fortress is a building which started life in the dim past as a Jain temple, later was adapted by the Hindus as a shrine for Kali, and finally was re-consecrated by Aurangzebe as a mosque. This conversion appears to have consisted in walling up three sides of the previously open Hindu temple, adorning the fort with a facade of somewhat jerry-built Saracenic arches, and crowning the whole with a small dome. The effect of these later additions seen in conjunction with the obviously Hindu monolithic pillars of the interior is incongruous in the extreme. Of the city itself nothing now remains but ruins choked with a dense jungle of lantana and custard apples, the haunt of pig and panther. And over all still towers the rock mass of the citadel, a mighty memorial to many vanished kingdoms.



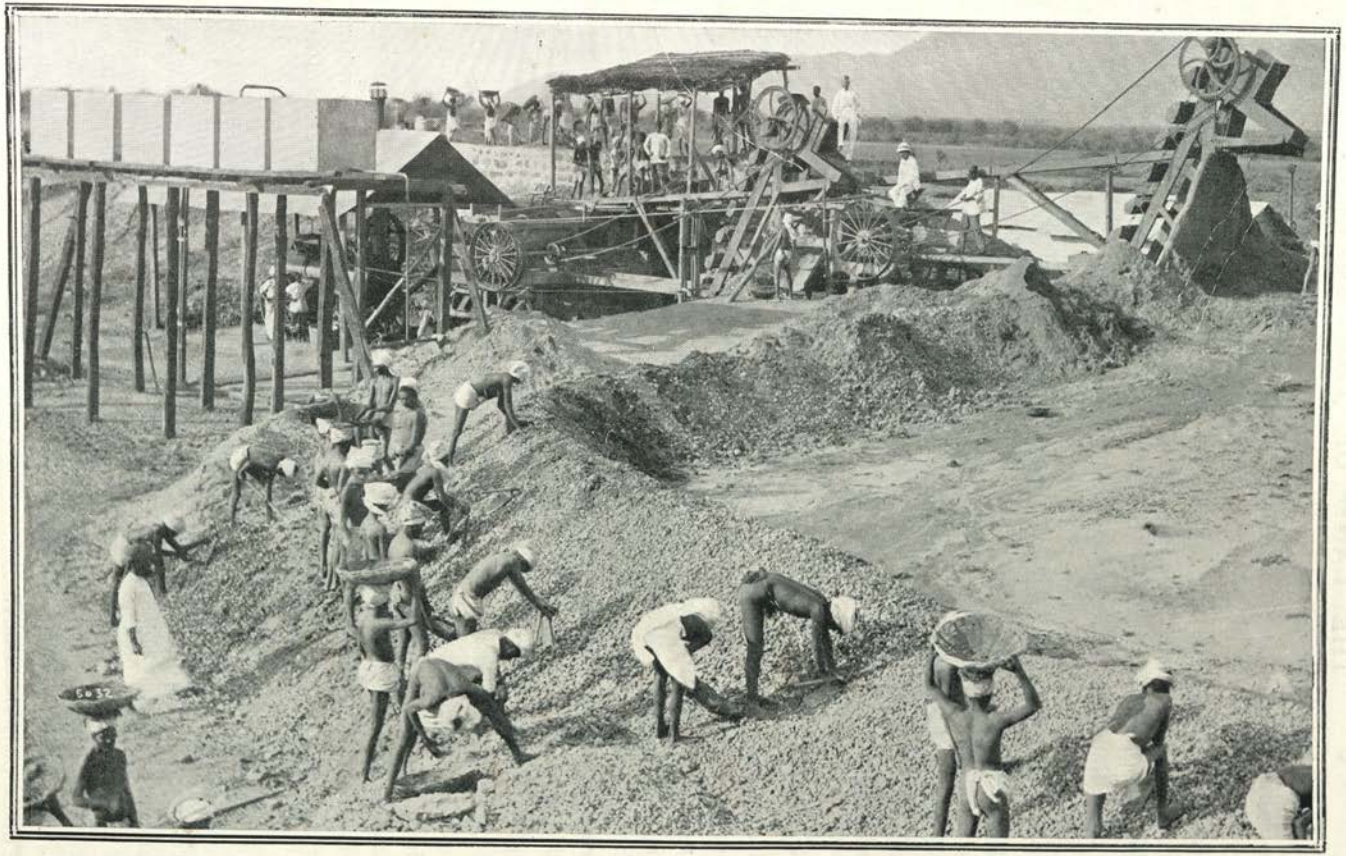
THE ENTRANCE TO THE CITADEL, DAULATABAD.

DIAMOND FIELDS OF THE DECCAN.

FINDING THE KOH-I-NOOR—MODERN WORKINGS.

During the sixteenth century, Southern India became so noted for its diamonds (which are to-day reckoned as being of the first water), that Golconda, the ancient mart, became a word to conjure by. The actual home of the diamonds in Southern India has never been discovered, and probably never will be, for there are many reasons to lead us to suppose that the exact site probably lies deep hidden beneath the outflows of the Deccan Trap. Practically speaking, it is at its junction with the Tungabudhra river that the Krishna first strikes diamondiferous quartzites, and, on examining the map, it will be seen that from this point, no serious obstruction to its line of flow occurs until it arrives at the village of Chintrala in the Nizam's Dominions. Here its onward course is barred by a high hill of quartzite which diverts the river at a right angle in a northerly direction until it reaches the village of Muktiala, where, passing through a narrow gorge, it again assumes its easterly course to eventually reach the sea. This diversion, which may at one time have been the site of a shallow lake, would naturally allow any particles of specific gravity to be deposited, and this proves to be the first point on the river where large ancient alluvial workings have been found. Here, on the left bank under the quartzite hill, whose cross-like form is so graphically described by M. Tavernier in his travels, lies the village of Kullur, on the edge of a long level plain whose surface is completely riddled with old diamond-workings. The scene is interesting, but is made doubly so when the traveller realizes that he is viewing the exact spot where the famous Koh-i-noor was so dramatically found five hundred years ago. Tavernier relates how a hundred years before he visited the spot, a ryot digging his piece of millet ground turned up a white octagonal-shaped stone of nearly 25 carats weight. Carrying this to Golconda, he showed it to a diamond merchant, who was much astonished at its size and lustre. The news of discovery spread rapidly, and wealthy citizens of Golconda started mining operations with such satisfactory results that their city became, for more than two centuries, the chief mart for diamonds in the East.

The great traveller goes on to describe in detail the religious ceremony which preceded the opening of a new mine, and the manner of working it. Stone-lined washing troughs were constructed near the spot selected for working, and an excavation from ten to fourteen feet in depth



View showing the Washing Incline and Machinery.

was made to water-level. All the earth and stones from this excavation were placed in three troughs and water added in order to soften the deposit. It was left thus one or two days according to the tenacity of the clay, and when it had assumed the condition of soup, holes were opened in the sides of the trough, to let the water run off. This process was continued until all the slime had been removed. The remainder was then winnowed and the remaining particles were then spread out and levelled with a rake, then pounded with a huge wooden pestle, and again winnowed. Afterwards, the deposit was again spread out, and the diamonds were searched for by hand. The modern appearance of the old working at Kullur fully corroborate Tavernier's statements, and the old stone-lined washing troughs, made of local Krishna slates, and the heaps of rounded pebbles, each heap of graduated sizes, surrounding them, are still to be seen.

Within recent years, the Hyderabad (Deccan) Company nobly endeavoured to re-start the alluvial workings within H. H. the Nizam's Dominions, and after due consideration, picked upon the site of Partial (the Guni-Partial of the ancients) to commence their operations. The best experts and the latest machinery were brought out from England, but although many of the old workings were carefully watched, it was found that the ancients, with their crude methods, had done their work too well, and the Company only retrieved some few thousand carats of small and chipped diamonds as a reward for their enterprise.

However, there are some to-day who still believe that if only some point could be discovered where the alluvial beds lie beneath the average waterlevel of the country, a point which the ancients could not have reached owing to the inefficiency of their pumping appliances, whole diamonds, perhaps Koh-i-noors, might be discovered. The whole subject of diamonds in the Deccan is a deeply interesting one, for even presuming that the alluvial deposits of the Krishna are entirely exhausted (a point still open to doubt) we have still the quartzites and conglomerates of the Kurnool and Krishna series, which are known to be diamondiferous and from which the diamonds in the old alluvial beds were originally dislodged, available for commercial enterprise carried on on scientific lines. With our modern mechanical appliances, and the scientific knowledge now at our command, there seems no reason why some of these diamondiferous layers should not be made payable to-day.

ASIRGHAD.

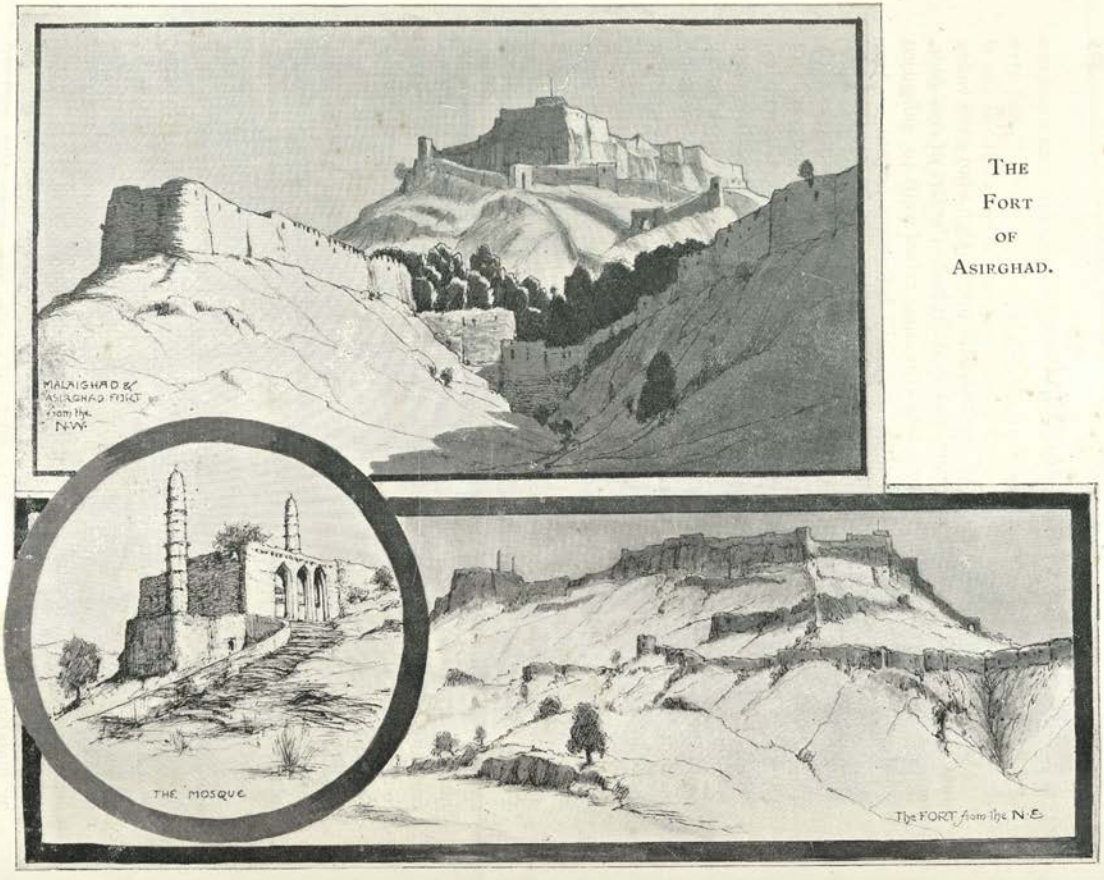
A Famous Hill Fortress.

Upon an isolated spur of the Satpura range, high above the valley that the Tapti threads like a riband, stands Asirghad—the fort of Asa Ahir, who in long bygone days grazed his cattle and raised walls to safeguard them upon this hilltop. The history of the hill before the advent of Asa, is lost in the mists that Time weaves, but it is mentioned in the Mahabharat as a place of pilgrimage to the shrine of Ashvathama as early as 1600 B.C. and was until recently visited annually by thousands of devotees, who assembled for a fair close by. The shrine still remains, deserted by all its votaries, guarded only by a small stone Nandi, a mute symbol of the gentle herds that gave the fort its name. Seven hundred years the Ahirs and their flocks remained until dispossessed by a wandering band of Rajputs, who saw in this eyrie a safe centre for raids, and a strong home in which to found a colony.

Commanding the highway from North to South, Asirghad held the key of what must have seemed to the Northern tribes a veritable Eldorado ; and so it formed the battle centre and stronghold of Rajput, Chohan, Foruki, Moghul and Mahratta, as each in turn gained the supremacy.

Alla-ud-din Khilji, that firebrand from the North, coming back from his campaign of pillage and murder, in the Deccan in 1295, put all the inhabitants of Asirghad to the sword, and passed on his fiery road, leaving it to a succession of Hindu chiefs, who in their turn were ousted by Nasirkhan Faruki in 1399, not by force of arms but by treachery. The Farukis were Arabs, who claimed descent from the Kaliph Umar, and came into India with the Tughlak dynasty of Delhi. Malik Raja Faruk, the son of Alla-ud-din's Minister, was given a district of Khandesh as a reward for services.

The possession of Asirghad enabled the Farukis to hold all the surrounding country for a period of 200 years. They considerably added to and strengthened the Fort, garrisoned it with 60,000 men and provisioned it with stores and ammunition sufficient for ten years' siege. The wonderful energy of these fierce Arabs is realised in the triple line of fortifications, faussebraye and casemates, the scissor shaped lower fort Malaighad defending the main gate, the Sat Darwaza—seven gates—built in zigzag angles down the hill-side flanking each other in deep wells, easily blocked by material thrown down to keep an enemy out, and inside the scarped Fort itself, lines of vault for stores and ammunition, large rock-cut reser-



THE FORT OF ASIRGHAD.

voirs, and subterranean galleries with small well openings to be flooded with water in times of trouble. All this preparation boded fear of attack which came in 1599. Akbar, the Moghul Emperor of Delhi, determined to annex this impregnable position, which lay on his route to the South, and might give him trouble if held by a hostile force. He sent Bahadur Uzbeg and Karabeg to spy out the land and choose positions for besieging it. They reported—"It was impossible to conceive a stronger fortress, or one more amply supplied with artillery, warlike stores and provisions. Were the fortress placed on level ground, its reduction would be difficult, but such a hill, such a fortress, and such artillery were not to be found in any one place on the face of the earth." This description only incited Akbar to greater efforts to subjugate it and 200,000 men were sent to invest Asirghad and to cut off communication. For eleven months the Moghul army stormed the fort with no success, and Akbar tried heavy bribes to the garrison. The powers of pestilence and treachery prevailed where all else failed, and plague breaking out among the inhabitants of the hill owing to overcrowding of men and animals, Miran Bahadur at last consented to a conference with Akbar, who "swore by his beard" to allow him to return in safety.

Leaving the charge of the fort to his Abyssinian governor, Bahadur descended unarmed to the Moghul camp, but was immediately seized and imprisoned by the great but unscrupulous Emperor. The Governor on hearing of this sent his son to upbraid Akbar for his treachery, but the young man suffered a worse fate and was stabbed; his father, demented with grief, swearing on oath never to look on the face of so perfidious a prince, called together the garrison and saying to them:—"Oh brothers, the winter approaches which will drive the Moghul from the siege and to avoid utter ruin, will force them to return home. None but God shall ever be able to conquer this place, unless the inhabitants surrender; therefore valiantly defend the same." He went out and strangled himself with his scarf. Internal squabbles, no ruler, and heavy bribes of gold and silver from Akbar, soon caused the surrender of the garrison, and the inhabitants passed out in one continuous throng night and day for a whole week, and ten years' provisions and countless treasures fell into the conqueror's hands. Bahadur Chan and seven princes were sent into exile, and so ended the Faruki Dynasty of Asirghad. Of the 150 years of Moghul rule, there are few memorials, one or two inscriptions commemorating Akbar's and Aurangzeb's possession, and a large Mosque built by the Shah Jehan, who took refuge in the fort when in rebellion against his father in 1632.

As the Moghul power in the South waned and the followers of Sivaji gained ascendancy, Asirghad passed into Mahratta hands and was ceded by the Peishwa to Sindia, from whom, the British forces, a detachment of Wellesley's army under Col. Stevenson, took it in 1803, but peace being concluded the same year, it was handed back to Sindia.

In February, 1819, the Mahratta commandant Jasvantrao Lar having afforded shelter to the fugitives, Appa Sahib, ex-ruler of Nagpur, and the famous Pindhari Chief Chitu, Sir John Malcolm's Force of Horse Artillery, 3rd Cavalry and 1st Battalion, B. N. I., marched against him, while General Smith held the passes to intercept the flight of the rebels. In spite of these precautions they escaped through the thick jungles ten days before the British took the town of Asir which lies at the foot of the hill. A small obelisk, without inscription, in the village of Nimboll marks the grave of Colonel Fraser, who led the attack on the town and fell before it was taken. From batteries near the town they were able to capture the lower fort Malaighad, and taking their guns up there, soon breached the upper walls and made it uncomfortable for the inhabitants, who surrendered on April 8th, 1819.

After centuries of dissension and vicissitude, Asirghad remains peacefully in British hands, and was occupied as a Cantonment and Sanitarium from 1819 until a few months ago. Hedge rows marking the roads, fruit trees, and a wilderness of flowerlings, attenuated descendants of those planted and cared for, long ago, by garden-loving residents, and a small English cemetery, under the shadow of the Keep, with its sprinkling of dead, call up pictures of the past : the laughter and jokes of Tommy Atkins and the play and merry cries of children have succeeded the barbaric splendour, heroic selfsacrifice, fanaticism, and cruelty, of keen-eyed, predatory Mahratta, power-loving, fanatical Moghul, fierce Faruki, and proud, warlike Rajputs– all have filled the pages and gone.

The strong walls will defy Time for many years, and look out over the immense valleys, where the cumulous clouds gather in misty robes of pink, violet and flame red, making the Tapti a line of molten gold and silver, but soon the peaceful solitude of Asa and his herds will return to Asirghad, with only a minaretted mosque, a temple shrine, a broken suttee tower and a few English graves and flowers to record its stormy past and the genius of the successive races that have held it.

His Highness the Nizam of Hyderabad, G.C.S.I.

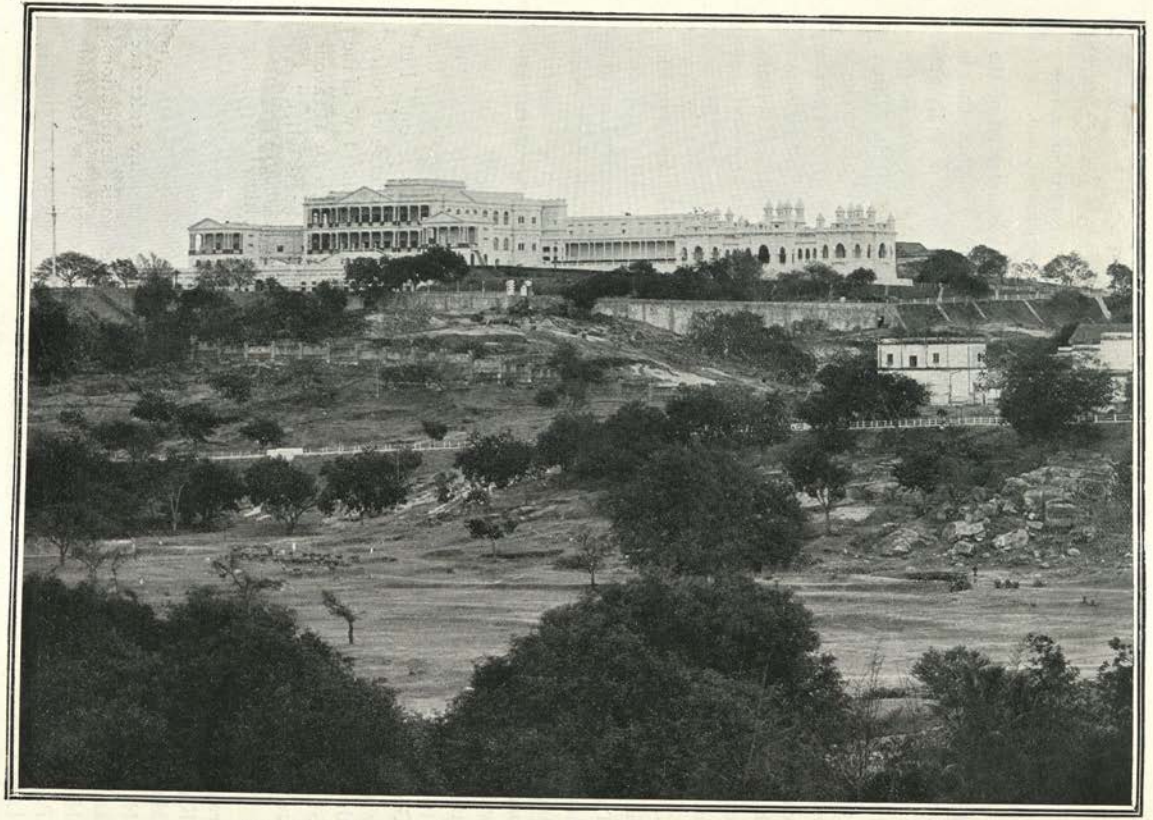
HYDERABAD.

BREAKWATER BETWEEN NORTHERN AND SOUTHERN INDIA—THE APPALLING FLOOD OF 1908—PRESENT-DAY PROGRESS—HYDERABAD CITY—PAST HISTORY—SECUNDERABAD.

When you glance at the map of India, your gaze is arrested by the splotch of yellow, overspreading the greater part of the Deccan, that is labelled Hyderabad. That splotch represents an area as large as Italy and a population as numerous as that of a German State, both under the unfettered control, as far as his internal policy is concerned of the Nizam. It occupies, as is patent in a moment, a position of remarkable strategic importance. Sir John Malcolm described it as the centre of gravity of the whole of the Indian Empire. The seat of power has moved north since that distinguished officer's day, but Hyderabad is still the natural breakwater between Northern and Southern India, and the most imposing and interesting administrative unit in the Dependency.

These eighty thousand square miles of territory, with their population of ten millions, are an island of Old India in the ocean of British India. This island is divided from its neighbours by its own customs line, and has its own coinage, army and administration. Within the frontier, if we except the little islands of British jurisdiction at the Residency, Secunderabad, Bolarum and Aurungabad, the will of the Nizam is supreme. His writ runs unchecked nearly five hundred miles north and south and east and west. The exterior relations of Hyderabad are defined by treaties and its military strength is fixed, and these limits are so well understood by the Government and their ally that they do not come under discussion. But within these boundaries the order of the Nizam, short of a course of policy that would lead to civil war, is for all practicable purposes the law of the State. So decisively is it exercised that there is no more than a savour current :—"Not a leaf falls in Hyderabad unless His Highness wills."

No account of Hyderabad would be complete without a passing reference to the late Nizam—"Our Faithful Ally"—Mir Mahabub Ally Khan Bahadur Fateh Jung, Nizam-ud-Daulah, Nizam-ul-Mulk. A Mahomedan ruler of a State, eighty per cent. of whose population is Hindu, and strictly orthodox himself, he was a man of wide tolerence and gave freely to Christian, Hindu and Parsi religious foundations. His Chief Minister was a Hindu and that Minister's Secretary a very able Parsi. The late Nizam was a man of the strictest integrity, and, as Lord Curzon justly acknowledged, he "had never been known to go back upon his pledged word." He is succeeded by his son.



FALUKNAMA PALACE, HYDERABAD, THE STATE RESIDENCE OF H. H. THE NIZAM.

In the, so far as Hyderabad is concerned, never-to-be-forgotten month of September 1908, the Nizam's Capital was overwhelmed by an appalling flood caused by the overflow of the Musi River. The actual loss of life could not be ascertained. At first it was estimated at 10,000, then as the enormity of the disaster became realized it was discovered that even the wildest rumours were exceeded by actual facts, and there can be little doubt but that some 50,000 persons perished in the rush of waters.

Every friend to the Native States in India would like to see the march of progress in Hyderabad rapidly accelerated, so that it might take its place worthily with those other Native States which illustrate so conspicuously the splendour of the opportunities inherited by each occupant of a *gadi*. Still, it moves. Perhaps this improvement is nowhere more conspicuous than in the present condition of Hyderabad, the capital of the State. A few years ago not even the bazaars at Peshawar had a worse reputation. Besides an extraordinary mixed, it shelters low-class and a large criminal population. But the Englishman is treated with as much respect in the bazaar of Hyderabad as in Bombay or Calcutta.

Perhaps there is no city in India with a population so varied or so warlike as that of Hyderabad. Every man goes about armed with a weapon of some kind, while the military classes are literally armed to the teeth. Here may be seen the Arab, the Sidi, the Rohilla, the Pathan, the Mahratta, the Turk, the Sikh, Persians, Parsis, Madrasis, Negroes, and others.

The scenery around Hyderabad is wild and picturesque, the country being hilly and dotted with numerous granite peaks and isolated rocks. Approached from the west, the appearance of the city is very striking; the palace and mosques and magnificent piles of buildings erected for the British Residency towering above the outer wall. A large lake, a few miles south of Hyderabad, supplies the city with water. When full, this sheet of water is nearly 20 miles in circumference and covers an area of 10,000 acres.

The palace of the Nizam, the mosques, and the British Residency are the principal buildings. The former has, however, no pretensions to splendour, but is of considerable size. M. Langles describes it as being more than a league in circumference, and guarded by a valiant body of Amazons. Hyderabad is a great Mahomedan stronghold, and contains several mosques. The *Jama Masjid* or "Cathedral" Mosque, so-called

after the one at Mecca, from which it is designed is large, and crowned by minarets of an extraordinary height. The pillars within consist each of a single piece of granite, and are very lofty. In the environs of Hyderabad there are many fine gardens, with gorgeous pavilions. One of the interesting places in Hyderabad is the College, or *Char Minar* (so-called from its four minarets), built upon four grand arches, at which the four principal streets of the city meet. On the north side of the River Musi is an extensive suberb known as the Begum, or "Princess" Bazaar, because the imposts levied there are a perquisite of the Nizam's principal wife. The British Residency is in this quarter, and communication between it and the palace of the Nizam is maintained by a handsome bridge, planned by Colonel Oliphant, of the Madras Engineers. It was built in 1831, of squared granite, and has eight arches ; the roadway is 24 feet wide. The British Residency was designed by Mr. Russell, and is remarkable, among other things, as having been constructed entirely by native workmen.

Hyderabad was founded in 1859, by Qutb Shah Muhammad Kuli, the fifth in descent from Sultan Kuli Qutb Shah, the founder of the dynasty at Golconda. Muhammad Kuli removed the seat of Government from Golconda on account of its want of water and consequent unhealthiness, and built a new city on the banks of the Musi River, seven miles from his former capital. He called it Bhagnagar, "Fortunate City," from his favourite mistress, Bhagmati ; but after her death he named it Hyderabad, "The City of Haider," though for many years it retained its former appellation. The history of Golconda and of Hyderabad after 1858 are almost identical. Soon after establishing himself in his new capital, Muhammad Kuli carried on with the neighbouring Hindu Rajahs in the way which his predecessor, Ibrahim Shah, had begun. He extended his conquest south of the Kistna river; the strong fortress of Gandikotas was captured, and one of his detachments sacked the town of Cuddapah. Some of his troops penetrated even to the frontiers of Bengal, and Muhammad Kuli defeated the Rajah of Orissa, and subjugated the greater part of the Northern Circars.

In 1603, an ambassador from Shah Abbas, King of Persia, arrived at Hyderabad with a ruby-studded crown and other magnificent gifts. The palace of Dil-Kusha was allotted to the envoy, who remained there six years, receiving from Muhammad Kuli £2,000 annually for his expenses. When the ambassador left for Persia, an officer of the Court of Hyderabad accompanied him bearing return presents, and amongst them some gold cloth manufactured at Paitan, which it took five years to make. In 1611, Muhammad

THE MECCA MUSJID, HYDERABAD, BURIAL PLACE OF THE LATE NIZAM.

A Street Scene in Hyderabad.

Kuli died, after a prosperous reign of thirty-four years. The principal memorials of this monarch are the palace and gardens of Ilahi Mahal, the Muhammadi gardens, the Palace of Nabat Ghat, the *Char Minar*, or College already described, and the *Jama Masjid* or "Cathedral" Mosque.

Muhammad Kuli was succeeded by his son, Sultan Abdulla Qutb Shah. The Moghuls under Shah Jehan, the fifth Emperor (1627-58), now make their appearance in Southern India. Aurangzebe, Shah Jehan's son, was sent as viceroy into the Deccan by that prince, who seemed bent on compensating for failures beyond the Indus by the subjugation of Bijapur and Golconda. The immediate cause of his attack on the latter kingdom was an appeal from Mir Jumla, the prime minister, whose son had involved him in a dispute with the Court. Mir Jumla, finding himself unable to obtain such concessions as he desired from his own sovereign, determined to throw himself on the protection of the Moghul Emperor. Such an opportunity for intrigue suited Aurangzebe's character, and he strongly urged his father to entertain Mir Jumla's petition. Shah Jehan influenced by this advice, issued a mandate to Abdulla to redress the complaints of his minister; but Abdulla was so incensed by this questioning of his independence that he sequestered Mir Jumla's property and committed his son, Muhammad Amin, to prison. Shah Jehan now despatched Aurangzebe to carry his demands into effect by force of arms. Under pretext of escorting his son Sultan Muhammad to Bengal, to wed the daughter of his brother Prince Shuja, Aurangzebe made a treacherous attack on Hyderabad. The road from Aurungabad (the capital of the Deccan) to Bengal made a circuit by Masulipatam in order to avoid the forests of Gondwana, and thus naturally brought the viceroy within a short distance of Hyderabad. Abdulla Qutb Shah was preparing an entertainment for Aurangzebe's reception, when he suddenly advanced as an enemy, and took the king so completely by surprise that he had only time to flee to the hill fort of Golconda, seven miles distant, while Hyderabad fell into the hands of the Moghuls and was plundered and half burned before the troops could be brought into order. Abdulla did all in his power to negotiate reasonable terms, but the Moghuls were inexorable; and after several attempts to raise the siege by force he was at last forced to accept the severe conditions imposed upon him, *viz.*, to give his daughter in marriage to Sultan Muhammad, with a dowry in land and money; to pay a crore of rupees (£1,000,000 sterling) as the first instalment of a yearly tribute; and to make up the arrears of past payments in two years. Mir Jumla remained in the service of the Moghuls and became a favourite general of Aurangzebe,

and one of the most useful instruments of his ambition. Abdulla died in 1672 and was succeeded by his son-in-law, Abu Husain, who in his youth had been notorious for dissipated habits. He fell entirely under the influence of a Mahratta Brahmin, named Madhuna Panth, who became his Prime Minister. In 1676, at the invitation of this man, Sivaji, the founder of the Mahratta supremacy, entered Hyderabad with a force of 70,000 men on his way to the Karnatic. He also concluded a treaty with Abu Hussain. Sivaji's reception at Golconda afforded grounds for a war with the State of Bijapur, but the invasion was resisted and defeated by Madhuna Panth. Sivaji died in 1680, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Sambaji, with whom Abu Husain also entered into an alliance. Aurangzebe was prevented from at once turning his arms against Golconda, owing to a convention made by his son, Prince Muazim. The treaty, however, was of short duration, for in 1687 Aurangzebe formally declared war against Abu Hussain. The king bravely defended the fort of Golconda for seven months, and lost it at last by treachery, and was sent a captive to Daulatabad, where he resided until his death. Aurangzebe immediately took possession of all the territories of Bijapur and Golconda, but his occupation was little more than military.

No event of any importance occurred at Hyderabad until 1707, the year of Aurangzebe's death. A dispute for the crown took place between his two sons, Prince Azim and Prince Muazim. The latter was victorious, and ascended the throne as Bahadur Shah. Prince Kam Bakhsh refused to acknowledge his brother as king, and Bahadur Shah, after attempting in vain to win him over by concessions, marched against him to the Deccan, and defeated him in a battle near Hyderabad (February 1708), in which Kam Bakhsh was mortally wounded. Bahadur Shah then made a truce with the Mahrattas and affairs in the Deccan remained quiet until the end of his reign in 1712. The death of Bahadur Shah was followed by struggles amongst his sons, but later Jahandar Shah, became undisputed master of the throne. One of his first acts was to put all the princes of the blood within his reach to death. Among those whom he could not get into his power was Farukhsiyyar, the only son of Azim-us-Shah, but the cause of this prince was espoused by the Governor of Behar, Sayyid Hussain Ali. The rivals met near Agra on the 28th of December 1712; and on the 1st of January 1713, Farukhsiyyar ascended the throne and conferred dignities upon all his adherents. In February 1819, Farukhsiyyar was deposed and two months later, put to death by order of Husain Ali and Abdulla Khan.

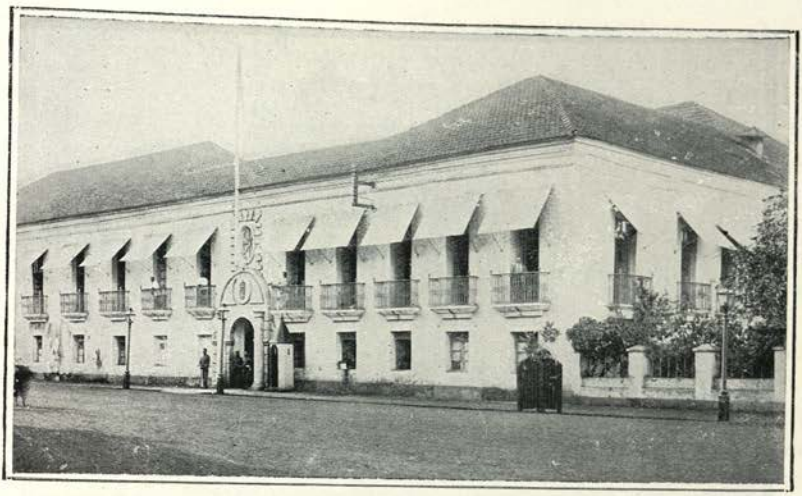
COURTYARD OF THE CHAUMAHALLA PALACE, HYDERABAD.

The two Sayyids, as the brothers were called, selected as Emperor Rafi-ud-daula, who died in a few months. He was succeeded (1719 to 1749) by Muhammad Shah, the last independent Emperor that sat on the Delhi throne. The first great event in his reign was the overthrow of the two Sayyids. Asaf Jah saw in the disturbed condition of the country an excuse for raising troops; and as he perceived the difficulty of establishing a permanent control at Delhi, he determined to lay the foundation of his power on a firmer basis, and turned his attention first to the Deccan. His plans against the Sayyids succeeded. In October 1720, Husain Ali was assassinated, and at the end of the year Abdulla Khan was defeated and taken prisoner by Muhammad Shah; but the power of this monarch was rapidly declining. In January 1722, Asaf Jah arrived at Delhi, and assumed the office of Wazir. He found the court in a state of the utmost weakness; the Emperor and his favourites were given up to pleasure; and after some months of mutual dissatisfaction, they devised plans to free themselves from the troublesome counsels of Asaf Jah. The Wazir was despatched against the refractory Governor of Gujarat, but speedily returned, strengthened by the addition of a rich province. In October 1723, shortly after this victory, Asaf Jah resigned his post as Wazir, and set off for the Deccan,

a proceeding amounting in reality to a declaration of independence. The Emperor, although he graciously accepted Asaf Jah's resignation, and conferred on him the title of Lieutenant of the Empire,—the highest that could be conferred on a subject,—did not on that account abate his hostility. He sent orders to the local Governor of Hyderabad to endeavour to dispossess the Viceroy, and assume the government of the Deccan in his place. Mubaris Khan entered zealously on this task, and succeeded in gathering together a powerful army. Asaf Jah protracted negotiations for several months, and endeavoured to sow sedition among the adherents of the governor. At last he was forced to come to open war, and soon gained a decisive victory over Mubariz, who lost his life in the battle, fought in October 1724. As the Emperor had not avowed the attack which he had instigated, Asaf Jah, not to be outdone in dissimulation, sent the head of Mubariz to court with his own congratulations on the extinction of the rebellion. He then fixed his residence at Hyderabad, and became the founder of an independent kingdom, now ruled over by his descendants, who derive from him the title of the Nizams of Hyderabad State.

Secunderabad, named after Nizam Sikandar Jah, is the largest military station in India. It is only six miles from Hyderabad to Secunderabad, but the two centres are wide as the Poles asunder. Hyderabad is of the East, of painted balconies and fretted fronts, of glistering minarets and wandering palaces, with suggestion of eastern mystery in the byways. Secunderabad is a typical cantonment and is not ashamed of its unveiled frankness The life of the station is on the parade ground and in the streets, but, although the military element predominates at Secunderabad, it is an active educational centre as well.

The parade ground on which a force of eight thousand troops can be manœuvred with ease, is one of the largest in India, and it is certainly the most pleasant. It is no mere prim oblong, but a bit of green, undulating country rising towards Bolarum, dotted with trees and yet with plenty of level space for ceremonial movements. Secunderabad is now one of the divisional commands into which military India under the Kitchener regime has been divided, replacing the traditional "Presidency Commands."



THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE, PANJIM.

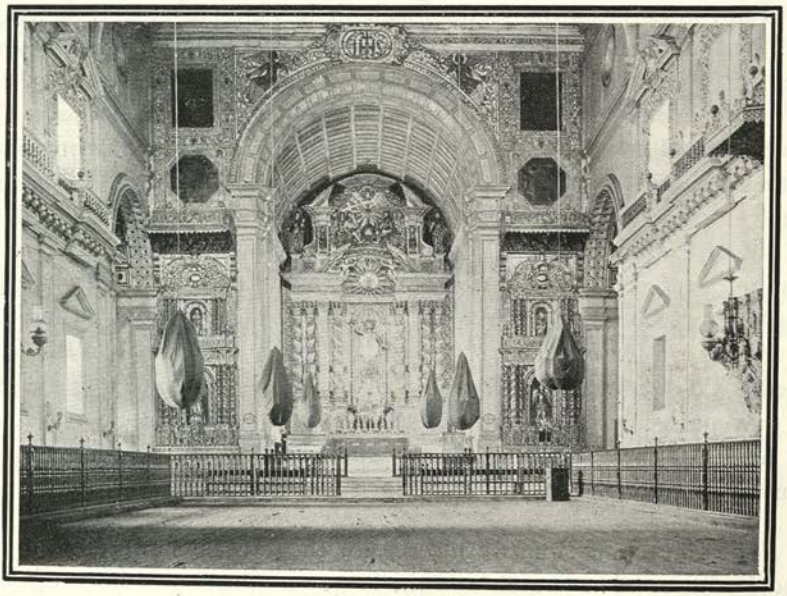
PORTUGUESE INDIA.

PANJIM—OLD GOA—CHURCH OF BOM JESUS—TOMB OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER—CONQUEST OF GOA—ALBUQUERQUE—MARMUGAO—DAMAUN—BASSEIN.

Panjim is for all the world like a little English seaside town. The streets in the town are broad and red and generally well kept, and the houses are two-storeyed, neatly built and for the most part colour-washed outside, with a broad band of a brighter colour round the windows. This is the seat of the Portuguese Government in India, and the Government offices are situated on the wharf, close by the water's edge, where the folks promenade in the evening and the band plays on Sunday nights. The road to Old Goa leads out of Panjim by a fine bridge over a backwater of the bay and skirts the magnificent creek for some distance. One or two villages are passed through where Christian shrines and Hindu temples jog each other, side by side, and after a five miles' drive or so, the great Churches of Old Goa are reached. To-day less than half-a-dozen churches remain of the eighty or more that once adorned Goa, and the rest is a wilderness, with scattered ruins here and there, winding weed-grown streets, and a museum to remind one of what is gone.

The Church of Bom Jesus, one of the largest now remaining, is a splendid edifice. The church and the large monastery adjoining it are still perfectly preserved and the rich ornamentation of the interior, the

THE CHURCH OF BOM JESUS (OLD GOA) WHICH CONTAINS THE BODY OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER.



THE INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF BOM JESUS.

pictures on the walls and even the whitewash in the cloisters are kept as clean and fresh to-day, as though they were daily thronged with worshippers. Yet the stranger may wander right through meeting never a soul. The place is deserted, except for one or two priests who act as custodians. Here one may see the magnificent silver tomb of St. Francis Xavier, the Apostle of the Indies, which still keeps the church in wide renown and draws large pilgrimages at intervals on the occasion of the Exposition of the remains of St. Xavier. The Cathedral of St. Catherine is a building of majestic proportions, standing on the site of the first parish church, built by Albuquerque, the Church of St. Francis, with the portal of the Mahomedan mosque, which the church orginally was, still intact; the church of St. Cajetan, noted for its resemblance to St. Peter's at Rome, and the convent of St. Monica are also carefully preserved objects of admiration and wonder. By the river also is the landing place where Vasco de Gama, the discoverer of Goa for the Portuguese, is said to have first set foot on shore, and a massive archway with a statue of De Gama still marks the place. For the rest, crumbling masonry and heaps of bricks in a waste of jungle are all that remain of the grand cathedrals and churches, palaces, mansions and public buildings of Goa.

"Whoever hath seen Goa, need not see Lisbon." This was the proverb in which the glories of the metropolis of the Portuguese power in India were wont to be summed up in their heyday. To find anything to compare with the accounts that have been written of it, we have to go to the travellers' tales about Agra and Delhi at the height of Moghul prosperity. Now what a city of the dead!

Goa was the very first settlement not only of the Portuguese but of any European nation in India, and this was rendered possible by its capture on the 25th of November 1510. It was only twelve years after the landing of Vasco de Gama at Calicut, which opened the era of European intercourse and conquests in India. During those twelve years the Portuguese were feeling their way so to say, and had yet no fixed settlement on the coast, being content with moving up and down along it in their ships. They had built a factory at Cochin, which they made their headquarters on land, but which being in the native Raja's territories was obviously inconvenient. Moreover, Cochin was too far south to maintain Portuguese supremacy along the entire western coast. Almeida, their first viceroy—a viceroy, be it said, without any territories to rule—was content with this, for in his opinion it was sufficient for his nation to have command

of the sea and he did not want to be encumbered by possessions on land which would require a large army to defend them and would moreover embroil them with the neighbouring Indian States.

But Almeida's successor, Albuquerque, had radically different views. He was not content merely with commercial and maritime supremacy, but had already conceived a desire for territorial supremacy also. Visions of a Portuguese Empire had begun to float before his eyes. He considered it humiliating to a great nation like Portugal to have its headquarters in an Indian Chief's dominions on sufferance, and resolved on the first opportunity to plant securely his power on the main land by conquest. During his first voyage to India in 1503, in a subordinate position, he visited various parts on the Malabar Coast, and saw the suitability of Goa for his purposes. When in November 1509 he succeeded to the direction of affairs, he was determined to carry out his bold and far-seeing plans of conquest and empire, for which he had previously obtained the hearty consent of his sovereign, King Manoel I when he personally saw him on his first return from the East. Almost at the beginning of his rule occurred an opportunity for carrying out his designs on Goa. After a check at Calicut, he was informed by a Hindu pirate captain, called Timoja by the Portuguese, but who very likely bore the native name of Tanaji, that if he attacked Goa then he could take it very easily, for its Mahomedan king had just died, leaving only a minor and weak ruler. The people were tired, he said, of the oppressive rule of the intolerant Moslems and would very likely rebel against them and surrender the place to Albuquerque, if he appeared before it with his fleet.

This Timoja, who figures so largely in the early history of the Portuguese in India, was at first opposed to them, but in time he became their close friend, furthering their interests by giving very valuable information about the state of the country kingdoms. This was probably owing not to any love for the Portuguese but to hatred for the Mahomedans for their oppression of his co-religionists. It was this man who may be said to have introduced the Portuguese into Goa and thence into all India, out of revenge for the cruelties and humiliations inflicted on his race and religion by their Mahomedan conquerors, little dreaming that he thereby was unconsciously preparing a worse calamity for his people, as the Portuguese were soon to prove even more intolerant than their predecessors.

Goa was at that time subject to the Mahomedan Adil Shahi, King of Bijapur, to whom it had passed in the very year of Vasco de Gama's first landing in India in 1498, on the break up of the great Bahmini King-

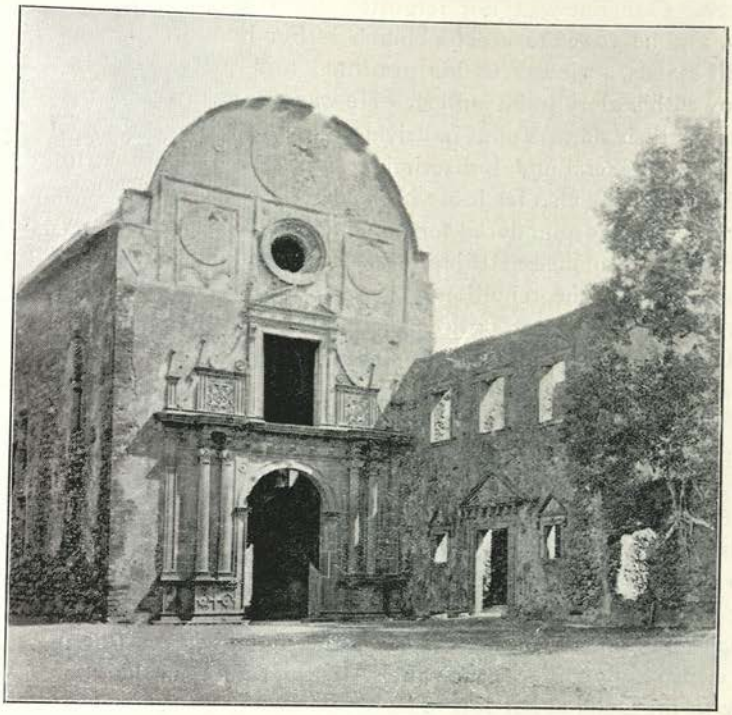
THE STATUE OF ALBUQUERQUE AT PANJIM.

dom of the Deccan, which had acquired it in 1470 by conquest from its Hindu rulers, who had kept it for exactly a century. This Hindu dynasty had wrested it in 1370 from the hands of the Mahomedan, under whom it first fell in 1312. For twelve centuries and more before the latter date Goa was under the Hindu rule of the Kadamba kings. These ancient Hindu kings called their possession Goapuri, the city of the cow or cowherds, which was shortened into the modern word Goa. The Sultan of Bijapur, who was master of Goa at the time of the Portuguese invasion, was Yusuf Adil Shah, a prince with a truly romantic history. He was the son of a Sultan of Turkey, the famous Amurath or more properly Ali Muzad. Having narrowly escaped death at the hands of his brother, who succeeded to his father's throne, by a flight to Persia, whence he came to India as a slave, he eventually rose to be governor of Bijapur under the Bahmini kings, and finally on the dismemberment of the Bahmini kingdom in 1489 became the Sultan of Bijapur. Nine years later in 1498 he wrested Goa from its weak rulers, and was so enamoured of his new possession that he beautified it with many fine buildings and built a magnificent palace, intending the city for his new capital. The prosperity of the city was greatly augmented under Sultan Yusuf and rapidly rose in importance. Its trade, which from its central position on the coast and secure double

harbour, was already considerably increased, and Goa became known far and wide for its opulence.

Timoja was very anxious that the Portuguese should take possession of Goa. Before the disaster at Calicut he had urged Albuquerque to go to Goa instead. But it was not possible then, as the Marshal was obstinate and pleaded the King of Portugal's express orders to destroy Calicut and punish the refractory Zamorin. But when a few weeks later Timoja again pressed the proposal, Albuquerque at once abandoned his expedition to the Red Sea and made for Goa, before which he appeared with his fleet on the first day of March 1510. The time was really opportune, for though Sultan Yusuf was not dead, as Timoja had erroneously informed Albuquerque, he was absent from the city in the interior of his dominions, and the governor he had appointed in his absence was an even greater bigot than himself, and weak withal. He not only oppressed the Hindus more, but also alienated the Mahomedan subjects by allowing the Turkish garrison to tyrannise over the citizens. Moreover a *Jogi*, or Hindu ascetic, had just then foretold the impending fate of their city, which he predicted would soon fall into the hands of a foreign people coming from a distant land. As true Oriental fatalists they were much disheartened at this prophecy, and as usual helped by their conduct to fulfil it. So when Albuquerque appeared before the city, it surrendered without any resistance on the part of the citizens, who were glad to get rid of their Mahomedan rulers. Sultan Yusuf heard of the surrender of Goa in his absence. He hastily returned and laid such a vigorous siege to it that Albuquerque, with his inadequate means of defence, was driven to abandon the town and seek refuge in his ships, about the middle of May. For three months more during the fury of the monsoon, the Portuguese ships remained in the harbour blockaded by the rough weather and stricken with famine. The Sultan's troops kept a close watch and allowed no provisions from the land side. His captains too were in almost open mutiny. The fury of the monsoon being over by the middle of August, his fleet was able to sail out of Goa harbour, and for a time his hopes of making the new town that he had so easily acquired the proud capital of his nation in India were dashed to the ground.

A new opportunity soon offered itself. Again Timoja was the good genius who inspired him to turn once more towards the prize which had once slipped from his hands. He had been rewarded on the surrender of Goa with its governorship, and he it was who brought to Albuquerque, who had gone southward to Honore, the welcome news that immediately on the

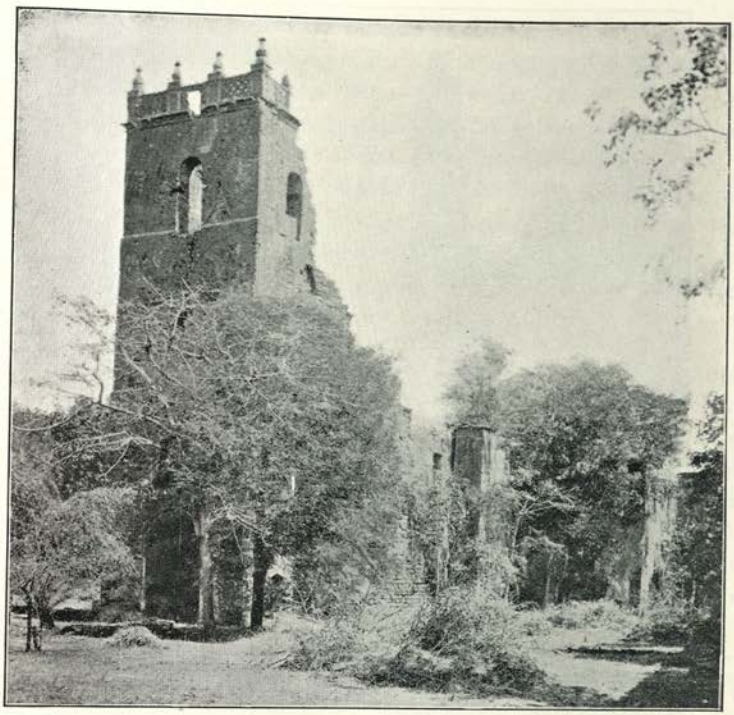


THE CHURCH OF THE JESUITS, BASSEIN.

departure of the Portuguese fleet, Yusuf with his main army had left Goa for Bijapur, and that then the people had rebelled against the authorities, who were unable to cope with them, weakened as they were by the departure of the army. There was only a small garrison, which could be easily overpowered by Albuquerque, if he made the attempt. He therefore strongly advised him to make an attack forthwith. The Portuguese captain, who had meanwhile received very timely reinforcements from Portugal, needed little persuasion to retrace his steps to Goa and once more he appeared in its harbour, in the beginning of November, with twenty-eight ships and 1,700 soldiers, besides a large number of native troops under Timoja. The garrison numbered 4,000 Turkish and Persian soldiers. November 25th, which in the Ecclesiastical Calendar is the day of St. Catherine, was chosen for the assault by the Portuguese, who advanced in three columns all of which were successful in driving before them the Turks, who fought desperately, full one-half, or 2,000 of them, being killed.

St. Catherine was not forgotten by Albuquerque in the hour of victory, and he vowed to erect a church in her honour. It was soon built, and still stands a witness to his gratitude and piety. But in one respect he allowed his glory to be sullied. He was so incensed against the Mahomedans for their aid to Yusuf in driving him out of the city in May, that he ordered their general and indiscriminate massacre, not sparing women or even children. He also let loose his soldiery on the defenceless population and the town was plundered for three days. A few days after the fall of Goa, Sultan Yusuf died at Bijapur and was succeeded by a weak minor who was threatened by the rebellion of his provincial governors. The Bijapur authorities therefore not only made no attempts to oust the Portuguese from Goa, but confirmed them in their new possession on the understanding that they should be content with it and should seek no further conquests in the adjoining territories. The conquest of Goa made a profound impression upon the native powers of Western India, who at once sent embassies seeking alliance with the foreign Power. Albuquerque made wise regulations for the new settlement, such as revising and diminishing taxation, establishing a municipality, the first of its kind in India, and taking other similar measures for winning over the people. He also gave religious liberty to the Hindus who had not enjoyed it under their former masters. Goa has ever since then continued in the hands of the Portuguese, prospered exceedingly for a century after Albuquerque, and then declined owing mainly to the faults of her later rulers.

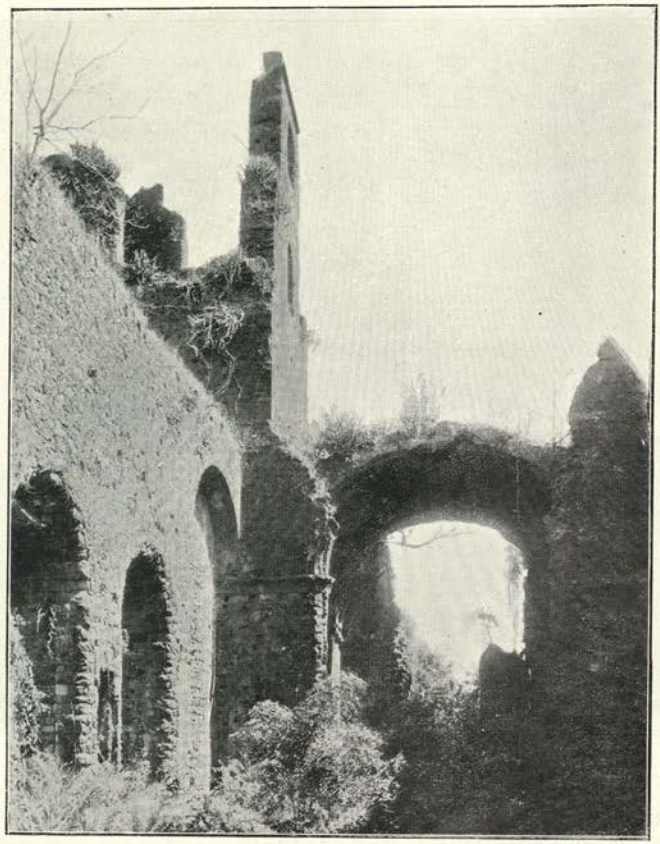
It is centuries ago since Goa was the trading centre of the West Coast of India, and the comparatively sudden increase during the past few years in the trade of Marmugao, lying at the foot of the headland opposite the Old Goa Creek, bids fair to bring the little territory, owned by Portugal on the Western Coast, renewed life and activity. This important and flourishing port, which five or six years ago was only a place of call for coasting vessels, is now used by large steamers doing considerable import and export business with Europe direct. It is claimed for Marmugao that it has an immense deepwater area in the harbour. There is a breakwater 1,200 feet long, to which it is contemplated adding another 700 feet, while inside the breakwater there is a quay-wall, 1,200 feet long, and large steamers can berth alongside at any season of the year and at any state of the tide, the depth of water at low water being over 24 feet. Along the wharf is the railway and cargo can be loaded or discharged by means of travelling steam cranes along the wharf. A further consideration is that the harbour is easy to navigate.



THE RUINED CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOSEPH, BASSEIN.

There is a small Portuguese possession called Damaun, about 100 miles to the north of Bombay. It is divided by a river into Great Damaun and Little Damaun. The Portuguese first sacked it in 1531, but it was rebuilt by the natives. In 1558 it was taken again by the Portuguese, and from thenceforth it became a colony of Portugal. When the Portuguese power was still predominant in the East, Damaun was a prosperous town, and carried on a large export trade with East Africa. The Governor's palace, the Secretariat, the barracks, the Cathedral, the Seminary, are all in Great Damaun and enclosed by the walls of the Fort. Beyond the great portals of the wall are still seen several churches in very good repair dotted over plain, which bespeak to the religious zeal of the early Portuguese.

On the northern shore of Thana Creek lies Bassein Fort. It would be difficult to imagine a prettier picture than the view across the glistening water, to the battlements and towers of the old fortress, and a visit within its walls makes one of the most delightful excursions it is possible to obtain



A Scene of Desolation, Bassein.

from Bombay. Bassein had some repute as a seaport in the early part of the sixteenth century, and the visitor three hundred years ago, found it a flourishing centre of the pioneers of the West. In the days of Prince Henry, "the Navigator", the Portuguese found the way round the Cape, and when, not long afterwards, as history is counted, they established trading relations with Western India, Bassein, given them by treaty and afterwards held by might, became one of the chief centres of Portuguese chivalry and adventure in the East. Bassein in 1607, the traveller tells us, was a great place for ship-building and had a large trade in timber and building stone, which was, as fine and hard as granite and was used in all the Goa churches and palaces. It had a convenient harbour and was in the midst of a rich and prosperous country, being, in fact next to Goa, the largest and most wealthy of the Portuguese settlements.

To-day what a heap of desolation and ruin! The black, solid walls, built of that famous granite-like rock, rise to a height, in places, of nearly fifty feet, and are still unbroken throughout nearly the whole mile-and-a-half of their circumference. Two great gaps admit of the passage of the municipal road from the modern village of Bassein, situated at some distance from the fort, to the little stone pier just outside the old Portuguese water-gate, where a little traffic with country craft is still carried on. But the wide space encircled by the walls, once crowded with handsome churches, palaces and mansions, and teeming with a population of nearly 70,000, now lies in one mass of ruins.

Forty years ago the British Government allowed the whole fort to pass out of their hands for a period of thirty years, under a lease, and in consequence of this extraordinary arrangement, no effort was made to preserve the once beautiful buildings from the destroying influences of time and weather. The only attempt of the kind has been made by the Jesuits, who have put a modern red-tiled roof with ironwork supports to the large Cathedral which, with an adjoining college and monastery, was founded by their order in 1548. The two great gateways in the Fort walls are in a state of exceptionally good preservation, and of these the Porta do Mar, or Sea Gate, with its ponderous wooden door heavily cased in iron bands, is especially picturesque. The Sea Gate is at the end of the main roadway through the old Portuguese town, and on either side of it are the old churches, and the ruins of the inner citadel. Decay is the leading note on every side. In the days of their prime many of the churches must have been exceedingly beautiful. The western front of the Jesuits' church is a noble piece of architecture and the large church and monastery of the Franciscans, where on three occasions, St. Francis Xavier made brief sojourns, must have been a magnificent pile.

The eventual downfall of Bassein was sudden and complete, though its causes were gradual. Religious persecution estranged the natives and drove them from the city and the adjoining villages, so that the land lay untilled; the Church was declared even to superintend the governor of the North, which made him incapable of good government; the governors were dishonest, the upper classes immoral and the people generally forgot their military discipline and were softened by ease and luxury. Then came the Mahrattas. Siege was laid to the city, and in spite of a gallant resistance the garrison had to capitulate. After the Mahrattas came the British, but even the latter showed no interest in preserving the deserted city.

HYDERABAD (Sind.)

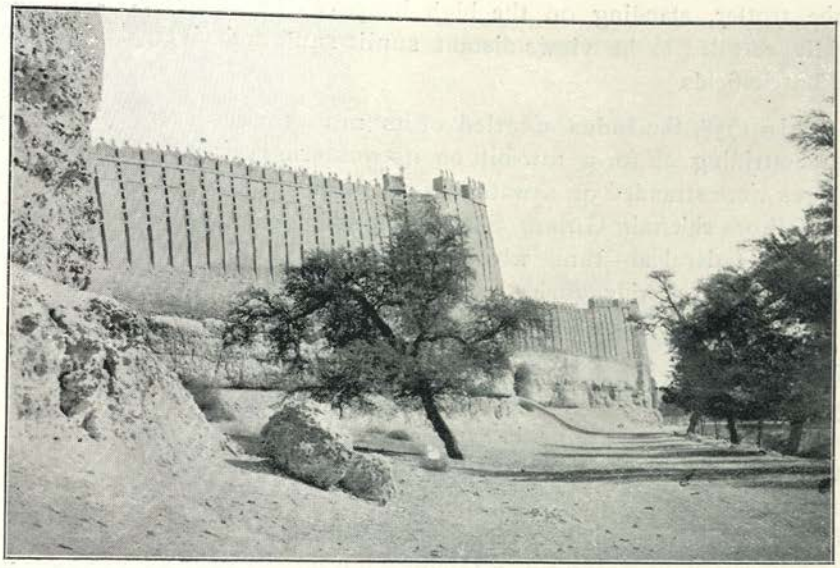
INDIA'S CAIRO—SIND'S ANCIENT CAPITAL.

That part of India, geographically nearest Europe, is more essentially of the old old world, primitive and eastern, than perhaps any other. Here the Indus approaches and enters the sea after carrying its water from the Roof of the World through the immense plains that lie at the foot of the Western Himalayas. Here is the main road traversed by successive hordes of invaders entering the great peninsula of Hindustan from the bleak uplands of Central Asia. Sind has seen strange events since restless adventurous men sought for themselves more well-favoured lands than those of their birth. Twenty-two centuries ago Alexander's victorious arms passed through this land, and later on in the world's history the faith of Mahomed was carried in its triumphal march eastwards by way of this province.

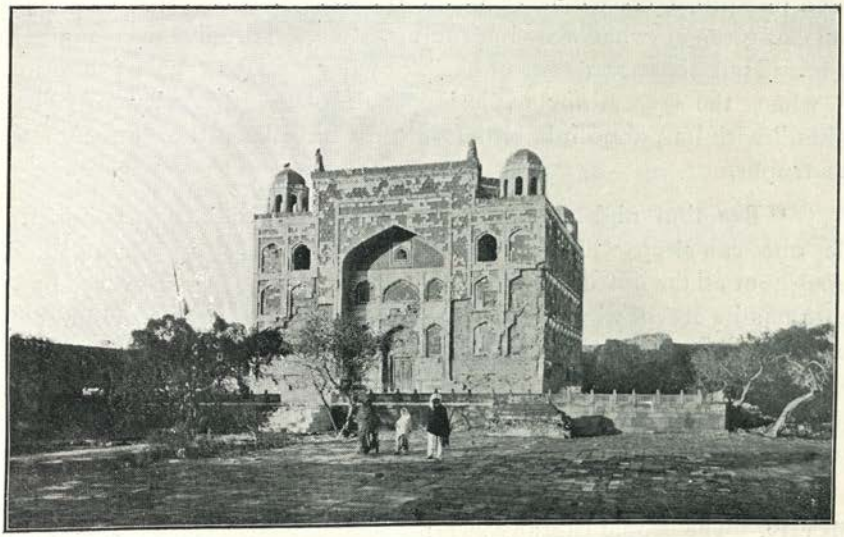
Yet in this old highway of Asia nothing remains to tell of ages long since passed. Sind is like Egypt and yet unlike it. Each country is at the mouth of one of the great waterways of the earth. In the land of the Nile are remains of a glorious past; in the land of the Indus anything that may have marked man's work is gone in the wastes of silt and sand and sunshine. "Young Egypt," as Sind has aptly been called, has nothing to show for all the historical personages who have acted on its stage. And why? Because in the valley of the Lower Indus Nature has always worked slowly and surely to utterly obliterate a past. For centuries the river may follow a general path and then suddenly will alter its course, and what was a garden of fertility becomes a sunbaked barren stretch of desolate desert.

Sind is situated in a corner of the earth remarkable above everything for the scantiness of the rainfall, and, as a consequence of this, it is also remarkable for intense heat. For months together the temperature registered at Jacobabad exceeds that shown for any other part of India, and throughout this hot spell that temperature is in the neighbourhood of 120° Faht. Still Sind is regarded as one of the chief grain-producing provinces of the Indian Empire—a satisfactory state of things entirely attributable to irrigation.

In "Young Egypt" Karachi, its seaport corresponds to Alexandria, and its Cairo is Hyderabad, the city of the delta, the great historical centre. Though a "dak" bungalow does duty for Shepherd's and streams of cold-weather warmth seekers from Europe are unknown, yet, to the casual



FORT WALLS, HYDERABAD (SIND).



RUINED TOMB OF GULAM SHAH, THE FOUNDER OF MODERN HYDERABAD.

globe trotter, standing on the high keep of the fortress, Nile land is vividly recalled as he views distant sunlit sand and river, desolate tombs and battle-fields.

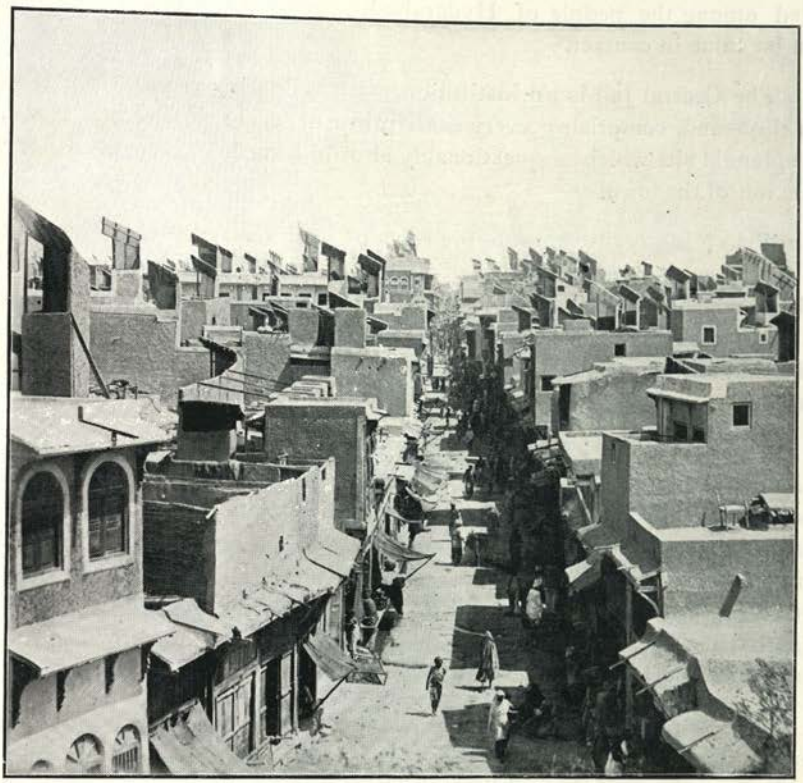
In 1758, the Indus wearied of its monotonous scenery, and left its course striking off for a low hill on its western horizon. Doing so, many villages were stranded on a waterless plain, but, at the same time, it enabled the Kalhora chieftain Gulam Shah to found what for years remained Sind's capital—Hyderabad—than which, to dwellers in this fertile province there is no place in the wide world to compare.

Set on a hill, it cannot be hid, and approach it how one may its drab coloured mud walls, almost devoid of windows, and picturesquely quaint sky line impress one with the idea that Hyderabad-Sind is a place of great antiquity. This, no doubt, is true, for by this same sunsplit hill, story has it that the intrepid Nearchos passed in his bold sea seeking voyage more than two thousand years ago. In those days the river flowed by the east side of the hill which it also seems to have done when the first Moslem invaders seized on Nerankot, a Hindu town whose position answers well to that which modern Hyderabad occupies.

As the court of the Amirs of Sind-Kalhora and Talpur, Hyderabad was of importance in pre-British days. The walled fort is still its chief architectural feature, and it was here that the great cordite explosion occurred in April, 1906, when, thanks to the short but effective warning which had been given of what was impending, the casualty list was marvellously slight. Had those 200 tons of black powder and 50 tons of cordite gone off when the first minor explosion took place, this city of "beautiful nights," with its 75,000 inhabitants, would have been the scene of a great catastrophe.

"Beautiful nights"—yes, this is Hyderabad's great boast. As a rule one can sleep well, for the sea breeze comes up strong and dried throughout all the hot weather months, and, to catch this, every flat-roofed house has its set of wind sails—strange contrivances, like chimney stacks cleft in twain, all fitted with trap doors to keep out the cold or the dust storm on occasion. These unique ventilating shafts are most effective and certainly do much to cleanse the strictly purdah governed homes of the thronged denizens, Hindu and Mahomedan.

The word congestion is inadequate to describe present day living in this city. The people literally swarm, and largely because they so desire. Timidity, custom, and the extraordinary high value of ground in the open



"OXFORD STREET," HYDERABAD (SIND).

spaces keep would-be house builders from leaving the homes of their fathers. They would not be happy unless surrounded by neighbours who mutually stave off wholly imaginary evils, among which, dacoits, jackals and "jins" are mentioned!

Within recent years some fine public buildings have been erected which do much to relieve the prevailing sombre tone due to architecture in wattle-and-daub here perfected, and chiefest of these are the Civil Hospital and Medical Schools, Metharam Hall, Navalrai Hiranand Academy, and Holmstead Hall. This latter building is remarkable, in that it is an emphatic refutation to those who accuse Indians of ingratitude and forgetfulness. A structure fit to grace a metropolis has been built by public subscription to honour an English doctor, who, for long years,

worked among the people of Hyderabad, endearing himself to all with whom he came in contact.

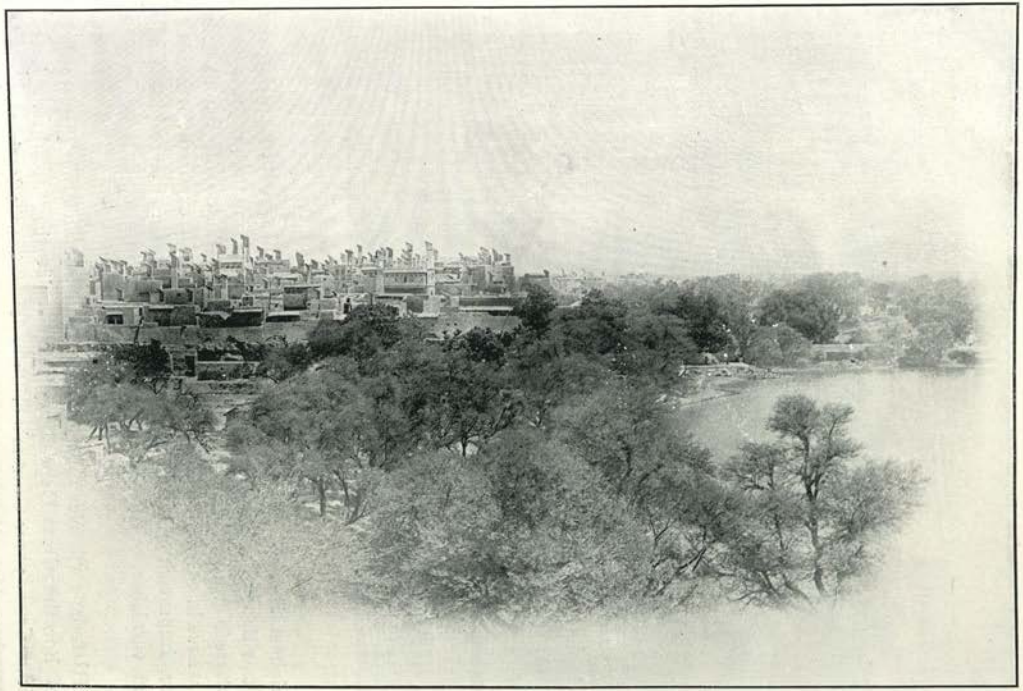
The Central Jail is an institution, with a floating population of close on a thousand, comprising every description of local malefactor. It stands on a splendid site which unquestionably should have been reserved for the expansion of the town.

Two bleak roads separate the rows of ugly terrace-roofed bungalows that form the Cantonment and dominating these in what remains of the Kacheri which was gutted by fire a few months ago. The Cantonment, with its barracks, shelters two batteries of Field Artillery, a detachment of the British regiment from Karachi, the Indian Army being represented by an infantry regiment.

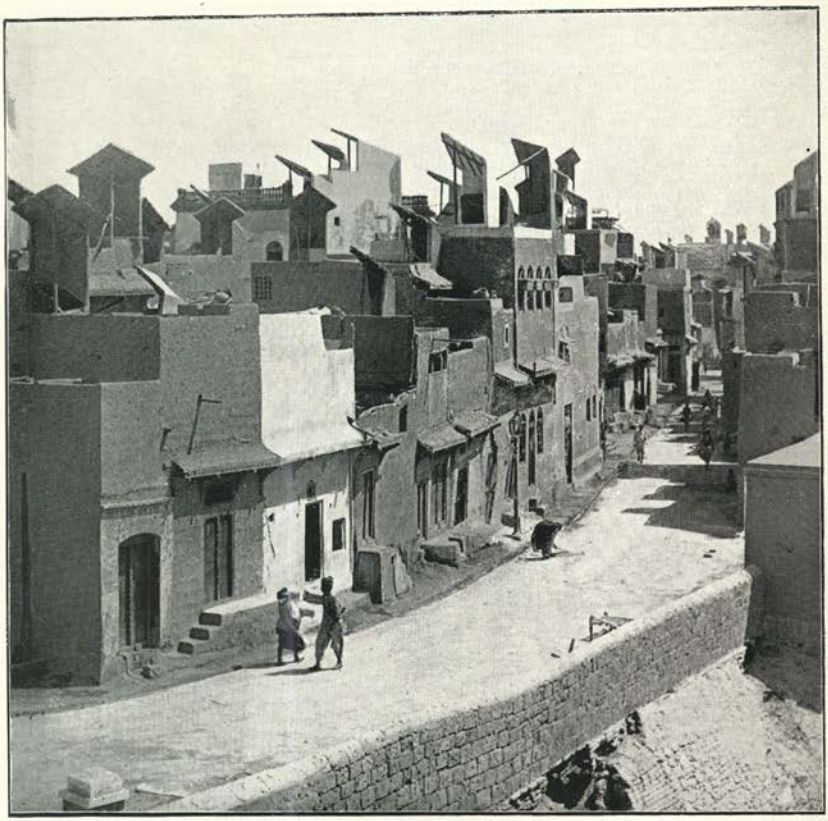
The people are a fine people—physically Amils are fair as Italians and almost all of good height and bright intellect. These are of the Hindu class who formerly managed the affairs of the easy-going, pleasure-loving rulers, and who now put Government service in the first rank as a vocation. Many of them also make most successful lawyers and zamindars. By his inverted top hat and bearded face you may know the Amil. These little distinctive marks are inherited from grandfathers, from whom, in the old days, Court etiquette exacted the fashion.

The Bania is a "Bania;" but he who transcends is a "Sindworkee." This gentleman you will find in Capetown, Singapore, Malta and Manilla. He fears not the "Kalapani," for from far away does he not bring back riches passing the wit of his stay-at-home brother to comprehend? He has a cousin at Shikarpur, who also travels afield, but who wanders northward on *terra firma*, "sumjows" the Pathan and Turkoman, and perhaps comes home, some day, wallowing in wealth. Of the Moslem population there is little to say; it is not numerous, and the majority of those of the Faith are hewers of wood and drawers of water. The Sind Mahomedan prefers to live in small villages. He is an agriculturist when he is anything.

Although the practice of the industrial arts is almost unknown, it is not because there are no incentives. Since the Indus, close by, was bridged about 10 years ago, the city has been put in direct communication with the outside world, and now Hyderabad Railway Station is an important junction for the North, South and East; and it will be still more important when the Cutch gap shall have been spanned. The town lies on the skirts



THE TOWN AND TANK, HYDERABAD (SIND).



RAMPART ROW, HYDERABAD.

of the richest land in India, and why should not the produce of that land be dealt with at what might be a great centre of intelligent enterprise? Here, there is every facility for real Swadeshism—cotton all round, clean it and weave it. Grain of every sort, grind it and export it, if needs be. Tobacco, improve it and manufacture it. Lac, refine it, produce sealing wax and varnishes.

Historians will ever refer to Hyderabad when relating the wonderful story of how the Great Dependency came to be the "Brightest jewel in the British Crown;" for Outram's brilliant defence of the Residency against overwhelming odds, and the battles of Miani and Dubbo fought by Napier a few days later, are feats of arms that have seldom been excelled.

KARACHI.

CAPITAL OF SIND—A PROSPEROUS SEAPORT—MODERN HISTORY—THE BREAK-WATER—MANORA—KEAMARI.

KARACHI is not only the seaport and capital of the Province of Sind, the seat of Government, and the head-quarters of the Civil and Military Departments, but the natural outlet and inlet for the trade of a hinterland stretching from Seistan to the United Provinces and embracing not only Eastern and Southern Persia, Baluchistan and Afghanistan, but the vast wheat fields of the Punjab and the principal trade centres of Northern India. A fishing village in 1839, when seized by Admiral Sir F. Maitland and Brigadier T. Valiant as a sequel to the operations of the Afghan war of the previous year, its prehistoric history is traced back in Haig's "Indus Delta Country" to Alexander's Haven and other places mentioned by Nearchus in the history of Alexander the Great's expeditions, but its modern history must be held to commence with the appointment of Sir Charles Napier as Governor of Sind in 1843. With his keen vision for the capacities of the place and his active energy he initiated designs to widen and deepen the entrance channel to the harbour, then a shallow lagoon, to construct docks and to form a causeway between Keamari and Karachi.

With the transfer of the head-quarters of the administration from Hyderabad to Karachi the place began to stir but Sir Charles' tenure of office lasted too short a time to enable much to be done of the grand schemes he had in view. He left Sind in 1847 and up to 1852, owing to a false report that was current in those days that the harbour bar at the entrance was rocky, no ocean-going ships made use of the port. In October 1852 the "Duke of Argyll," a sailing vessel of 800 tons, carrying troops and a cargo of coal and iron, entered the harbour, and from that time to the present year the shipping arriving at Karachi has developed enormously, and the harbour and wharves can now accommodate the largest ocean-going steamers likely to visit the port. It was left to the Government of Sir Bartle Frere to develope and carry out the schemes and ambitions of the Conqueror of Sind. Money was obtained for harbour improvements; barracks were built; roads made; a Municipality was formed; the boundaries of the cantonment delimited and the historic controversy regarding the best method of developing the harbour solved. It is a far cry from a miserable dirty-looking fishing village with a population of 10,000 souls in 1843, to the widely spread town of to-day, covering an area of some 120 square miles, within which are comprised a flourishing municipal town with several suburbs, forts, cantonments, wharves, and a population which is

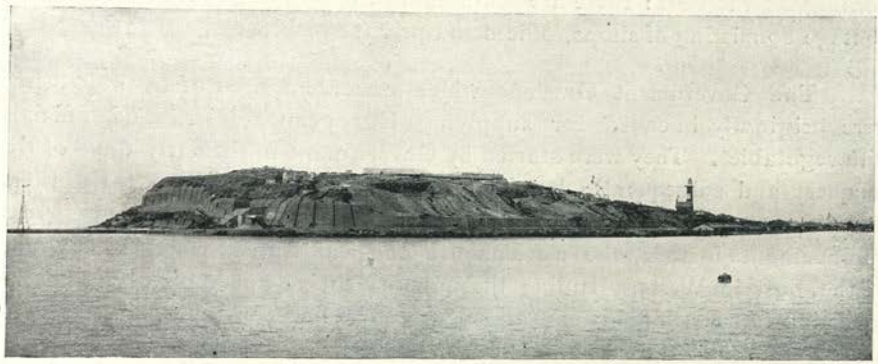
THE ENTRANCE TO KARACHI HARBOUR.

estimated to approach a lakh-and-a-half, if not two, and an immense trade; the volume of general trade is inferior only to that of Calcutta and Bombay, and the wheat export trade second to none in the old world. The affairs of the Port are in the hands of a Board of Trustees with a chairman at its head, who has in recent years been made a full time officer, and the splendid work of this body for many years past is now culminating in a series of far-reaching improvements designed to make the harbour present exceptional facilities for the shipment and landing of goods, for the embarkation and disembarkation of passengers and troops and for efficiently dealing with the produce of the vast hinterland traversed by the railway systems of Sind Baluchistan, the Punjab and Northern India, of which the port is the maritime terminus.

With Karachi the first port in India to receive the outward Indian mails; with Karachi the local head-quarters of Postal and Telegraph Departments, whose organizations would radiate in all directions from Koweit to Cawnpore; the head-quarters of both the broad-gauge and metre-gauge railway systems of North Western India (the metre-gauge

must be brought to the seaboard before long); the head-quarters and main base of the Western Army of India; and, lastly, with Karachi the principal seat of the Government of Sind, Baluchistan, Rajputana and the Punjab, just as it is at present, in fact the commercial head-quarters and controlling base of a large portion of the trade of these territories, then, and not until then, will Sind's Capital occupy the position which its splendid climate, its valuable harbour and connected railway facilities, and its unique geographical position unquestionably command.

The old fort at Manora Point, built by the Amirs of Sind, which was for many years used as the residence of the Port Officer was removed in 1888 to allow of the construction of a battery for heavy guns. The island



THE ISLAND OF MANORA, KARACHI HARBOUR.

is now a cantonment with seven forts defended by powerful batteries in charge of the Royal Garrison Artillery and a Royal Engineer section. The submarine mining defences have recently been abolished. Extending at right angles from Manora Point is the Break-water, an exceedingly important work which has attracted much attention from engineers. The total length is 1,500 feet and the cost was Rs. 10,90,000 including establishment and plant. On the 1st November 1869 the first block of this great work was laid by Sir W. L. Merewether, the then Commissioner in Sind, and it was completed in 1873. The essential part of the work was, however, constructed in the course of three working seasons, or 12 months in all. For 40 years the work has now stood unaltered by exceptionally high tides heavy seas, and cyclones, the only repairs required being occasional renovation of the concrete capping and some small supply of rubble to feed the base. Formerly a portion of the Municipal limits of Karachi, Manora is

now a self-contained cantonment. It has its church (St. Paul's consecrated in 1865), school, dispensary, library, billiard and reading rooms, tennis courts, play grounds, a cable factory and telegraph station, Post Office, dock and harbour workshops.

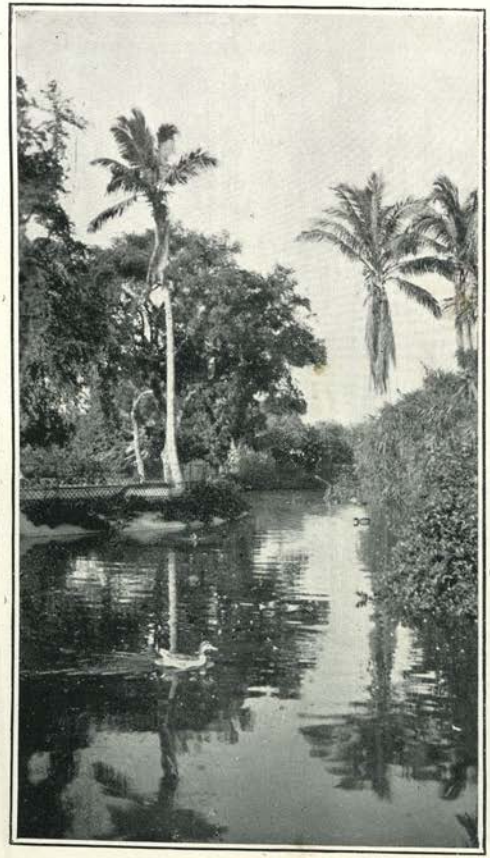
Intimately connected with the harbour and forming part of the Port is Keamari, formerly a low, sandy island with sand-hills to the west, now consisting of miles of wharves, quays and piers with an extensive export yard intersected by a maze of railway line, cranes and storage sheds which serve the entire length of the waterway. Beyond the yard and separated by it by the main road is quite a little town which has rapidly sprung up to accommodate the army of Port Trust, Railway and Customs employés working at the Port : there are also several fine buildings on the main road frontage consisting of shops, offices and private residences.

The Government Gardens which cover an area of over 40 acres were originally intended for supplying European soldiers and officials with vegetables. They were started by Government in the early days of the conquest and subsequently handed over to the Municipality. By them the place was laid out as a public garden and after effecting great improvements in 1882, the nucleus of a Zoo was formed which is now one of the best in Western India; the animals thrive and multiply, and the collection of water birds is said to be one of the finest in India.

Besides the Zoological Gardens, there are other public gardens, the Burns Garden in a triangle formed by three roads west of the Artillery Blocks, the Frere Hall Gardens, the Erskine and Khori Gardens in Old Town : the Nanakwara Garden in the Jail Quarter, and the Mirs' Garden west of the Zoological Garden in charge of the Assistant Commissioner in Sind.

The Civil Lines, the residence of well-to-do Europeans now includes not only all the area between the Cantonments and the Railway, but also all the available grounds between the railway and the sea. This is without doubt the most delightful quarter of Karachi.

The largest and oldest of the Public Halls in Karachi is the Frere Hall, erected in honour of Sir H. Bartle E. Frere, one of the first Commissioners in Sind (1851 to 1859) afterwards Governor of Bombay and High Commissioner in South Africa, whose public works and wise administration will be remembered for all time in the Province. The large grounds at one time were carefully tended as the public garden of Karachi, but were for a



Beauty Spots in the Karachi Gardens.

long time in recent years entirely neglected. After 1906, however, when His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales on 17th March 1906, unveiled the beautiful marble statue of the late Queen Victoria, the grounds have been completely transformed.

Government House, the residence of the Commissioner in Sind, is situate in the Civil Lines Quarter, and stands in a large walled enclosure with its front facing the west. It consists of a central building with two wings, approached by a carriage drive from five different directions, and was originally built by Sir Charles Napier, when Governor of the Province, and from him purchased by Government in 1847.

To the north of Karachi, about 10 miles out, is Mangho Pir the site of a tomb of an Arab saint of that name who is said to have settled there in the 13th century: hard by the mosque is a pool fed by fresh water from a spring, wherein wallow some forty crocodiles of various sizes, but none very large, from this association the name of the place has been corrupted into "Muggar Pir." A little distance away are springs of warm water famed for their medicinal virtues, to which thousands of persons flock attracted by the "muggars" the springs and the sanctity of the place,—holy ground alike for Hindus and Mahomedans.

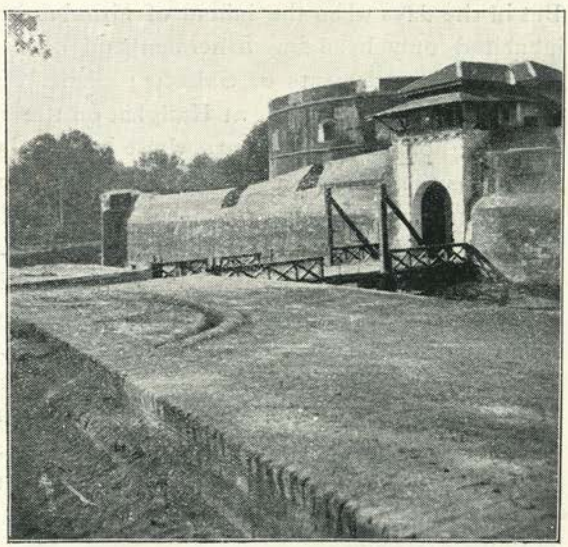
ALLIGATOR PIR, NEAR KARACHI.

SURAT.

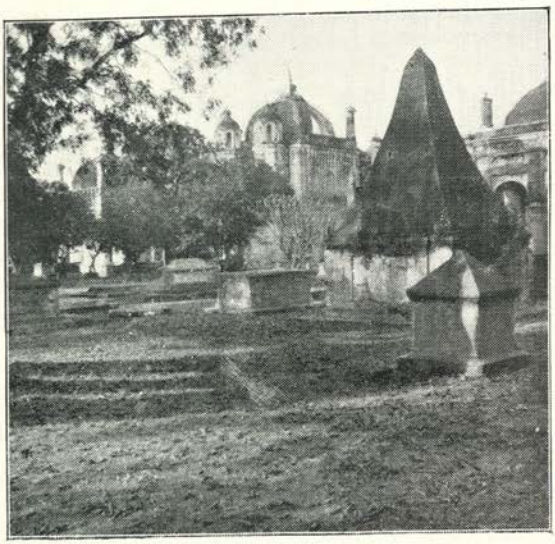
OLD ENGLISH AND DUTCH TOMBS—A FLOURISHING FACTORY—A PAGE FROM THE PAST.

The old grave-yard of the English factors at Surat is in a quiet garden without the walls of the city, pleasantly surrounded by green fields, shaded by tall tamarisk trees, and guarded by a modest wall from the depredations of encroaching cattle. Through the trees can be seen, not a bow-shot off, the tombs of their old rivals the Dutch, basking in the catholic sunshine. The city lies beyond, and at some little distance the river Tapti sweeps by in majestic curves, flowing past the walls of the Moghul's Castle, and onwards towards Swally and the sea.

There are English graves in the four corners of the world, but none are quite like these, the oldest memorials which remain of our forefathers in India. Their architecture shows a strange mixture of ideas and models. Some of them are surmounted, like the tombs of Mahomedan princes, by echoing domes; others, like the *chattris* of Rajput kings, are adorned with graceful pillared cupolæ; whilst scattered among these strange shapes are the familiar obelisks, the urns, and the uncompromising square tombstones of Anglo-Saxon cemeteries. Many of the designs are stately, not to say extravagant: it is as though the survivors had sought, by raising these colossal monuments, to assuage the bitterness of death in exile. There they lie these long-forgotten men and women, who nourished with their blood the root of the sapling of Empire. Few intruders disturb their solitude; little brown children peer through the bar of the gateway into the haunted territory, but do not venture within, lest the *bhuts* and ghouls should have them by the hair; the occasional globe-trotter, anxious to get on to better-



ENTRANCE TO THE ENGLISH GRAVE-YARD, SURAT.



THE MOGHUL CASTLE, SURAT.

known scenes, stalks o'er their head, but cannot break their sleep; the distant murmur of the city faintly invades the august silence of these mansions of the dead.

What manner of men were they, these dead men to whom we owe so much, and of whom we think no more than the sight-seer in some vast temple thinks of the stones, buried deep amoung the foundations beneath his feet? How did they live, and how did they die? History, to these questions, gives very curt replies. With the generality it is a common idea that the history of the British in India began with Bombay, Madras and Calcutta. But in the days when the island of Mumba-devi was a mangrove swamp, inhabited only by a few fishermen and one or two stragglers from the Portuguese settlements of Salsette; when Job Charnock was building his first two-storied bungalow at Kalighat on the Hughli to the consternation of his Mahomedan neighbours whose harems he overlooked—in those days Surat was the principal port of trade in India, and a flourishing factory of English merchants was established there, with a President and Council to whose authority the affairs of the smaller factories on the Malabar and Coromandel Coasts, and in the Persian Gulf, were subordinate. It is scarcely possible for us to adequately imagine the existence of this little colony of Englishmen, clinging with a grim determination to the edge of the unknown and illimitable East; but one or two books are still to be found in remote corners of library shelves, which throw quaint and interesting lights on their lives and surroundings. Let us take for our guides these musty talismans which shelter time and distance, and walk into the compound of the English Factory, in the cool of the morning, two hundred and fifty years ago.

The Factory is a fine building of stone, double-storied, with a deep verandah; the compound is planted with trees and flowering shrubs; innumerable birds are chirping in the branches, or enjoying a morning bath in the cool water of a reservoir in the centre of the garden. In the building all the English servants of the Honourable Company dwell together, from the President down to the last-joined apprentice, about thirty men all told. There are no ladies; those who are married must leave their wives in England—a merciful provision, for there are no hill-stations to go to in the hot weather. Just now the men are assembled to hear the chaplain read morning prayers. Let us enter—we shall not disturb their devotions—and look at them as they stand there, with bare heads reverently bowed, listening to the words of grace. They are dressed in very much the same way as their contemporaries in England, for it seems that they have as yet made no attempt to adapt their costume to the exigencies of the sultry climate; and indeed that is the last thing an Englishman is prepared to do.

The chaplain finishes his office—let us note by the way that the chaplain enjoys a salary of £50 a year, and £50 more "during good behaviour"; the Honourable Company has no idea of paying for salt that has lost its savour. The merchants and factors troop out of the chapel, and assemble for breakfast in another room. After breakfast business begins. Two of the Company's ships arrived from England a couple of days ago, and are at the present moment anchored in Swally Roads, at the mouth of the Tapti, unloading their cargoes. Crowds of native brokers and merchants besiege the Factory with bales and bills, and the talk is all of spices and pepper and indigo and silk and of the strange new herb called "thee" which is brought from China to Surat and sent thence to England, where it has suddenly become fashionable. Until two o'clock the chattering goes on, when the welcome sound

THE DUTCH GRAVE-YARD, SURAT.

Tombs of Sir G. Oxenden and Bartholomew Harris.

of a great gong clanging in the courtyard puts the Bunnias to flight, and calls the factors together for dinner. On this occasion there is more ceremony than usual, for the captains and officers of the East Indiamen are the guests of the Factory. The table displays all the barren splendour of wealthy exile: the dishes, plates and drinking cups are all of solid silver. A group of trumpeters stand at one end of the hall, and as each course is brought in they sound a flourish on their trumpets. The three cooks, the Englishman, the Indian, and the Portuguese, have been given carte blanche and told to do their best; and the steward has been fishing out vintages of France and Portugal from their resting-places in cool recesses of his cellar, which are seldom disturbed, save on occasions like the present, to supplement the ordinary supply of arrack and Persian wine.

The President, Sir George Oxenden, sits at the head of the table; a tall dignified man, with high-bred, resolute features and a grave and courteous demeanour. Near him sits Gerald Aungier, one of the senior factors: a man of middle height, with a square, honest, sober face, who is respected alike by Europeans and natives, friends and foes. Further down sits John Child, a young man on a visit to Surat from one of the smaller factories on the Malabar Coast; he is coarse and over-bearing in his manner, and does not appear to be very popular with his neighbours, who treat him nevertheless with uncommon deference, by reason of the fact that his brother Sir Josiah is a great man in the City and leads the Court of Directors by the nose. At the bottom of the table among a crowd of pasty-faced youngsters, is one Bartholomew Harris, an apprentice just out from Home, deeply engaged in an argument respecting the merits of the performers in yesterday's cock-fight.

Let us return for a moment to the old grave-yard, and read in the epitaphs there the fates of these four men, of which they are now mercifully ignorant—Aungier, Child and Harris, each in his turn succeeded Oxenden as President of the Council of Surat, and Governor of the Company's new acquisition, the island called Bombay. All the four of them died just when their long years of exile were ended—on the point of going home to England.

Meantime the claret and the sack, the arrack and the wine of Shiraz, are gathering momentum as they pass round the table. The talk is mostly of perils by sea and land. The factors tell of the last Mahratta raid, when Shivaji and his robbers sacked Surat; how the Moghul governor had shut himself up in the castle, and abandoned the city to its fate; and how Sir George had showed so bold a front to the invader, that not only the Factory, but the houses also of the wealthy native merchants in the same quarter, had been left unmolested. Sir George has just been presented with a robe of honour by the Emperor Aurungzebe, in recognition of this service. The seamen tell of how, ten days out from the Mauritius, they had sighted a strange vessel bearing down upon them; how they had beaten to quarters and manned the guns, but by the grace of God and a favouring wind, crowding all sail they had escaped from the attention of the stranger, who was recognised to be no other than Captain Avory, the famous buccaneer.

When dinner is over, the factors and their guests repair outside, some to enjoy a siesta in the cool verandahs, others to stroll through the Factory gardens and inspect the rare and curious birds and animals which are collected there. In the evening, the President has invited a number of guests to his private garden, in the suburbs of the city, at some distance from the Factory; and thither they proceed with much pomp and circumstance. Meanwhile the junior factors and apprentices, who are not bidden to this entertainment, seek other methods of amusement or profit or both.

When it is dark, all assemble once more in the Factory for supper; after which they settle down to a steady drinking of toasts. The chaplain, worthy man, thinking of his extra fifty pounds a year, goes to bed, and shuts his door and his ears. Gerald Aungier too retires; he is a quiet and sober man, and scenes like these are not to his taste. But the rest are determined to make a night of it; and in an hour or two, even the President has so far abandoned his dignified reserve, as to be swearing eternal friendship with both the captains of the East Indiamen, and talking, with tears in his voice, of his old home in Kent, which he hopes, please God, to see in a year or two. His tomb, in the old grave-yard, is the tallest of them all.

BALUCHISTAN.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE COUNTRY—LEGEND OF SOLOMON'S PEAK—THE KHAN OF KELAT—TREATY WITH THE BRITISH—PISHIN VALLEY—THE KHOJAK TUNNEL—THE QUETTA PLATEAU.

BALUCHISTAN, or the country of the Baloch, is an oblong strip of country occupying the extreme western corner of the Indian Empire. It is bounded on the south by the Arabian Sea, on the north by Afghanistan and the North-West Frontier Province, on the west by Persia and on the east by Sind and the Punjab. The prevailing characteristics of the country are mountains, intersected by large strips of sandy desert, narrow valleys and tiny glens. Starting from the western limit of the Province, the general trend of the mountains is in an easterly direction, but they generally curve northward, and as we approach the Sind frontier the mountains run due north and south. The country gradually slopes upward from the deserts of Khárán and Western Sanjrani on the west and from the sea-coast on the south till it reaches its greatest height in the elevated tableland which lies between Kalat and Hindubagh. The height above sea-level of the valleys occupying this plateau varies from 5,000 to 7,000 feet, while the surrounding mountains reach an elevation in many cases of nearly 12,000 feet.

Leaving this tableland and advancing towards Zhob, the strike of the mountains is again to the eastward until they diverge into two branches running north and south. On the south the hills decline through Thal Chotiali to the Punjab plains, while on the north they gradually rise to reach the limit of elevation in the Takhat-i-Sulaiman, the traditional home of the Afghans. This well-known peak is situated in the north-eastern corner of the Zhob District and is better known among the Afghans as Kasa-ghar. The story runs that Solomon once stood on its summit and from thence surveyed the kingdom of India. Here also was the home of the common ancestor of the Afghans, Qais Abdur-Rashid.

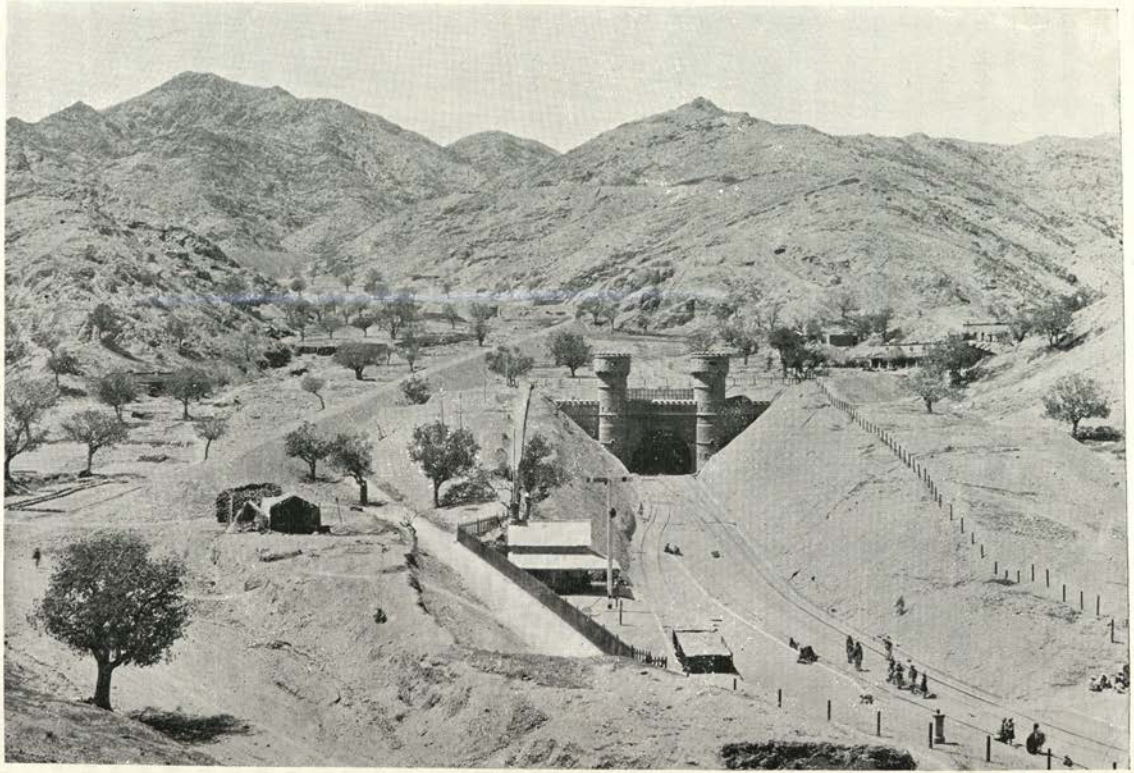
As a whole Baluchistan is a country of rugged, barren mountains and deserts, and stony plains, redeemed, wherever there is water, by thin

THE KHAN OF KELAT.

lines of cultivation, and occasional tree-clad mountains, which afford welcome relief to the eyes of the traveller wearied with the incessant glare of the sun-baked rocks and long gravel-strewn valleys.

The Khan of Kelat, the titular overlord of Baluchistan, nominally controls the arid mountain region, some ten times the size of Switzerland, that lies between Persia, Afghanistan, British India and the Arabian Sea; but of recent years a distinct change has overtaken the relations between the Khan and his sirdars. Mir Khodadad Khan, working through whom Sir Robert Sandeman wrought such an amazing change in Baluchistan, now lives in retirement at Pishin. With all his faults, he was a man of character, but under his successor the sirdars have come to look more to the British Government than to their traditional feudal Chief.

In the year 1839, when Shah Shujah was raised to the throne of Kabul, assisted by an armed force of British soldiers, it was considered of vital importance to enforce the allegiance of the Khan of Kalat to the Amir of Afghanistán. In November 1840, Kalat was stormed by a column of British troops, under the command of Sir Thomas Wiltshire, and Mehrab Khan fell in the assault. To the exclusion of the direct heir—Mir Nasir Khan—the Political Officers placed Shah Nawaz Khan upon the throne. During an insurrection which took place, Shah Nawaz Khan abdicated, and Mir Nasir Khan, on tendering his allegiance, and submission was acknowledged by the British authorities and the King of Kabul, as Khan, in his father's stead. The new Khan, however, was compelled by a treaty, dated 6th October 1841, to acknowledge himself and his descendants the vassals of the King of Kabul, in like manner as his ancestors were formerly the vassals of His Majesty's ancestors; to permit British troops to be stationed in his territories; to protect merchants from outrage, aggression, or any undue exactions, and not to enter into political negotiations with Foreign States. The Khan remained true to his engagements and loyal to the British



ENTRANCE TO THE KHOJAK TUNNEL.

Government; and in May 1854, under Lord Dalhousie's administration, this new treaty was formally executed. The Khan agreed (1) to act in subordinate co-operation with the British Government; (2) to allow British troops to occupy such positions as may be thought advisable by the British authorities; (3) to prevent outrage at or near British territory; and (4) to protect the passage of merchants to and fro between the British dominions and Afghanistan. The British Government on its part agreed to pay the Khan an annual subsidy of Rs. 50,000.

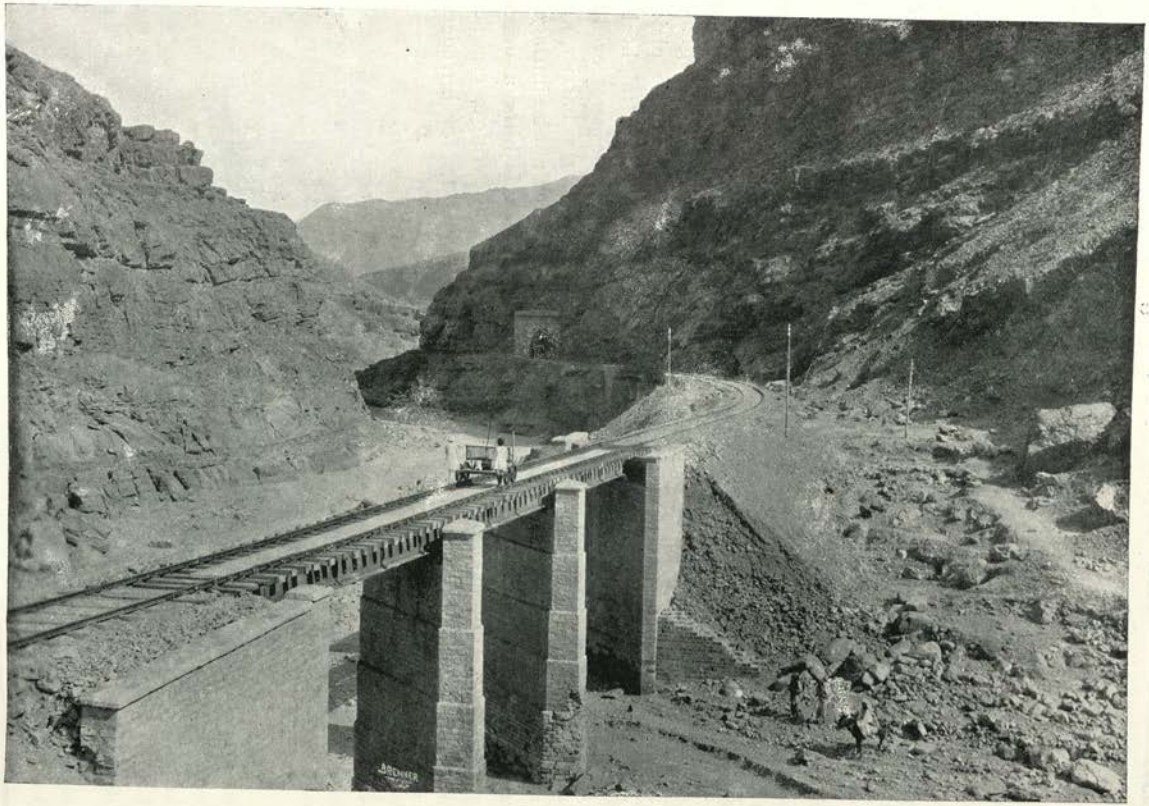
On the decease of Nasir Khan in 1857, he was succeeded by his younger brother, Mir Khodadad Khan, then sixteen years of age—a selection which was approved of by the chiefs of Baluchistan. But from this accession down to 1871, a series of disputes prevailed between the Khan and his chieftains, till, after several minor insurrections, it broke out into a formidable revolt against the Khan's authority. A state of anarchy and civil war continued to prevail on the frontier for several years afterwards. The British Government, though reluctant to have recourse to armed intervention, could no longer remain neutral. In these circumstances, the late Colonel (then Major) Sir Robert Sandeman was directed to proceed to Kalat, and to endeavour to settle amicably, in accordance with treaty obligations, the quarrels between the Khan and his Sirdars. The results of the negotiations were attended with marked success. Everything was satisfactorily arranged between the contending parties, and internal discord for ever after ceased. In July 1876, a formal meeting took place between the Khan and Lord Lytton, when the provisions of the treaty of 1854 were reaffirmed. The appointment of a Political Agent, as final referee in cases of disputes, was decided upon, and in perfect consonance with the treaty of 1854, Quetta was occupied by British troops. The subsidy granted to the Khan was accordingly increased from Rs. 50,000 to Rs. 1,00,000. Mir Khodadad Khan abdicated the Khanate and was succeeded by his eldest son, Mir Mahmud Khan, in August 1893.

The comparatively open country south of Kandahar butts against the Khwaj Amran mountains—more familiarly known as the Khojak Range. At the foot of the hill crouches the little station of Chaman—sixty miles from Kandahar—which is our actual frontier line against Eastern Afghanistan. The line, which, as it leaves Chaman, seems to butt right into the hills, climbs their flanking spurs in long sweeps, doubling back on each other like a hare's track, steadily mounting in much the same fashion as the

railway ascends the St. Gothard. To appreciate the character of the works, however, one should enjoy the privilege of a seat on the front of the engine, for then only can you realise the stiffness of the gradient, which makes the powerful locomotive sob like a distressed athlete, drawing its burden up a continuous slope of one in forty. The moment it dips into the Khojak Tunnel the air is filled with a metallic singing as if billions of cicalas had been disturbed and the atmosphere has the cold nippiness of a sharp frost. Suddenly there appears in the distance a faint torch-like gleam, which instantly changes into a flash of dazzling incandescence, stabbing the darkness like the acetylene headlight of an advancing locomotive. But it is the noonday sun penetrating the southern entrance, and the straining engine at once breathes freely, for the ascent is over, and it slides easily down the falling gradient. There is but one drawback; the water that pours in torrents from the roof is a reminder of the heavy body that was tapped when the tunnel was being bored, and handicapped the engineers until the headings were completed.

Of old the only route over the Khwaj Amran was the pass, trodden by the invaders of India, and if Sir Robert Sandeman had had his way, the railway would have crossed the hills by the path followed for centuries by truculent *powindahs*, as well as the foreign legions. But probably alarmed by their terribly costly experiences in the Bolan and the Harnai, the Government, in the late eighties, resolved on a tunnel, and, three years later, after a severe struggle with the inflowing water, the bore, which the late Amir likened to "a knife thrust in his vitals," was complete. After emerging from the mountain side, the railway climbs down the spurs of the Khwaj Amran for ten miles, and then enters the broad, open Pishin Valley.

The Pishin Valley flows placidly on until it strikes against the chain of hills hemming in Quetta, where it meets a mountain barrier, rising at Takatu, Murdar and Chhiltan to a height of near eleven thousand feet. It carries the easy line to Bostan, where it bifurcates, one branch running through to the famous Chappar Rift and Harnai, the other through Quetta and down the Bolan above the ruins of the two earlier lines wrecked by the floods, until they unite at Sibi. But the mountain barrier isolating Quetta is not complete. At Baleli a narrow neck of level ground unites the Quetta and Pishin Valleys, and the encircling chain of hills is broken by other passes.



Scene on the Bolan Railway.

The Quetta plateau flows north into the Pishin Valley through Baleli, and the Pishin plain washes the Khwaj Amran mountains, which constitute our real frontier against Western Afghanistan. But a frontier on the wrong side of the hills is apt to circumscribe the vision. So in the final rectification of the boundary line the demarcating pillars were pushed a few miles over the mountains into the champaign that lies across the watershed, and an arbitrary line was set up just beyond Chaman. Then, to avoid leaving the outpost in the air, the mountains were pierced by the Khojak Tunnel, and a double line of rails run from the junction of the Bolan and Harnai routes at Bostan into the open country that leads to Kandahar.

And what a frontier! From Cape Comorin to Peshawar there is nothing more typically illustrative of the unpretentiousness of Indian administrative methods. From the railway station a well macadamised road leads to within a mile of the whitened pillars which mark off India from Afghanistan. Thence the old highway to Kandahar meanders through the plain, and unless you were told that the boundary marks existed, you might be pardoned for wandering into forbidden territory. Not a soldier, not even a *chowkidar*, places a bar upon your progress. Not a Customs' barrier, not an octroi post, warns you that the Amir's possessions must not be infringed upon. The prairie rolls on until it strikes the low ochreous hills a dozen miles away. Half that distance from you there rises a little ridge, crowned by Spin Baldak Fort, where the Amir's Governor keeps watch for intruders, and for subjects who disobey his own peculiar laws.

A Baluch Encampment.

QUETTA.

STRATEGIC IMPORTANCE—THE INDIAN STAFF COLLEGE—DEFENCE WORKS.

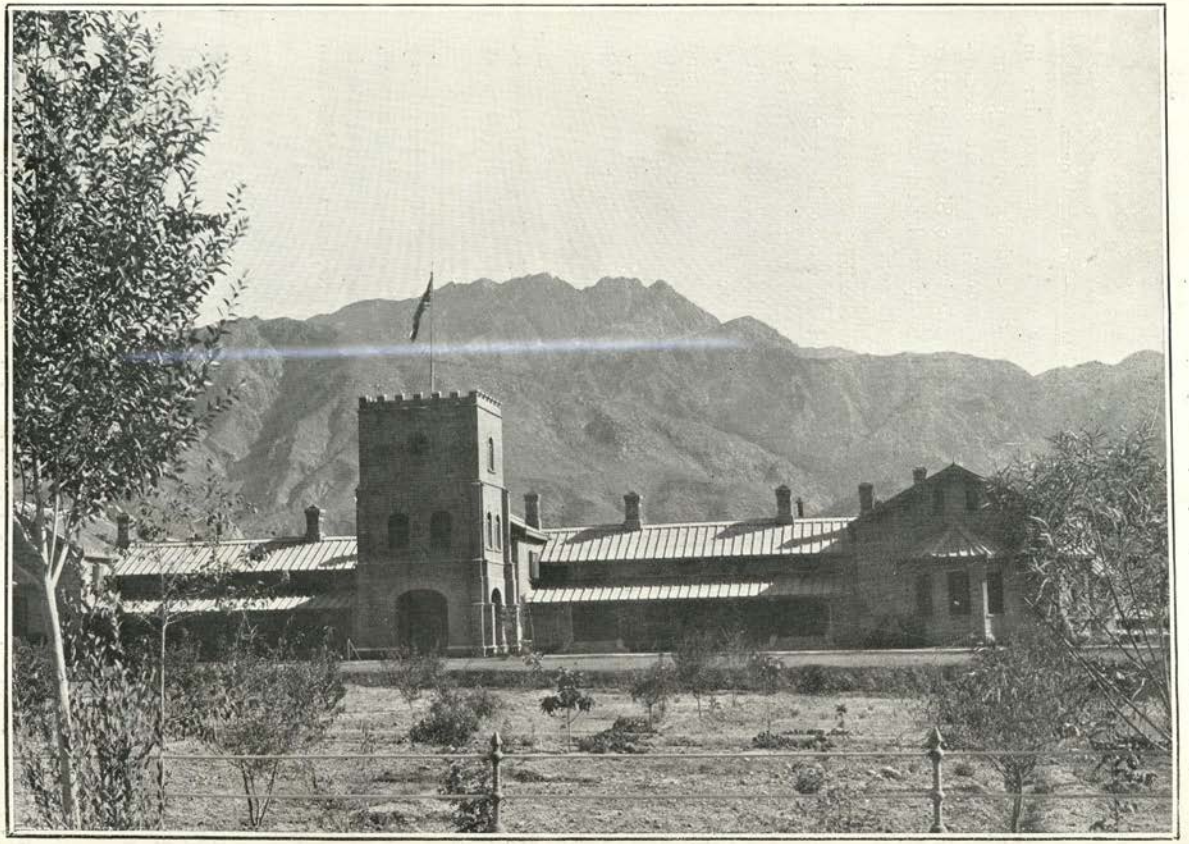
Quetta is a gay and lively station, one of the most popular in Northern India, and has the reputation of being a decidedly sporting one. Though it is a Siberia in winter, it is not in summer, as might be supposed, judging from the climate of the adjoining province of Sind, altogether a Sahara, as, during the hot season, the heat is tempered by the cool winds from the heights and Quetta is 5,000 feet above the sea.

Thirty years ago, Quetta, then known as Shalkot, was a miserable little frontier post surrounded by a mud wall, which was so shaky that "it looked as if the vibration from its one mountain gun would bring it to the ground." Its garrison corresponded to its size and importance, consisting of "one gun crew, a company of infantry, and twenty mounted men." It is now a fine, well-built town, with broad avenues, handsome roads and large bazaars. There are practically three Quettas, the native town on the south side of the "Thames," as the Shalkot river, with a pathetic clinging to home associations is quaintly termed ; adjoining, but distinct, is the civil station, containing many fine buildings, clubs, hospitals, institutes, banks, libraries, hotels, etc. On this side, too, there is also a large recreation ground (which boasts the finest stretch of turf in India), including a race-course and a polo-ground. Then on the north side of the river is the modern fort, the cantonments, and the parade ground.

It serves also as the hill station for Karachi, but before the railway was built from Jacobabad a sojourn at Quetta was dreaded as banishment. At present it is a salubrious resort, thanks to the projected artificial lake in the Hanna Valley, artesian wells and other improvements which have made the cantonment an oasis in the desert.

A few miles from the railway station and under the shadow of the hills that are glory of the Quetta landscape is situated the Indian Staff College, established in 1905, and formally opened by Lieut.-General Sir H. L. Smith-Dorrien in June 1907. The college buildings consist of a central block for instructional purposes and detached quarters for officers.

Strategically Quetta is even more important than Peshawar, as it is on the direct route of what many military experts consider will be the line of advance should the invasion of India ever be seriously attempted. The elaborate fortifications at Baleli which defend Quetta, and command



THE INDIAN STAFF COLLEGE, QUETTA.

all the passes which debouch on the Quetta plain, have cost some three millions, and have made Quetta the most formidable place of arms in India, its defences being far more extensive and modern than those of Attock. Baleli, some seven miles north of Quetta, is the centre of the great defence works whose lines extend thirty-six miles. The best view of these formidable works, some of which were constructed since the lessons taught by the South African War and embody the most modern ideas in the art of fortification, is obtained from Lockhart Fort on the eminence known as the Wolseley Ridge. Here the whole system of the defence is seen like a relief map, and the significance of the intricate series of outworks, trenches, gun emplacements, traverses, batteries, etc., will be appreciated.

Next to the Baleli Defence Works the great sight of Quetta is the famous Bolan Pass Railway, where passengers are carried into the heart of some of the boldest mountain scenery in India. It seems curious in this wild, mountainous, and sparsely populated region to find a duplicate railway to Quetta. The Bolan Pass line was long the despair of engineers, and a bone of contention between the provincial and the central Government, and would probably have existed only on paper but for the Russian scare induced by the historic Penjdeh incident of 1885. By the beginning of 1887 the Bolan Pass line was open for traffic, but being laid for the most part on the river bed was naturally much subject to floods. Indeed, some fifty miles of the original track was given up, and a new and more direct line was built in 1892 from Sibi through the Mushkhaf Valley, joining the old line at the beginning of the Bolan Pass.

The original line (officially known as the Sind-Pishin Railway), *via* Harnai, which crosses the famous Chappar Rift, is far more solidly laid and has a gauge of 5 feet 6 inches. It cost a very large sum, as a great deal of tunnelling, cutting, and embanking was necessary. The Chappar Rift is the most sensational scenic feature of this railway. It is a stupendous limestone gorge crossed by a bridge known as the Louise Margaret Bridge. This was so called in honour of the Duchess of Connaught, who opened the bridge during her visit to Quetta in March 1887.

QUETTA: THE BAZAAR IN WINTER.

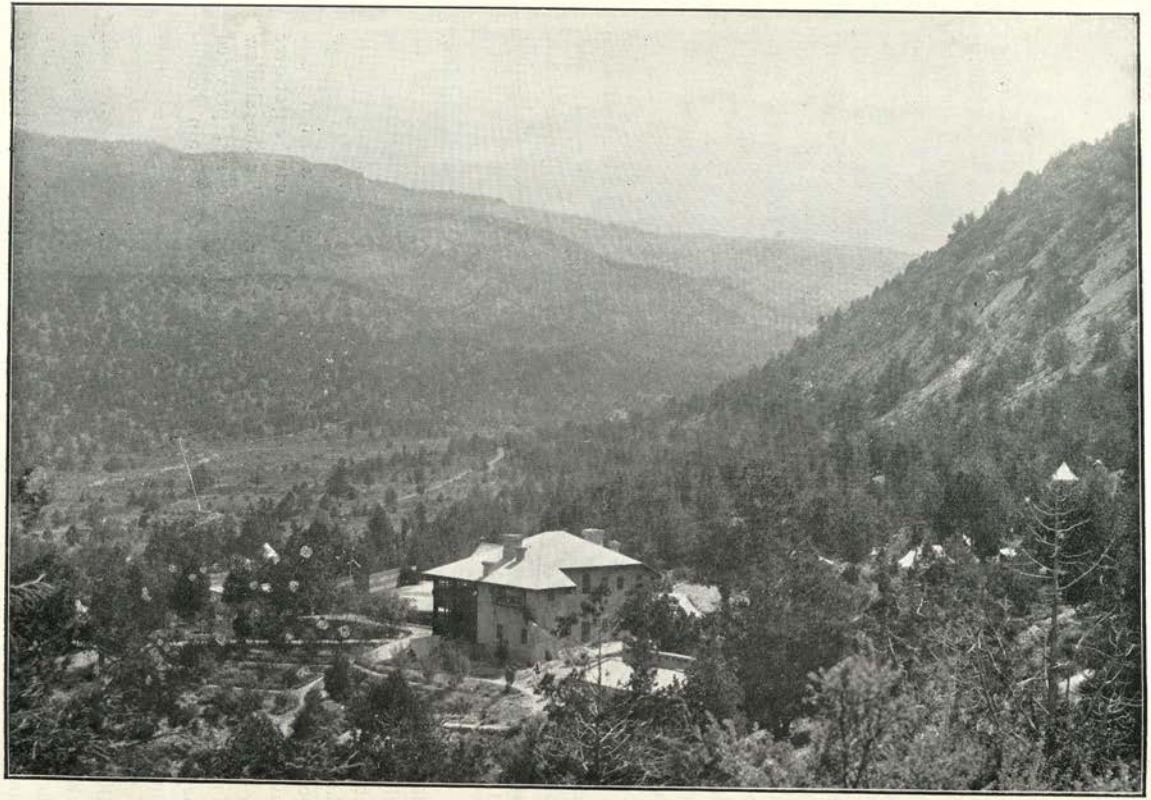
ZIARAT.

A Charming Hill Station—Under the Juniper Tree.

Beyond official circles practically little is known of this charming little hill-station. To the general public it is a *terra incognita*, but if its merits were known, it would soon become the summer resort not only of the Baluchistan officials, but also of the non-official residents of Baluchistan and Sind. Situated at an altitude of 8,000 feet in a forest of juniper—the only forest in Baluchistan—the fresh, exhilarating mountain air, laden with the refreshing odour from the "Juniper Forest" and tempered with showers of rain, puts fresh life and energy into the jaded visitors from the parched and arid districts of Sind and Baluchistan. The forest itself is refreshing to the eyes after the treeless and waterless deserts and barren bleak khaki-coloured hills of Baluchistan and Sind. The journey to this delightful little spot—the Capua of the Baluchistan officials—is an easy and comfortable one either from Sind or Baluchistan.

From Sibi, the lower junction of the Bolan and Sind-Pishin-Harnai (loop) line of railway, one has a choice of routes either *via* Quetta and Bostan—the upper junction of the above two lines of railway—to Kach station on the Sibi-Pishin-Harnai line, or from Sibi direct to Kach station without coming to Quetta.

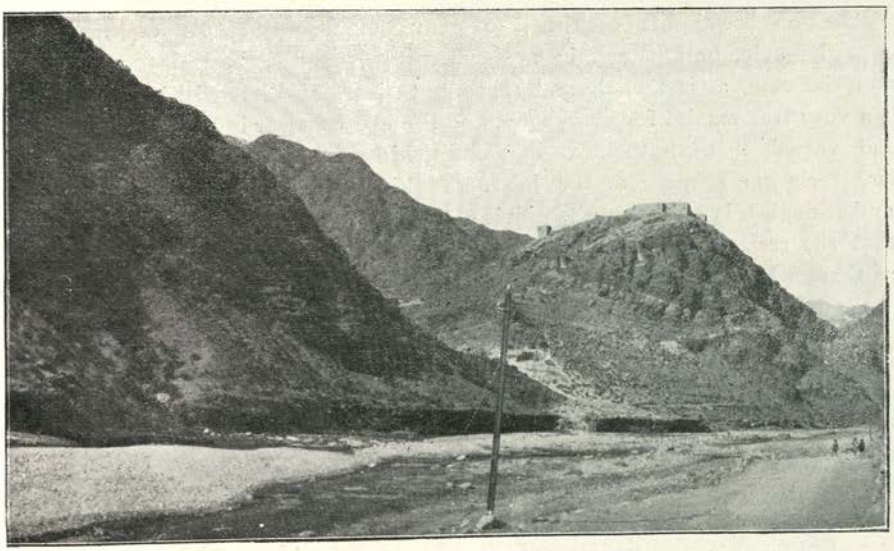
At Ziarat there is no accommodation except at the "dak" bungalow and its annexe, both together being able to accommodate from 12 to 14 only, with two in each room; and to make sure of accommodation it is necessary to write to the officer in charge, the Political Assistant of Sibi, who resides at Ziarat during the season—June to September—to engage rooms which can only be guaranteed for 15 days at a time—earlier arrivals having to make room for the later ones. But this difficulty can be got over by using tents, as at that time of the year tents pitched under the shadow of the juniper trees are quite as cool and comfortable as houses, provided they are water-tight, as there are sudden and smart showers of rain accompanied by thunderstorms pretty well all through the summer and autumn. Yet there are never any of those depressing mists so common to all other hill-stations to obscure the view, and, even after the heaviest shower, which seldom lasts long, the sun shines out brightly, so that there is always a cheerfulness about Ziarat which is absent from other hill-stations, and one can be out of doors continually, so much so that when people up there are



THE RESIDENCY AT ZIARAT.

not out riding or walking or on an expedition, they spend most of their time during the day in booths thatched with juniper boughs built round the trunk of one or more juniper trees which have quite a picturesque, rustic appearance.

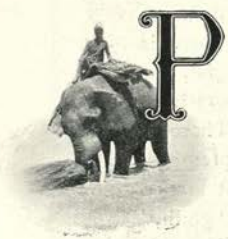
At Ziarat it is peaceful and quiet—a haven of rest, a paradise to the invalid or hard-worked dweller of the plains. Yet there is plenty to amuse one. For the admirer of Nature's marvellous and stupendous work there is ample opportunity of studying and exploring the scenery; the geologist, the artist and the botanist may indulge their respective tastes; for the sportsman with gun or rifle, there is ample opportunity to prove his worth. There is splendid "chikor" shooting when the season opens, from the 1st September, when it is not an uncommon thing for a couple of guns to account for 50 brace in a few hours; and for him with the rifle there is the wily "gadh," or wild mountain sheep, and "markhur" to test endurance and skill.



FORT ALI MASJID.

PESHAWAR.

A Charming Station—The City—General Avitabile—The Bazaar—A Trip up the Khyber Pass.



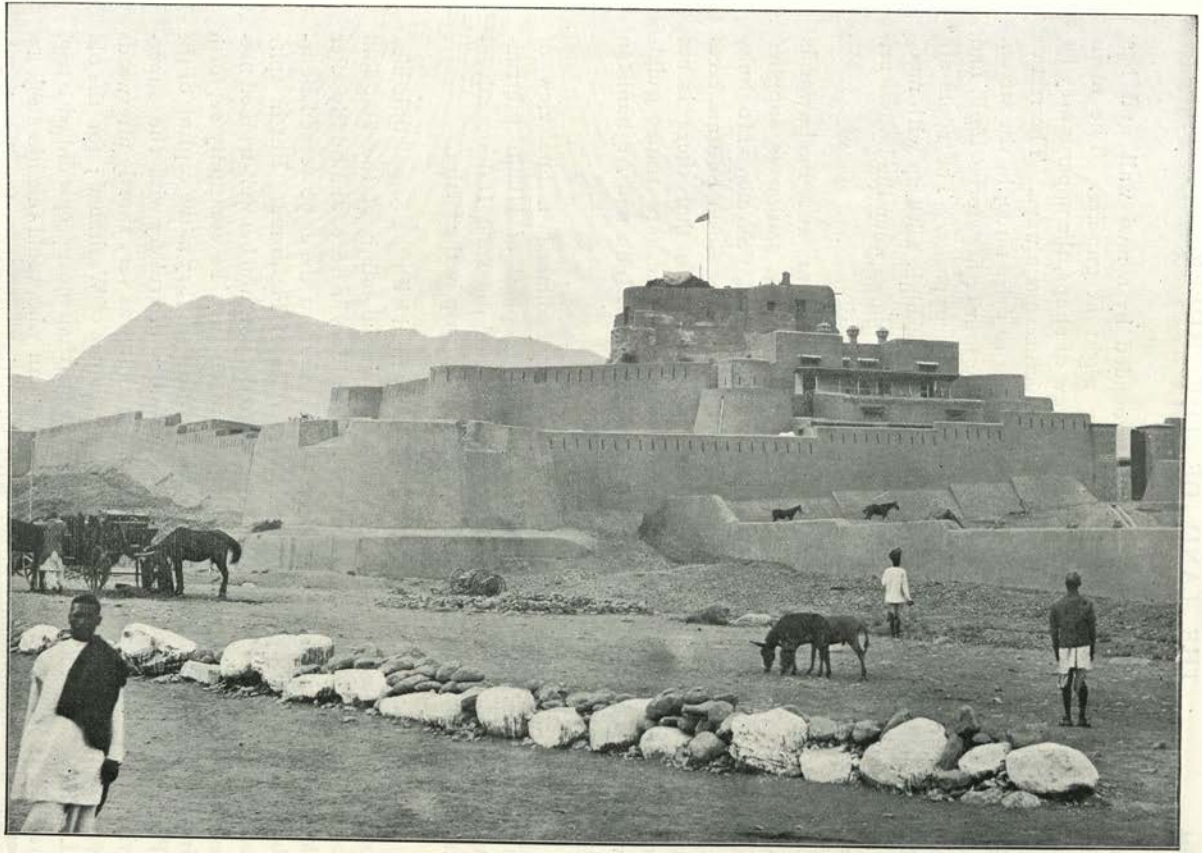
PESHAWAR is the intensely fascinating sentinel town which was first the link knitting the early Moghul sovereigns to their Central Asian fatherland, then developed into the outpost which guarded the passes for the Sikhs, and now stands watch and ward over the troublous mountain line which may be summed up in the single word, Khyber.

Who has ever been to Peshawar and failed to be charmed with it as a station? The Mall itself is a sight to see, with its avenues of trees, its rose hedges and flower-beds full of lovely flowers on either hand—its bungalows nearly all surrounded by green lawn and palms and flowers.

The social life of the European community jogs on merrily enough—polo, golf (the links are charming), tennis, badminton, riding and the club, attract each and all its votaries. "What will be, will be" is a very true maxim for everybody, and life in Peshawar is more interesting and varied than that down in sleepy Madras or even Central India. One feels one is more at the heart of things on the frontier like this, and though it is something like living on the edge of a volcano, one knows that the residents in a volcanic region are as loth to leave their country as those whose fate is cast upon a quieter shore.

The site of the Cantonment is a curved elevation looking towards the Khyber hills. It has been occupied by British troops ever since the annexation of the Punjab in 1848-1849. The Residency, the only old building of note in the district, was formerly the garden retreat of Ali Mardan Khan, one of the Durani chiefs, and is now used as the Treasury. St. John's Church, the new "Guest House," and the double-storeyed barracks are among the modern buildings.

Peshawar City is about 13 or 14 miles east of the entry to the Khyber Pass, and about 190 miles south of Kabul. The lovely gardens to the south so famed for their fruit, are the great resort of the people, especially



JAMRUD FORT, THAT GUARDS THE ENTRANCE TO THE KHYBER.

in the spring months. The city is surrounded by a mud wall and has sixteen gateways which are closed every night at gun-fire. The main street entered from the Kabul Gate is a row of shops, the upper storey let out as lodgings usually, it is paved and is picturesque always. The rest of the city is very Oriental and most interesting to drive through, the streets are usually very narrow, the houses are usually four or five stories high, and project so that they nearly touch the buildings opposite. The roofs are flat and enclosed by woodwork six or seven feet high, filled up with mud, so they can be used on winter days and summer nights when the houses are impossible to sleep in.

The water supply from the wells is excellent, and Peshawar is one of the best drained cities of the Punjab. The station is supplied with tap water. The population is very mixed, Sayads, Moghuls, Pathans, Kashmiris, Brahmins, Khatris, and other Cosmopolitan races all live in and about the city, and the marvel is that there is not more trouble. Most of the population is divided into trade guilds with recruits from all the various tribes in Northern India and Afghanistan and the countries to the north and west.

The Ghor Khattri to the east of the city commands a fine view of all the surrounding country. It was originally a place of Hindu pilgrimage, dates back to 1519, and was the home of the stout Italian adventurer, Avitabile, who held Peshawar in his iron grip in the forties.

Born in 1791, Avitabile, who was early fired with the Napoleonic idea of *la gloire*, became a conscript in the provincial militia of the kingdom of Naples, passed into the royal corps of artillery in 1810, and finally after Murat had been forced to yield up the kingdom to the dispossessed Bourbons, joined a half-pay battalion in the service of Ferdinand. But in spite of admirable service, promotion came not to the youthful but well-trained fire-eater; and, throwing up his commission in disgust, he eventually set forth in 1817 upon that fateful journey which ended in 1827 in the capital of the Punjab. There he was appointed commandant of artillery with the supervision of the Sikh arsenals and foundries; but was very shortly afterwards promoted to be military governor of the province of Wazirabad; for the old Lion of Lahore, who saw more with his one eye than most people did with two, realized at once that in Avitabile, he had a man who would rule his subjects, Sikhs and Mahomedans alike, with impartial severity. Ranjit Singh's judgment was not at fault and yet with all his severity Avitabile was a just

ruler, as the impartial verdict of the Rev. I. N. Allen of Bombay proves, and could not have maintained his position in those troublous times without severe examples. Moreover there were strange outburstings of affection and of pity in his wild heart, which must mitigate, if they do not entirely revoke, the charge of savagery so often laid upon him. His faculty for judging and appraising the native character was almost phenomenal; and combining this, as he did with a ready wit he naturally acquired the reputation of a very Solomon. Avitabile's wit and faculty for governing a rebellious people were only equalled by his love of ostentation and his truly oriental view of marriage. Think of his splendid dress, his costly chargers and equipages, and his establishment of eight cooks, who were described by Captain (afterwards Sir Henry) Havelock as well-versed in all the mysteries of Persian, English and French gastronomy. Right faithfully too did he carry out the terms of the contract which Ranjit Singh made with all his foreign Generals, that they should eschew tobacco, grow their beards and marry native wives. Avitabile married "with oriental profusion and in a letter to Allard mentions with evident gusto the royal recognition bestowed on one of the many inmates of his harem." And yet in spite of the lavish scale on which his daily life and his hospitality was ordered, he managed to accumulate a large fortune, which with the help of the Political Agent at Ludhiana and afterwards of Lord Ellenborough, he contrived to deposit in Leadenhall Street without the intervention of any broker.

General Avitabile.
(*From a photo-reproduction of Colesworthy Grant's sketch.*)

Such was the man who in 1843 left Peshawar for ever, worn out with the strain of his duties and heart-sick for a sight of his old Neapolitan

A Street Scene in Peshawar City.

home. Great honours were heaped upon him in Europe: the Iron Duke granted him a special interview and the Court of Directors of the East India Company presented him with a sword valued at 300 guineas in return for his co-operation with the British army during the Afghan campaign.

Peshawar is more a place of trade than of manufacture. From Central Asia and Kabul raw silk, silk fabrics, velvet, woollen carpets, Russian and Kabul leathers, poshteens, furs, fruits, drugs, etc., etc., are received and passed on southward for the most part. Peshawar is itself famous throughout the district for its lungis, cutlery, pottery, leather work, snuff and coarse cloths. The Peshawar pottery, in its lovely greens, vies with that of Multan in its fine shades of blue, but it seems impossible to get the potters to improve on old methods. What was good enough for their forebears does very well for them so that it will never bring them in much lasting revenue. The manufacture of arms Peshawar has long been famous for, and it is not always easy to distinguish between foreign importations and local products.

What an absorbing study is this bazaar of Peshawar! The place has such an evil reputation that the stranger may be forgiven if he sees a *ghazi* in every hook-nosed Pathan, and fancies that a knife point is tickling his ribs every time he brushes against a native. But after a little while he learns that the bazaar in Peshawar is not so very different from others in Northern India whose reputations have no sinister taint. The life of the city is pursued in full public gaze just as it is elsewhere in the East. Near the Edwardes Gate the coppersmiths ply their noisy trade, hammering out carafes of graceful design but the roughest workmanship, which they seek to disguise under a cheap coating of tin. Here is many a Russian samovar, which must have drifted from Moscow across the plains of Turkestan, through the Afghan passes, until it was cast ashore in the Frontier City. Hard by, the workers in Afridi wax-cloth are tracing on rough cotton fabrics designs in blue and gold that betray a Japanese origin. At the furriers the keen bargainer can buy sables at a tenth of the price asked in Bond Street and gorgeous sheep-skin coats which, the wise tell you, will poison the owner with their odour in a month. And if one be fortunate, in the tortuous side streets, Arabian in their silence, one may light on peerless carpets from Bokhara and Samarkand. All this is but the reflection of what may be seen in any bazaar in India; it is the men

who give Peshawar its distinctive character. There is none of the eager chaffering of the Bania, the Khoja or the Parsi; if the "Presence" wishes to purchase he may; if not, Ali Mahomed cares nothing. The men of fine stature and free swinging gait from across the border take the wall for no one. They swagger along with independent air and half-insolent look—tribesmen from Kabul and Central Asia side by side with the Peshawari, rude in attire, picturesquely wild in bearing—as if the Peshawar Valley was still an appanage of the Pathan and had never been torn from his distracted grip by Ranjit Singh's Sikhs. When at gun-fire the sixteen gates of the wall with which Avitabile gartered the city are closed, they shut in as much rascality as can be found in equal compass in the East.

Yet even in its most peaceful aspect you are never allowed to forget the stern military purpose that governs the holding of Peshawar. The lower windows of the barracks are as straitly barred as those of a gaol—a precaution against the most expert rifle thieves in the world, spurred by the knowledge that a Lee-Metford smuggled across the frontier is worth five hundred rupees and means mastery in a blood-feud.

The famous Khyber Pass itself is not the succession of horrific defiles conjured up by the stories of 1839, 1878 and 1897. Only a few miles just past Ali Masjid are approximate to these imaginings. Much of the route is open valley, well populated and cultivated. Although the Pass is only open to traffic twice a week, in times of pressure like the present baggage carts go up and down daily, as free from depredations as they would be in the Chandni Chowk. The picturesque tatterdemalion lying in wait behind the rock, who pounces on the English traveller, is not a *ghazi* or a truculent *powindah*. He is only an Afridi Autolycus, anxious to palm off Brummagem wares as genuine Afghan knives. The dirty little ragamuffins, the warm hue of health mantling their olive skins, who shout as your tonga passes, are not calling down curses on the *Feringhi*. No, it is only the Hindustani variant of the clamour heard wherever the English congregate: "*Ek paisa Sahib, ek paisa*" the youthful chorus to the eternal Eastern cry for *bakshish*. Clamorous hawkers and mendicant children in the Khyber! This is, indeed, a time of disillusionment. And yet if these peaceful signs now in the forefront are accepted as embodying the conditions of life on the frontier, they would breed fresh illusions. The embers of racial hate and religious madness are still warm on the hearth. No man knows whence or whither will come the breeze that may fan them into flame.

SUMMIT OF KOHAT PASS.

PARACHINAR.

Landi Kotal, too, has been transformed out of all semblance to its ordinary guise. The events of the last ten years have made all of us familiar with the characteristics of this lonely outpost of the Empire. The fort is a modest building of stone and sun-dried brick, sheltering some six hundred of the Khyber Rifles. Alas, one cannot say that "Ever upon the topmost height the banner of England flew," but in its present condition it may be regarded as impregnable against any enemy unprovided with artillery. Clinging to the fort is the protected serai, wherein the bi-weekly caravans find shelter. These ordinarily are the solitary buildings in the centre of the long Landi Kotal plateau, though a few frontier villages cling to the fringe of the valley.

Very interesting is a trip up the Khyber. The Pass is only open on special days and a permit must be obtained from the Political Officer in charge of it; he has his office at Fort Jamrud. A lady writing some time ago in the *Times of India Illustrated Weekly*, gave the following graphic description of a visit to the famous Pass :—

"We drove a long way in tongas, and at last drove out into the open and saw the hills, snow capped before us. At the appointed place we all had to get out, and each had to write his or her name and address twice over in the book provided, then we drove on and on. The dust and wind were very trying and the air bitterly cold; it was between 9 and 10 o'clock in the morning then, and we had to leave the Pass by 3 o'clock in the afternoon Khyber riflemen were patrolling the road and watching us all the time. It was such a quaint experience, the road wound about on and up, then down and round again, the hills on either hand bleak, bare and forbidding; it reminded me of the road to Kashmir, only with all its lovely verdure and rushing streams taken away.

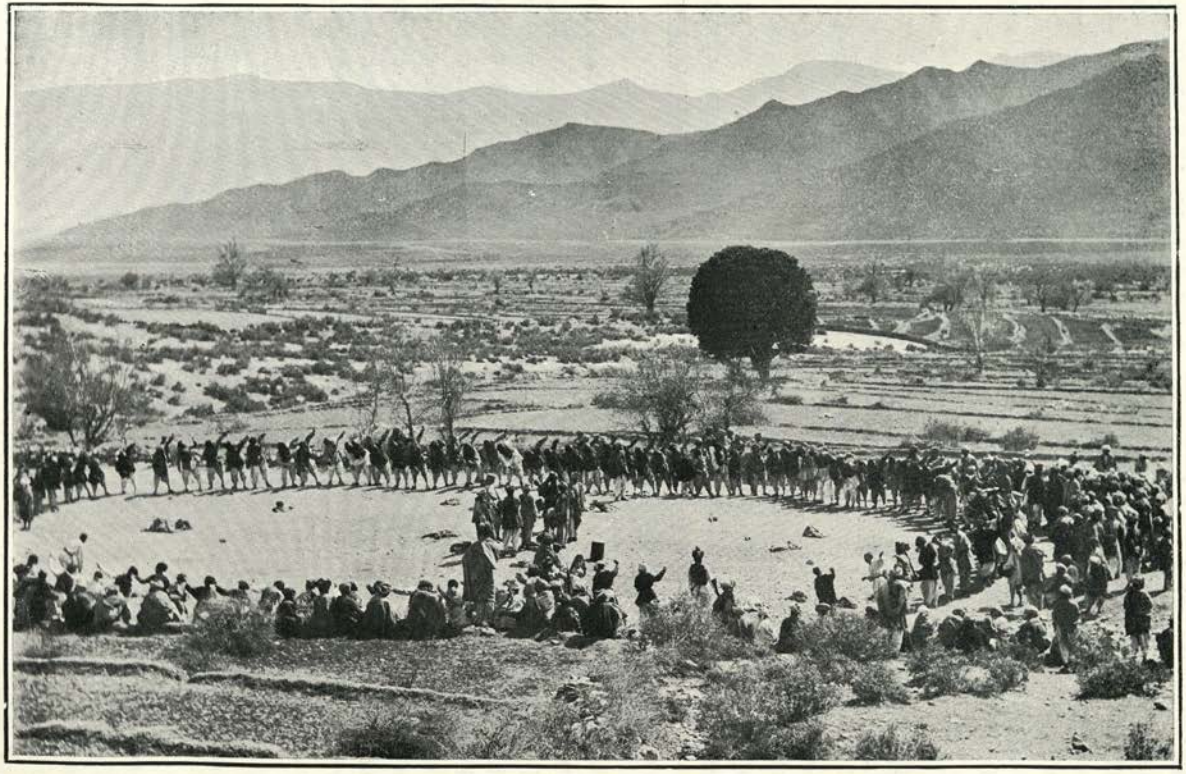
"We passed several Afridi villages, our driver pointed them out to us—mere holes in the rocks from which the smoke emerged and here and there a baby—or was it a dog?—gambolling before the hole.

"At intervals of a few miles amidst those dreary heights were tiny forts all able to communicate with each other and Jamrud and the world beyond. We were strictly forbidden to attempt to explore these forts, nor did we want to, the climb was deterrent enough. We drove on as far as it was permitted to the tomb of some saint, just at the curve of the Pass and under the frowning walls of a fort, perched high above us, we sat under a shady wall,

sheltered from the wind and began our lunch. Suddenly without any warning, round huge boulders to our left, came a caravan from Kabul, and a most fascinating and absorbing sight it was. The procession seemed endless and indeed we had to follow after it very shortly after the last camel had really disappeared. They came scrambling down a stony pathway, over a rippling brook, and nearly over us as we sat staring up at the huge camels.

"Tiny smiling or grave-eyed children bestrode these shaggy beasts with apparent ease, not a whit dismayed at their lofty perches, and bowed with dignity as the creatures swayed forward; then came fierce-looking men, gipsy-looking women, more children, huge dogs, all I noticed on leash—and how I wanted those dogs!—tiny donkeys carrying clamouring cocks and hens, a bullock or two, several ponies and goats, more dogs, more people, more everything and everybody. They looked on us with evident suspicion; some of the children howled outright, which hurt our feelings. Some would snatch the cakes offered and fly; others, braver, stared at us till it was not themselves that were put out of countenance.

"We drove into the thick of the cavalcade returning, and some of the camels struck terror into my soul. They were so imposing with their shaggy hair, and so truculent looking. But I noticed that a frail old woman would force some hairy monster down, and re-arrange his pack quite calmly whilst his groans were heart rending, but evidently meant nothing dangerous. Some of the children skipped after us laughing; we remarked on the fairness of their hair, but discovered on reaching home it must have been the dust judging by the state of our own! That day in the Khyber Pass, will ever remain a red letter one in my memory, and was well worth the cold and fatigue it entailed."



A Festival Dance by Kurram Tribesmen.

THE KURRAM VALLEY.

THE VALLEY ROUTE TO KABUL—THE TURIS—PARACHINAR—AFGHAN OUTPOSTS.

An interesting route to the Kurram Valley, the valley route to Kabul, is that from Peshawar over the Kohat Pass to Kohat, a distance of forty miles. The defile of the pass from Aimal Chabutra to its exit on the Kohat side, two or three miles from Kohat, is about eighteen miles and throughout its length passes through Afridi country, principally occupied by the Adam Khel. Both at Aimal Chabutra and at the summit of the pass, which is close on 3,000 feet above sea level, are strongly fortified posts capable of holding about 100 rifles, with flanking defences and *machicouli* galleries, typical of all the border forts on this part of the frontier. They are built of stone covered with mud, and are garrisoned by the Kohat Border Police. The Adam Khels do a large trade in imitating modern rifles and one of their factories may be seen at a village a few miles within the defile from the Peshawar side, only a few feet from the side of the road, where several hand-turned lathes may be seen busy boring barrels. The finished article looks serviceable enough and though the sighting is probably not very accurate, the bullet doubtless hits hard enough where it finds its mark. A large number of the natives met with in the pass are armed with rifles, and it is advisable for European travellers to be provided with some sort of fire-arm when performing the journey.

After leaving Kohat, a pretty little frontier military station and the base of operations during the Tirah campaign of 1897-98, Hangu, rather less than half-way to Thal, is reached where in the cold weather is stationed the head-quarters of a native infantry battalion, which in the hot weather moves up to Fort Lockhart on the Samana Range, an elevation of 5,000 to 6,500 feet. Both that fort and Gulistan at the western end of the range can be clearly seen with the naked eye, and a little further on the famous Dargai cliff can be distinguished.

At Thal the Kurram River is first met with at its junction with the Shangroba River. Close to the railway station is a fort capable of holding a garrison of some 150 men, while a little further up the valley is a small border police post, and a hospital mission house. The distance from Thal to Parachinar (at the head of the valley, and the head-quarters of the Kur-

DISTANT VIEW OF THE KOHAT PASS FROM THE PESHAWAR VALLEY.

A BIT OF AFGHANISTAN: FROM THE PEIWAR KOTAL.

ram Militia), is 56 miles, by a good tonga road, during the entire length of which at intervals of a few miles are posts garrisoned by that corps. The valley is occupied by the Turis and Bangashes, and it was at the invitation of the former, that the Indian Government occupied the valley some eighteen years ago to prevent them from falling a prey to the surrounding Afghan and Afridi tribes, who cast envious eyes on their lands on account of their fertility and richness. In addition to this the Turis are of the Shiah sect, and as such are the natural enemies of the surrounding Sunni tribes. The Turis are a hardy, determined race who but for their dogged qualities of pluck and endurance would long ago have been exterminated by their neighbours. They are well armed, and the civilian population loyally assist us in keeping law and order in the valley and in resisting the depredations of our mutual enemies. They go about their daily avocations in their fields armed, and that this is not merely for show, frequent instances of these arms having to be used for purposes of self-defence, testify.

The Kurram Valley from a short distance beyond Thal to Parachinar is perhaps one of the most beautiful in this part of the world. The river flows between steep banks, varying in height, covered with waving crops, verdant green in the spring. The breadth of the valley varies from a narrow gorge near Thal to a plain of four or five miles at Parachinar, cattle abound, trees are numerous, and at every few miles interval there are one or more

walled villages with at least one fortified tower, the whole flanked by foot hills and mountains on both sides. When Alizai, about 20 miles up the valley, is approached, there is a beautiful view of the snow-covered Safed Koh range behind, and north of Parachinar, the latter being a pretty, tree-planted cantonment, rectangular in shape with *pucca*-built bungalows and compounds of grass, planted with flowers and vegetables. It is situated in a large plain some miles in extent, sloping gradually up to the foot hills of the Safed Koh, which rise some three or four miles distant. There is a large fort close to the cantonment for occupation in case of necessity. To the north-west is clearly visible the Peiwar Kotal situated just below the Sikaram Peak (15,650 feet), the most westerly point of the Safed Koh. The summit of the pass is from 14 to 15 miles distant from Parachinar. Six miles from Parachinar Shalozan, a village noted for its beautiful women, is reached. Shalozan was the birth-place of the grandmother of the late Amir, Abdur Rahman, of Afghanistan.

At the foot of the pass is a militia post on a small knoll, and just beyond this the track which, up to there is only a gradual incline, makes a sharp zig-zagged ascent, steep but rideable. The actual pass itself is commanded on either side by eminences some 200 feet high, and the whole of the slopes leading up to it and beyond are covered with fine trees. The ridge which the pass crosses is the boundary line between British and Afghan territory, and there is an Afghan post within a few hundred yards. The height of the pass is 8,500 feet above sea level, Parachinar being 5,700 feet. Kabul, *via* the Shutargardan Pass, the route taken by Roberts in 1879 is about 90 miles distant.

On the road between Parachinar and the Peiwar Kotal can distinctly be seen the British and Afghan posts, about 1,000 yards apart, on the left bank of the Kurram at Karlachi, about 10 miles south-west of Parachinar. The Afghan post is held by regular troops under a captain, and it is there that the joint British and Afghan Commissions, the former under Mr. J. Donald, C.I.E., recently settled the causes of dispute with the neighbouring tribes.

MALAKAND AND CHITRAL.

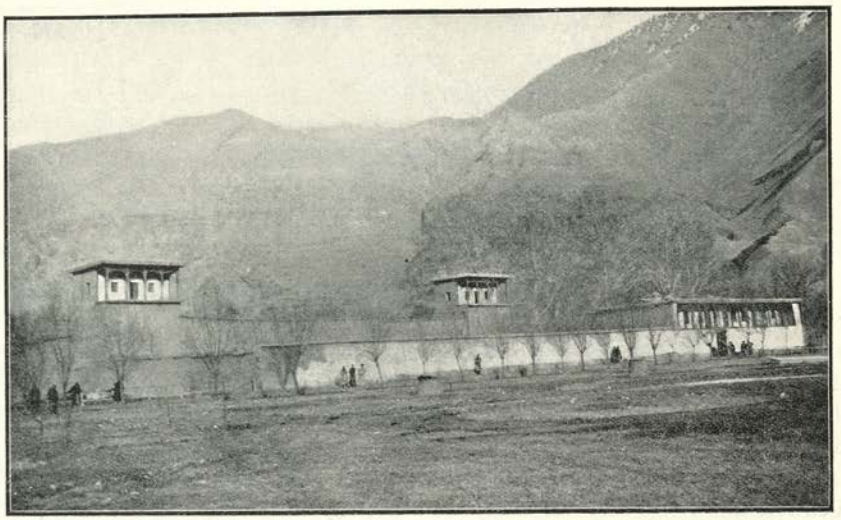
"The Broken Road"—Chakdara—Ancient City of Massaga—The Malakand Tunnel—Chitral and its Ruler.

Chakdara with its fort is the last outpost of civilisation on "The Broken Road" and as seen from the left bank of the Swat River is pleasing to the eye and impressive; a fine bridge spans the river. A few miles beyond Chakdara the road to Chitral turns abruptly and enters the rich valley which terminates in the Katyola Pass which is some 3,000 feet above sea level, and beyond this point there opens out the fertile valley of Talash in which are extensive ruins, said to be those of the ancient city of Massaga which Alexander the Great destroyed on his way to India. Alexander, it is recorded, marched on India after dividing his force at Kabul into two armies one of which proceeded by the direct route through the Khyber to Peshawar. In regard to Alexander himself Curtius described how "Alexander fording the Gurœus entered the country between it and the Suastus, the chief city of which was Massaga." The Gurœus there can be no doubt is the modern Panjkora whilst the Suastus is evidently the Swat River.

The work in connection with the Upper Swat Canal scheme, which includes the tunnelling of the Malakand, is now well advanced.

The position originally contemplated in the project was at Chakdara, but it has since been found that this led to some difficulties in the alignment of the canal between the head and the tunnel at Malakand. The new site is situated a few miles down the stream from Chakdara and is almost an equally good one for a weir, while it possesses several advantages in other respects. For one thing, although it slightly increases the length of the longest tunnel of the scheme, it reduces the length of the main line of the canal, and is thus economical in the matter of the total expenditure involved. It is down this channel that the water from the Swat River will pour on its way to the canals which are to irrigate the sloping land on the south of the Malakand.

The State of Chitral is an important one on account of its situation on the confines of the northern border of British India, and as the country is intersected with many northern passes, it had been the policy of the



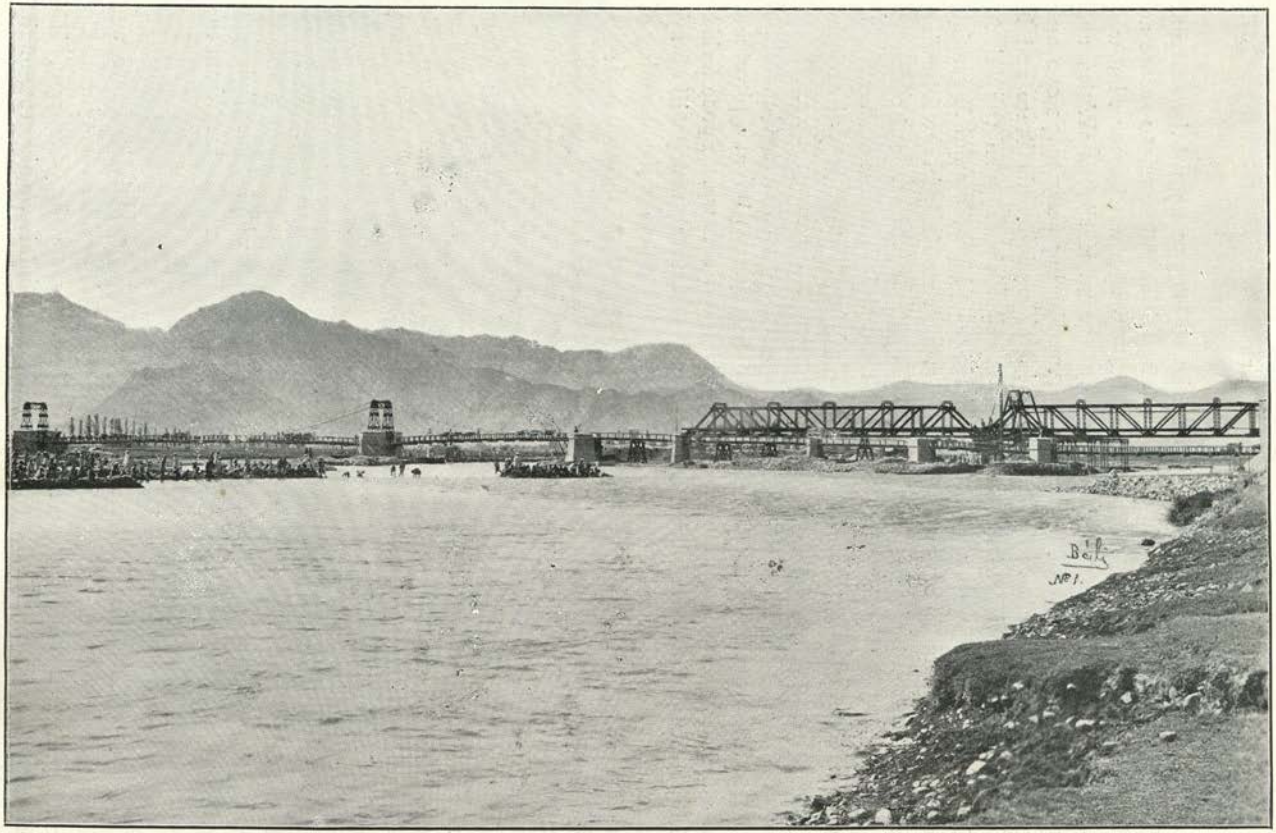
RESIDENCE OF THE MEHTAR OF CHITRAL.

CHITRAL LEVIES.

Government of India for some years prior to 1895 to control the external affairs of Chitral in a direction friendly to British interests, to secure an effective guardianship over the passes and to keep a watch over what was going on beyond them. Chitral is about the same size as Wales and possesses a population of hardy hillmen numbering between 70,000 and 80,000. The Mehtar's capital bears the same name as his State and is situated about 50 miles from the main watershed of the range of the Hindu Kush. Disturbances arose in December 1894, owing to internal dissension and rival claimants to the chieftainship, which resulted, in the following year, in open hostilities against the British, whose presence in the country was resented as likely to interfere with the return of the usurper, Sher Afzul, to the throne. The latter had been joined by the Chief of Jandol and the Swat tribes ; and as no compliance with the orders of Government was shown war became inevitable and an army of about 15,000 men under General Sir R. Low was despatched for the relief of the British garrison at Chitral and the restoration of peace and order to the disturbed country. Space forbids giving a detailed account of the famous defence of Chitral, which will always be counted among the finest exhibitions of British pluck, of the storming of the Malakand Pass and the march of General Low's army through an inhospitable country in the teeth of a stubborn resistance; and of the brilliant achievements of Col. Kelly's Relief Force, consisting of about 700 Indian troops which marched through 220 miles of hostile country over mountain passes 10,000 and 12,000 feet high, deep in snow, fighting numerous actions and enduring untold hardships, and finally relieving the gallant little garrison of Chitral who had been hard pressed by Sher Afzul and his followers and were all but at their last resource.

The present Mehtar of Chitral, Shuja-ul-Mulk, is the youngest legitimate son of Mehtar Aman-ul-Mulk, who ruled Chitral for forty-two years. He succeeded his eldest brother, Mehtar Nizam-ul-Mulk, who was murdered in 1895 by his brother Amir-ul-Mulk. The Mehtar, who is an enlightened and benign ruler, appreciates the benefits his country derives from the protection of the British Government.

At his accession he was but 14 years of age and the State was administered by a Council of Advisors, whose decisions were subject to the scrutiny of the Political Officer in Chitral; but some six years ago, His Highness was given full ruling powers and now administers his state affairs himself.



General View of New Bridges over the Swat River at Chakdara, the Scene of a Famous Fight in 1897.

THE SHALIMAR LAKE, LAHORE.

THE PUNJAB.

LAND OF THE FIVE RIVERS.

THE Punjab Province with its area of 97,209 square miles and a population of 20,330,339 occupies the north-west angle of the great northern plain of India, and derives its name from the "Five Rivers" which, descending from the Himalayas, traverse the plain and unite in the Indus. It was annexed in 1849, and up to 1853 was under a Board of Administration. This Board was then superseded by a Chief Commissioner, who was made Lieutenant-Governor in 1859, when also the Delhi Division was transferred to the Punjab from the North-West Provinces. The Punjab is mainly agricultural, and, owing to the scanty rainfall, depends largely for its harvests on vast irrigation canals, which are still being largely extended, and are highly remunerative. Lahore, the capital, is the seat of the Punjab Government, and other important cities in the Province are the ancient imperial city of Delhi, Amritsar, the sacred city of the Sikhs, Rawalpindi, Multan and Ferozepur.

LAHORE.

TRADITIONAL ORIGIN—EARLY HISTORY—THE MODERN CITY.

Hindu tradition traces the origin of Lahore to Rama, the hero of the *Ramayana*, whose two sons, Loh and Kash, founded the sister towns of Lahore and Kasur; but it would seem that Lahore did not exist as a town of any importance during the earliest period of Indian history. Governed originally by a family of Chauhan Rajputs, Lahore fell successively under the dominion of the Ghazni and Ghori Sultans, who made it the capital of their Indian conquests, and adorned it with numerous buildings almost all now in ruins.

At the time of Alexander's invasion, Lahore was probably a place of little importance, but in the 7th century, Hiuen Tsiang, the Chinese Buddhist pilgrim, mentions it as a great Brahmanical city, which he passed on his way to Jullundur. It was, however, under the Moghul Empire that Lahore reached its greatest size and magnificence. Akbar enlarged and repaired the fort, and surrounded the town with a wall, portions of which still remain, built into the modern work of Ranjit Singh. Under Akbar, Lahore rapidly increased in area and population. The most thickly inhabited portion covered the site of the existing town, but long bazaars and populous suburbs spread over the now desolate tract without the walls. Jehangir also frequently resided at Lahore, and it was here that his son Khusru rebelled against him. During his reign, the Sikh Guru, Arjun Mall, compiler of the *Adi Granth*, died in prison at Lahore, and the humble shrine of the first Sikh martyr still stands between the Moghul palace and the mausoleum of Ranjit Singh. Jehangir erected the great Khwabgah or "Sleeping Palace," the Moti Masjid or "Pearl Mosque," and the tomb of Anarkalli. The palace originally consisted of a large quadrangle, surrounded on three sides by a colonnade of red stone pillars, having their capitals intricately carved with figures of peacocks, elephants and griffins. In the centre of the fourth side, overlooking the Ravi, stood a lofty pavilion in the Moghul style, flanked by two chambers with elaborately decorated verandahs of Hindu architecture. A garden filled the interior space of the quadrangle, with a raised platform of marble mosaic, while beneath the colonnade and pavilion, underground chambers afforded cool retreats from the mid-day sun. But Sikh and European alterations have largely disfigured the beauty of this building.

Jehangir's mausoleum at Shahdra forms one of the chief ornaments of Lahore, though even this has suffered somewhat from depredations; the marble dome, which once rose over the tomb, was removed by Aurangzebe. Shah Jahan erected a smaller palace by the side of his father's building, the beauty of which can still be discerned through the inevitable white-wash which covers the marble slabs and hides the depredations of the Sikhs. To the same Emperor is due the range of buildings to the left of the Khwabgah, with octagonal towers, the highest of which, known as the Saman Burj, contains the exquisite pavilion, inlaid with flowers wrought in precious stones, which derives its name of the Naulakha from its original cost of 9 lakhs, together with the Shish Mahal, afterwards the reception-room of Ranjit Singh, and interesting as the place where Dhuleep Singh made over the sovereignty of the Punjab to the British Government.

On the Outskirts of Lahore.

Under Aurangzebe, Lahore began to decline in population. Even before his time, the foundation of Jahanabad or modern Delhi had drawn away the bulk of the classes dependent upon the Court; and the constant absence of the Emperor contributed still more to depress the city. Aurangzebe constructed an embankment for three miles along the Ravi, to prevent inundations, but with such undesirable success that the river completely altered its course and left the town at a considerable distance. Among his other works, the Jama Masjid or "Great Mosque" ranks first—a stiff and somewhat ungraceful piece of architecture—which, by its poverty of detail, contrasts with the gorgeous profuseness of Agra and Delhi.

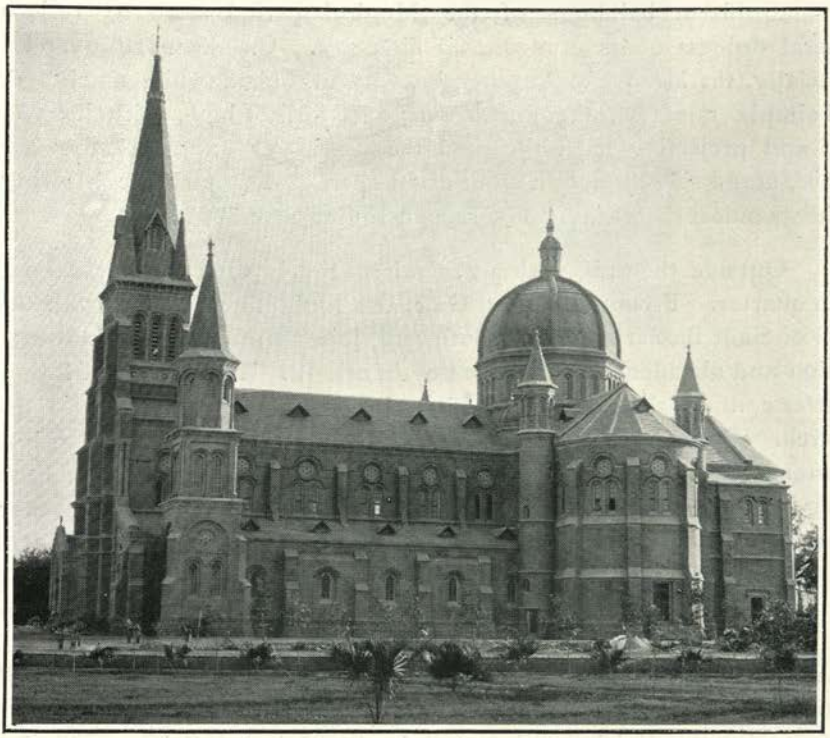
With the reign of Aurangzebe, the architectural history of Lahore may be said to close, later attempts marking only the rapid decadence

of art, which culminated in the tawdry erections of the Sikhs. From the accession of Bahadur Shah till the establishment of Ranjit Singh, the annals of Lahore consist of successive invasions and conquests by Nadir Shah, Ahmed Shah and many less famous depredators.

But the rise of Ranjit Singh's empire made Lahore once more the centre of a flourishing, though ephemeral kingdom. The great Maharajah stripped the Moslem tombs of their ornaments, which he sent to decorate the temple at Amritsar; but he restored the Shalimar gardens, erected a really beautiful *baradari* in the space between the palace and the Jama Masjid and also built a number of minor erections in the very worst taste. His mausoleum, a mixed work of Hindu and Moslem architecture, forms one of the latest specimens of Sikh workmanship.

In 1846, the British Council of Regency was established at Lahore; and in 1849, the young Maharajah Dhuleep Singh transferred the govern-

TOMB OF RANJIT SINGH, LAHORE.



Roman Catholic Cathedral, Lahore.

ment of the Punjab to the East India Company. Lahore thenceforth became the capital of a British Province, and a new impetus was given to its rising prosperity.

Modern Lahore covers an area of 640 acres, surrounded by a brick wall, which formerly rose to a height of 30 feet, strengthened by a moat and other defences. But the moat has been filled in and the wall lowered to a uniform elevation of 16 feet. A garden now occupies the site of the trench, and encircles the city on every side except the north. Though built upon an alluvial plain, the *debris* of ages has raised the present town to a position upon a considerable mound. A metalled road runs round the outer side of the rampart, and gives access to the city by thirteen gates.

Within the city, narrow and tortuous streets, ending in *culs-de-sac*, and lined by tall houses, give Lahore a mean and gloomy appearance, but

the magnificent buildings of the Moghul period serve to relieve the general dulness of its domestic architecture. On the north-eastern side especially, the Mosque of Aurangzebe, with its plain white marble domes and simple minarets, the mausoleum of Ranjit Singh, with its rounded roof and projecting balconies, and the desecrated façade of the Moghul palace, stand side by side in front of an open grassy plain, exhibiting one of the grandest *coups-d'œil* to be seen in India.

Outside the wall, with a general southerly direction, lies the European quarter. From the Lohari Gate, the long street known as the Anarkalli or Sadr Bazaar stretches southward, joining the native town to the civil station and abandoned cantonment of Anarkalli. This portion of the new quarter contains the Secretariat, Financial Offices, Chief Court, and Station Church. From Anarkalli the civil station runs three miles eastward to the Lawrence Gardens and Government House, the extension in this direction being known as Donald Town, from the late Lieutenant-Governor Sir Donald McLeod. A broad road, called the Mall, cuts through the centre of the station, and connects this growing suburb with Anarkalli. North of the Mall, now largely built over, lies the Railway Station, surrounded by the bungalows of its employes. South of the Mall, again, the suburb of Muzang contains many European residences. The chief buildings and institutions include the Punjab University, with its Senate Hall (endowed by several native Rajahs and Nawabs), the Oriental College, the Lahore Government College, the Medical School, the Central Training College, Law School, Veterinary School, the Lahore High School, the Mayo Hospital (a fine building near the Anarkalli Bazaar, capable of accommodating 110 patients), the Roman Catholic Cathedral, the Museum, the Punjab Club, the Roberts Institute for European Clerks, the Lawrence and Montgomery Halls, and the Agri-Horticultural Society.

THE KASHMIR GATE, DELHI.

DELHI.

HISTORIC CAPITAL AND IMPERIAL CITY—THE ROYAL DURBAR OF 1911—TRANSFER OF CAPITAL—THE KUTAB MINAR—IRON PILLAR—THE FORT—HUMAYUN'S TOMB.

THE one city in India which can justly claim to rank as a historic capital and an imperial city is Delhi. The Delhi of to-day is a comparatively modern city, for the present is but the fifth or sixth which has been raised upon its site. The author of "Cities in India" says—"Delhi is the Empress of Indian cities. She has often been sacked and left naked and desolate. But she could not be despoiled of the incomparable situation which marks her for the metropolis of a great Empire."

As long as India has a history will the historic Durbar of 1911, which was held on the site where in 1876 was announced the assumption by Victoria "the Good" of the title of Empress of India, be memorable. It was here, twenty-six years later, that Lord Curzon proclaimed to a Durbar conceived on a scale of far greater magnificence the Coronation of King Edward the Seventh.

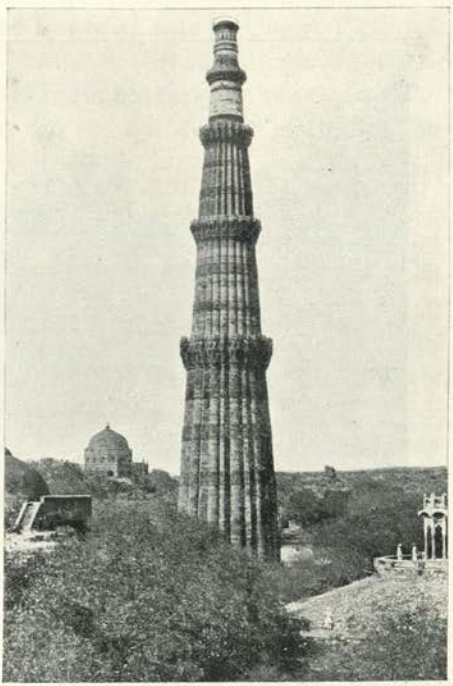
It was here on December 12th, 1911, that His Imperial Majesty King George the Fifth, Emperor of India, announced in person his Coronation to his Indian people, a ceremony made still more impressive by the presence of the Queen Empress. It was here on the same occasion that His Imperial Majesty delivered the following historical announcement, dramatic in its suddenness and which came wholly unexpected by the great audience.

We are pleased to announce to our people that on the advice of our Ministers, tendered after consultation with our Governor-General-in-Council, we have decided upon the transfer of the seat of the Government of India from Calcutta to the ancient Capital of Delhi, and simultaneously, and as a consequence of that transfer, the creation, at as early a date as possible, of a Governorship for the Presidency of Bengal, of a new Lieutenant-Governorship-in-Council administering the areas of Behar, Chota Nagpur and Orissa, and of a Chief Commissionership of Assam, with such administrative changes and redistribution of boundaries as our Governor-General-in-Council, with the approval of our Secretary of State for India-in-Council, may in due course determine.

It is our earnest desire that these changes may conduce to the better administration of India and the greater prosperity and happiness of our beloved people.

Modern Delhi is by no means as ancient as some may suppose it to be. It was built about the middle of the 17th century and was brought into prominence during the period that the Mahomedans held sway in India. No one knows how often great capitals have arisen on the banks of the Jumna in the heart of the richest and most fertile region of India. The first authentic record of a city in the neighbourhood of Delhi dates back to the 11th century, yet it is possible that older sites lie buried beneath its soil. No fewer than six cities are known to have been constructed south of the present Delhi, and as the visitor leaves the Ajmere Gate he wanders over the ground where dynasty after dynasty has risen and fought and built and ruled and died. Each new ruling family wanted a new capital, and when the older cities were torn up, the shrines and tombs were sometimes reverently left. Thus it is that vestiges of the earlier Delhis are still visible in the stately sepulchres embowered in trees, which astonish and delight the wayfarer.

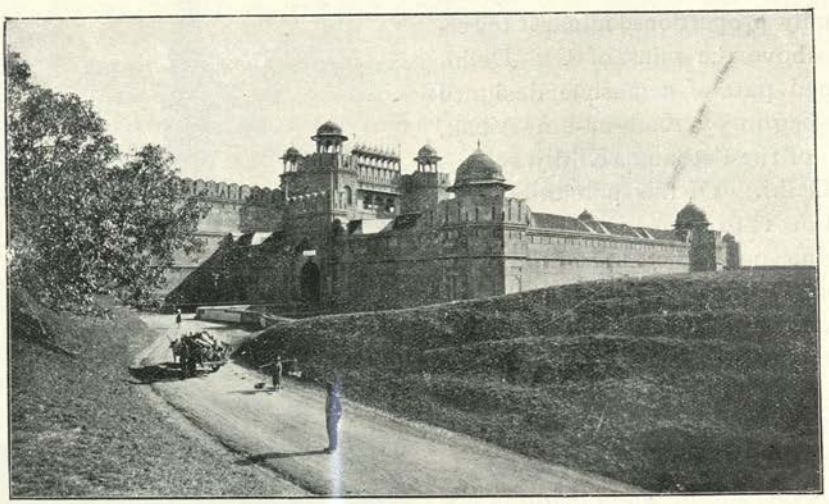
From the summit of the graceful minarets of the Jumma Masjid, the grandest of Mahomedan fanes, from whose slender minarets the call to prayer still goes forth, crowding the court-yard with white-robed figures bent in devotion, the eye looks down upon a panorama which cannot be paralleled outside Imperial Rome. In the distance are just discernible the perfect proportions of the Kutab Minar, which dwarf the insignificant iron pillar set up by the Aryan monarchs who founded the kingdom of Indra Prastha on land torn from the aboriginal peoples.



THE KUTAB MINAR.

The Kutab Minar, a lofty and grandly proportioned minaret towering above the ruins of Old Delhi, formed part of a mosque designed and begun by Kutb-ud-din Aibak, one of the Pathan or Khiliji sultans of Delhi. Of this potentate, who died in 1210 from an accident while playing polo, the Mahomedan historian Firdusi states that he was famous throughout the East for his generosity, by reason of which he obtained the surname of Lakh Baksh, the bestower of lakhs of rupees. His Minar, or tower, is just over 238 ft. high, being a few feet lower than Giotto's Campanile at Florence. Its diameter, 47 ft. at the base, tapers to 9 ft. at the summit. The shaft is divided into five storeys, each with a balcony. Round the lower storeys run bands richly graven with texts from the Koran and other inscriptions in immense Arabic characters. The two upper storeys are of white marble.

Close by, as already mentioned, stands a yet more ancient monument, the famous iron pillar erected, according to one of its inscriptions, by Chandra Raja, in honour of the Hindu god Vishnu. An old legend says that the shaft runs deep into the ground and rests on the head of the great world serpent. Once, it is said, a sceptical prince, doubting the story, tried to uproot the pillar, whereupon a curse fell on him and his kingdom. The gateway known as the Alai Darwazah and the tomb of Sultan Shams-ud-din Altamash, with other remains of Old Delhi, are also adjacent to the Kutab. It was in reference to these buildings in general, and to the tomb of Adham Khan in particular, that Bishop Heber spoke of the Pathan sovereigns of Delhi as building like giants and finishing their work like jewellers.



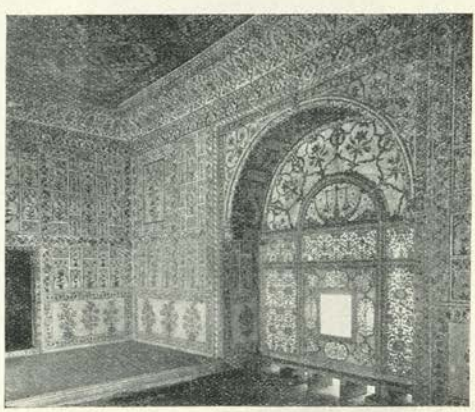
THE FORT, DELHI.

Beyond, and far too rarely seen by travellers, is the city of Tughlakabad, relic of a dream never destined to be fulfilled. Its Cyclopean masonry has withstood the ravages of time. Within its mighty walls, one wanders through the ruined and deserted streets of a capital built but never occupied. At its gate stands grim, four-square, more like a miniature fortress than a mausoleum, the tomb of its stern founder, Tughlak Shah, the Tartar chief. The whole future of India has been decided again and again close to the mouldering ruins lying in the outskirts of Delhi. Thrice on the field of Panipat, north of Delhi, conflicts have been fought which have been accounted decisive battles in the history of India. It was also here that in 1857 the power of the British in India hung in the balance. The plain to the south of Delhi is a memorial of Moghul rule in India, the plain to the north is a memorial of the historic episodes of British domination. The northern walls of the city still bear the marks of the siege. The breaches can be traced; the Kashmir Gate is scarred and battered; the narrow lane where John Nicholson fell remains almost unaltered; his modest tomb is in the cemetery near by. If Delhi is full of the memories of the older rulers of India, it is a sacred soil for the British also. General Lake rode in triumph through its streets, at its gates the destiny of the British in India was decided; its walls echoed the

salute proclaiming the assumption of the Imperial title by Queen Victoria; it heard the guns announce the accession of the first British Emperor of All-India; and in its precincts the Princes of India gathered on the occasion of the recent historic Durbar to render fealty to the first British monarch who has ever visited his Asiatic dominions in person.

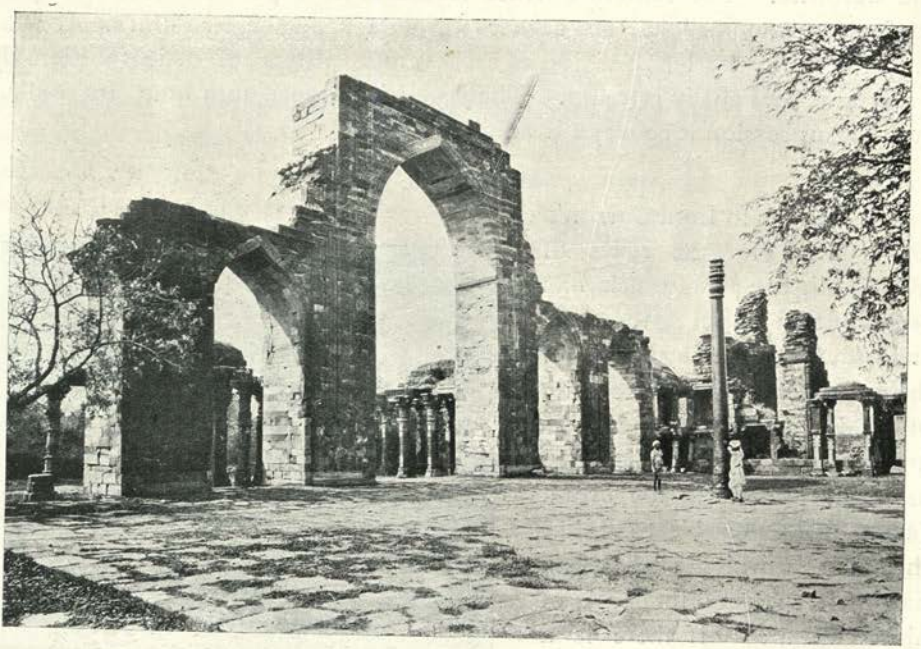
The Fort of Delhi is the pride of the city. It was the Imperial Palace of Shah Jehan and is a great enclosure containing gardens and several beautiful buildings. The lofty gateway leads into an entrance hall like the nave of a cathedral. Though some of the structures within the Fort have long been used, somewhat carelessly, for military purposes, there yet remain gems of architecture which are almost unspoilt. The Dewan-i-Am, or Hall of Public Audience, is a magnificent arcade, with red stone pillars, and engrailed arches, where the Emperors showed themselves to their subjects and followers. In a high marble recess, whose sides are now robbed of their encrustication of precious stones, stood the famous Peacock Throne, which Nadir Shah carried off to Persia when he left Delhi shattered and desolate. The Hall of Private Audience is a pavilion with an open portico, surmounted at the corners by domes on slender pillars. It is a dream of white marble, a vision of arches and pillars of delicate pierced tracery, of cool shady retreats. The jewels have been torn from its walls, but the impression it conveys is abiding.

Thanks to Lord Curzon's loving care for the relics of India's mighty past, much has been done in skilful restoration, and now, wandering through the exquisite inlaid marble halls of the Diwan-i-khas, and looking over the ruins of the once beautiful garden to the broad Jumna, it is possible to realise the spirit in which Shah Jehan had written round the walls of his creation :—"If there is a Paradise on earth it is this ! it is this ! it is this !"



THE DIWAN-I-KHAS, DELHI.

RUINS OF THE MOSQUE OF KUTAB-UD-DIN, DELHI.

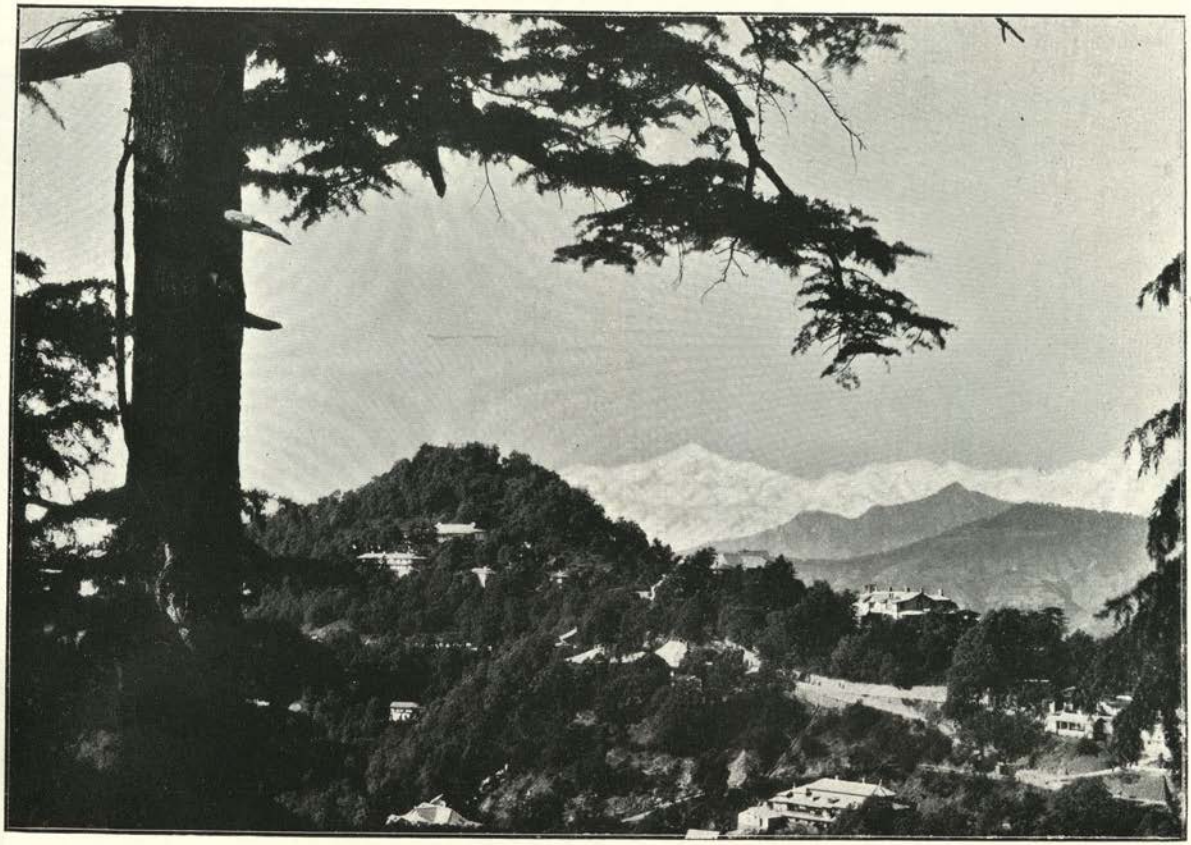


THE IRON PILLAR, NEAR THE KUTAB MINAR, DELHI.

Between the Masjid and the Tower lies that amazing tangle of ruins—fort and temple, wall and mosque, which rose and fell as invasion succeeded invasion, draining the land of its substance, until Baber, placing his foot in the stirrup of recollection and his hands on the reins of confidence in God, marched against the hosts of Hindustan to found the Moghul Empire.

Humayun's tomb itself crystallises two of the greatest names in Indian history. For Humayun was so beloved of his father, Baber, that he cheerfully offered his life for that of his son. When Humayun was apparently sick unto death, the stern old warrior king three times walked round the dying prince, a solemnity similar to that used in sacrifices, and prayed God to accept him as a substitute. The tomb was erected by Humayun's son, Akbar, the greatest of Moghul sovereigns, and in simplicity and chastity of design typifies the highest qualities of Mahomedan art. An octagonal mass of white marble and soft red sandstone, rising from a lofty platform crowned with a perfect Persian dome, and cunningly varied with cupolas, it is a monument entirely worthy of the builder. Through all these years it has preserved an amazing freshness. The walled enclosure is in spotless order, the paths are smooth, the shallow ponds, of the fashion of the Taj Mahal, are filled with water, and the trim hedges are a vivid green.

THE GARDEN OF THE UNFORGOTTEN DEAD.



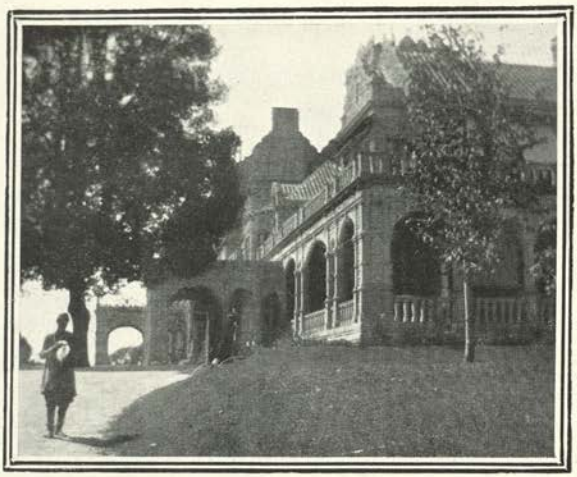
"Elysium Hill," Simla.

SIMLA.

THE SUMMER CAPITAL OF INDIA—THE SEASON—SIMLA SOCIETY—SIMLA GAIETIES—SIMLA IN WINTER.

Simla, the summer capital of India and the headquarters of the Viceroy during the hot season, begins to fill up during March with the families of those who belong to the Government of India from Calcutta, and to become crowded as April and May advance, and the Viceroy himself, the local Government from Lahore, and the Commander-in-Chief and his Staff, together with the various Members of Council, arrive. Each of the high officials is saluted on arrival with a number of guns proportionate to the dignity of his office,—the Viceroy having twenty-one and members of Council each eleven. The seclusion and monotony of the winter have vanished, every day there is hurrying to and fro, and the Mall is crowded with scarlet-coated native messengers or with A.-D.-C.'s and other officers in full uniform riding to meet some arriving magnate. *Apropos* of riding, one may here say that locomotion in Simla is not of the easiest. Only three people are allowed the luxury of driving, *i.e.*, the Viceroy, the Commander-in-Chief, and the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab. The roads are too narrow and too crowded and their sides too precipitous to court danger by allowing more vehicles. It may be remembered that in 1903 Lord Kitchener's carriage was destroyed and horses and coachman killed by a fall over the *khud* on the main road round Jakko, one of the principal hills upon which Simla is built. The general public must either ride on horseback or be trundled to dinner or dance in rickshaws, and for such functions as State balls, Levees, and State dinners, men as well as ladies patronize the rickshaw.

Simla Society is unique. It is unlike Society in Bombay, Calcutta, and other large cities in India, and it is unlike London Society or that of any of the Continental capitals. It is essentially official. Not the faintest aroma of trade can be detected in the charmed circle of Viceregal Simla. In spite of the enormous amount of hard work got through by the official heads, a gay and giddy throng of visitors is always arriving and departing throughout the season, and seeking the short-lived glories of a month's, or even ten days' "privilege leave." But even these visitors do not detract from the official element. They rather add to it, as nearly everyone is an official from some other station, and generally comes to Simla, not only for a burst of dinners and dances, but to see what is "going" in his particular department, and to lay himself out to enhance his individual chances for any



VICEREGAL LODGE, SIMLA: FRONT ENTRANCE.

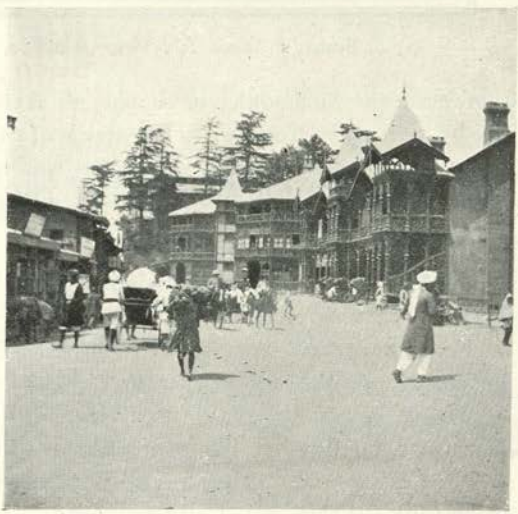
coveted post. The man who bides in a lonely station eleven-twelfths of the year goes to Simla to try to get something more congenial or in a livelier place, whereas those who are satisfied with their posts, or have nothing to expect, go bear-shooting in the Kashmir wilds, or on walking tours in the mountains beyond Simla and the other hill stations.

The head of Society is naturally His Excellency the Viceroy, and "Viceregal Lodge," his home, corresponds to Government House at the winter capital. The honours of entertaining, however, are shared almost equally by the Commander-in-Chief, living at "Snowdon," and by the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, living at "Barnes Court."

The season proper opens with the Viceregal garden-party, which takes place as soon as can be after the arrival of the Viceroy and the Punjab Government. This is followed by a levee, State ball, and official dinners at "Viceregal Lodge," varied by fortnightly dances, generally on Thursdays. Everyone goes to the garden-party, and the prettiest and daintiest of summer frocks just out from home are the order of the day. The reception is held on the lawn close to "Viceregal Lodge," and every guest passes in turn to shake hands and make obeisance to Their Excellencies. Simla takes its pleasures very rapidly and very vigorously once it begins, for the race week generally succeeds the garden-party, and festivities of all kinds crowd both day and night. Week-end visits to Mahasu and Mashobra become a necessity after the dissipations of the week, and thus year by year it has grown more and more the custom for all who can afford it to have their country-houses out in the refreshing quiet about five or six miles from Simla. Some eight or ten years ago one or two people set the example, and in Lord Elgin's day a small but beautiful little bungalow and estate, "The Retreat," were purchased by

Government for the Viceroy. Some of the Viceroys have gone further afield for week-end visits, and the tale is still told of how Lord Lansdowne, invigorated by a few days at Narkanda, a spot surrounded by one of the most glorious snow views in the Himalayas, walked right into Simla, a distance of over forty miles, halting a little while at the staging bungalows about every ten miles on the way. Lord Elgin was also a great walker, and might be seen almost any Friday afternoon after Council starting off from "Viceregal Lodge" for "The Retreat" as if he were going for a tramp across the Scotch moors. Many bungalows have sprung up both at Mahasu and the higher point, Mashobra, during the last few years. Some are rented by two sets of people, who arrange to spend alternate week-ends out in the cool and quiet and one is rented by the United Service Club as head-quarters for picnics, riding-parties, and so forth.

There is a pleasant little theatre at Simla, where the Amateur Dramatic Club give very good performances about every fortnight. Some plays run three or four nights, others, such as popular musical plays, run a week. Men who have made great names in other spheres have sometimes been notable attractions at the Simla A. D. C—the hero of Mafeking, Major-General Baden-Powell, for instance, having sustained a prominent part in "The Geisha" with great success, the summer before the South African War. The Viceroy's, the Commander-in-Chief's and Lieutenant-Governor's Staffs also generally furnish one or two very capable amateur actors. Music is not so well represented in Simla. The Simla Fine Art Society does better, and there are some fine pictures by amateurs to be seen in the yearly exhibition held during August when several prizes are offered in oils, water-colour, photography, needlework, and some for children, by the Viceroy and heads of departments.



THE MALL, SIMLA.

Simla, however, is not very intellectually inclined, and the race meets and fortnightly

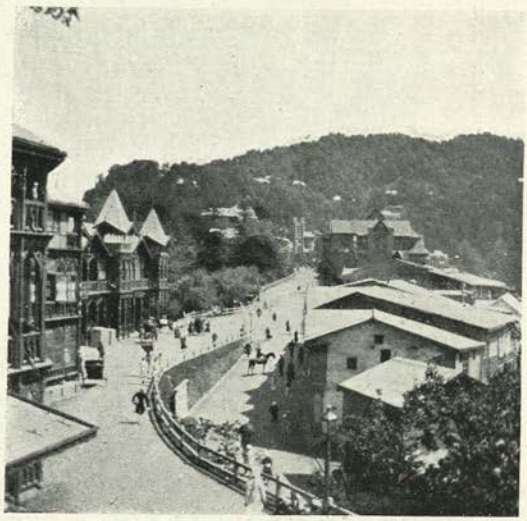
SIMLA, SHOWING THE TOWN HALL ON TOP OF THE RIDGE.

gymkhanas at Annandale, or the dances at the Grand Hotel given occasionally by rich globe-trotters, not to speak of the frequent dances given both at "Snowdon" and "Barnes Court," as well as the bigger annual functions, like the Masonic Ball and Volunteer Dance, claim more votaries than the fine arts.

A great deal of state is kept up by the three chief households in Simla, a cavalry escort always accompanying the carriages of the Viceroy, the Commander-in-Chief and the Lieutenant-Governor. As the escort comes fluttering up, the cry goes round "Lord Sahib ata" ("the Lord Sahib is coming"), and rickshaws and riders draw aside to leave the road clear. There are no English troops in Simla, the bodyguard at the Viceroy's and other guards being furnished by Sikhs or Gurkhas, with few exceptions. There is, however, always an English military band, in

addition to the Viceroy's private band, and this is generally chosen from one of the crack regiments up-country, and plays about twice a week at the Grand Hotel or on The Ridge, and down at the race meets at Annandale.

The Simla season ends about the first week in October, when the various heads of departments start on their winter inspection tours, but, unlike other hill stations, it has a very numerous winter population. Many of the wives and families of the Calcutta officials remain up the whole of the winter, and thus, although Simla empties itself of its summer crowd with the exodus of the Viceroy, it remains fuller than other places, and it is said that Simla Church is more crowded on Christmas Day than the Lahore Cathedral.



THE RIDGE, SIMLA.

KASAULI.

MAGNIFICENT SCENERY—PASTEUR AND RESEARCH INSTITUTES—OTHER HILL RESORTS.

The hill-station of Kasauli, the summer headquarters of the Sirhind Brigade and a sanitarium for British troops, is built on a ridge which shoots straight up from the edge of the plains. Looking down from "Tap's Nose" one almost feels it possible to drop a stone on to Kalka laying spread out below. The views are magnificent. On clear days in the rains one can see for over 60 miles, far beyond the Swallies and the silver gleam of the Sutlej, and at times one can even distinguish the houses of Ambala.

The Ridge is not very big, only about three miles in length, and 6,000 feet above sea-level. Looking down from Simla it is like the gigantic figure of a man lying on his back, the head and nose being especially clear, hence the name of the hill—"Tap's Nose."

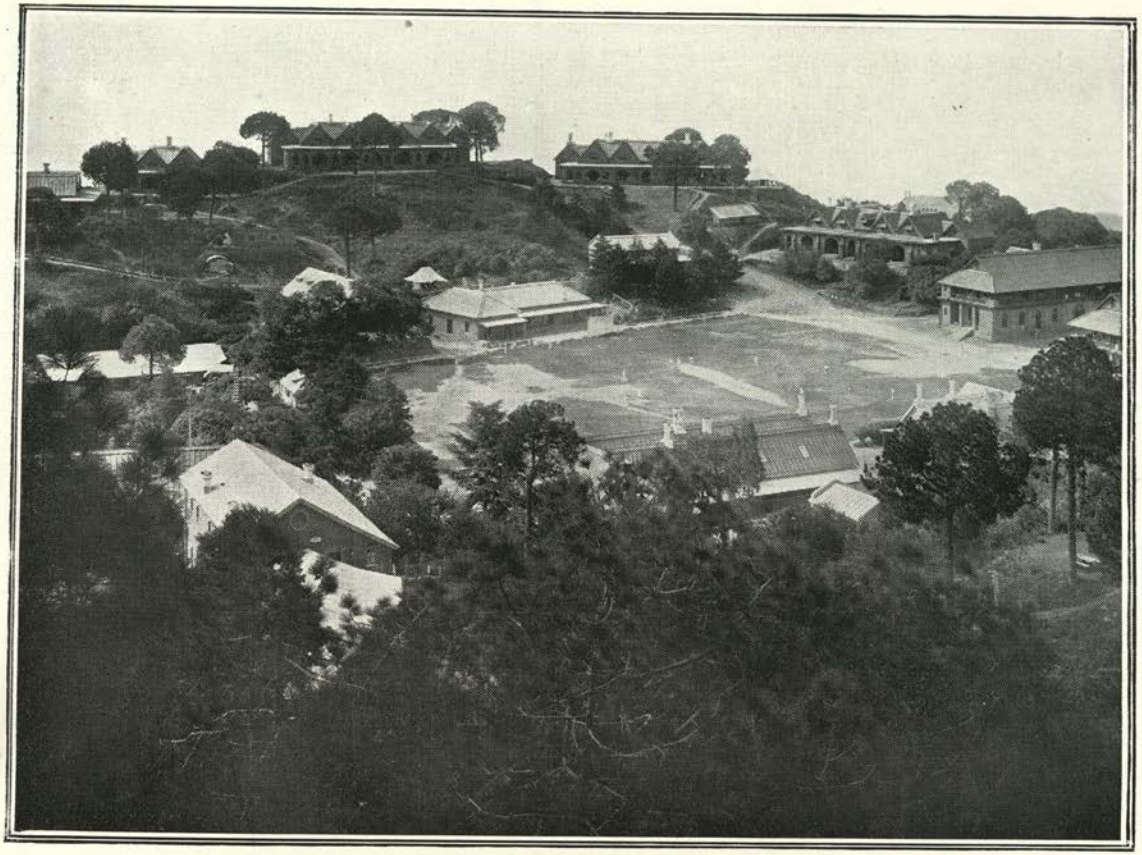
View of Kasauli from the East.

Kasauli dates back to 1840. It was in 1842 that the cantonment was first started, and the 13th Light Infantry were stationed there on their return from Afghanistan in 1843. The first stone of the church was laid in 1844, but it was not opened till 1853. Christ Church is a very handsome building standing above the Parade Ground and at the corner of the Lower and Upper Malls. The first chaplain, Mr. Jennings, lost his life in the Mutiny at Delhi.

In spite of its proximity to the plains, Kasauli is never very hot, its maximum temperature being about 87 deg. F. In winter the temperature only falls to 48 deg. F. and 1½ feet of snow is looked upon as an exceptionally heavy fall. But very few, except those on duty, remain up in the cold weather. It is in the summer that Kasauli is generally full to overflowing. The slopes of the Ridge are exceedingly steep, especially out towards "Tap's Nose." The soil is stony and the despair of ardent gardeners. Good soil is most precious and brought by the basket, but the first heavy rainfall washes it away. The slopes are beautifully wooded, most of the trees are pine, and there is little or no undergrowth. One of the great glories of the place are the flowers that grow wild in every bank and on every grassy slope. Here are to be seen magnificent dahlias, both double and single, and of every conceivable colour, from velvet black and deep crimson to palest mauve and white. Great masses of delicate convolvulus and wild sweet pea, together with many other lovely flowers, carpet the slopes.

The "Lady's Grave" is a little garden at the end of the Lower Mall, sheltered by the lowering rock of "Tap's Nose." The story goes that in 1856 Captain Robertson of the 10th Queen's Own lost his wife. He did not have her buried. History does not relate the reason, but some say that he foresaw the coming trouble of the Mutiny and feared that the graveyards would be desecrated. So Anne Robertson was carried out to this lovely and beautiful spot and there cremated. Her husband subsequently erected the stone, over which a beautiful weeping willow now hangs. He had a space railed in all round and planted many trees and flowering shrubs. The stone was said to have been surmounted by a brass sun-dial, but of that no trace remains. There is only the monument and the solitary little garden.

The summer population of Kasauli is for the most part a fluctuating one. Two signalling classes are held during the year, each lasting three



KASAULI BARRACKS AND CRICKET GROUND.

months, and thirty officers come up to both of these. Then, of course, great numbers of people come up to be treated for dog-bites at the Pasteur Institute.

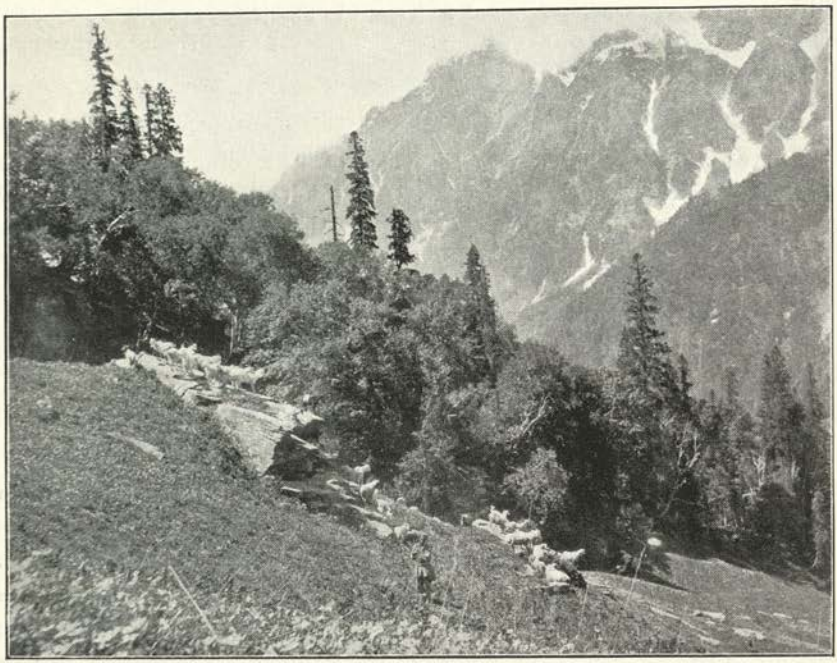
Not so well known as the Pasteur Institute, but just as important in its way, is the Central Research Institute. Here the research work of the greater part of India is carried on. Classes are held every alternate month and doctors from all parts of India, and even Burma, come to work under Sir David Semple.

Socially Kasauli is a most successful little station. The Club, the two hotels, and the many excellent houses are all full to overflowing during the season. The Club in the afternoon is a great rendezvous for every one.

There are many pleasant walks, the scenery is so varied and flowers grow everywhere. A climb to the top of "Tap's Nose" or "Gilbert Hill" is fully worth while. One is repaid for the trouble by the glorious panorama spread out on either side. To the right one looks down over steep, grassy slopes and away over the plains which stretch out like a far-reaching sea to the distant horizon, while the sound of the wind in the pine-tops is like the distant roar of breakers beating on a rock-bound coast. The Swallies look like an insignificant ridge of sand-hills, the Sutlej winds its way like a silver ribbon or glows like molten gold in the rays of the setting sun. After a heavy shower when the mists have lifted, the sea effect vanishes, and one sees every stick and stone for miles and miles.

Turning to the left the scene is totally changed. One looks down into deep valleys, and then up and across to the little wooded hill-top of Sanawar, only five miles away; and to the right and left Dagshai and Sabathu can be seen. Hill after hill crowds into the back-ground till a perfect net-work of peaks stretches right up to the Simla Hills.

For the energetically inclined there are no end of places within easy reach that are well worth seeing. Pine Woods, the long ridge between Kasauli and Sabathu, is a great picnic resort. Sanawar, with its charming little English-like lanes, is as pretty a little spot as one can find anywhere.



KULU IN SUMMER.

KULU THE BEAUTIFUL.

Kulu is a valley in the Kangra District of the Punjab and nowhere else in India can such scenery be found.

It is the home of all that is best in Himalayan fruit, the country whose very name conjures up visions of wooded valleys and running water, green meadows and lazy cattle.

Take the most picturesque glen in bonnie Scotland, surround it with a towering ring of snow mountains, give it a clear blue sky and a few fleecy white clouds, and you will have conjured up something like the upper part of the valley of Kulu. Dropping down from Nagar to the bed of the Beas river is a feast for the senses, for at every step one encounters something to attract the eye and please the imagination. Here a rustic bridge over a leaping torrent; there a grassy dell through which a tiny canal runs clear and joyous; a lane between an avenue of trees; and every now and then a glimpse of the panorama of lofty shining mountain, tree-covered slopes and silver river.

The mountains close in and force the road into narrow gorges of great beauty and grandeur. Here are gigantic precipices, deep pools, and roaring waterfalls. The last chasm in the mountains through which the Beas tears like a cataract into the main valley of Kulu is especially fine, there being what looks like a sheer drop of 3,000 feet into the foaming water, while on either hand the mountains tower in heights of 10,000 and 12,000 feet. Roads in these regions are precarious constructions, for the snow in winter ruins them, while the spring thaw causes landslips and avalanches of rock which sweep them away entirely.

And this beautiful Valley knows what trouble is. The earthquake which created so much damage in Kangra was no less calamitous here. Twenty thousand people lost their lives in Kulu, and inestimable damage was done to property.

Sultanpur is the capital of Kulu, and one of the most truly exquisite spots on the face of the earth. Out of the door of the Dak Bungalow one looks upon a perfect lawn of green grass, in which are trees singly and in avenues that would grace a ducal park in England. From the edge of this broad lawn one looks down a precipice to the river below, where are meadows with cattle, and smaller streams. The bazaar begins at the foot of a deep ravine, through which roars a burn crossed by picturesque bridges. The narrow road between the shops is a stair up to the top of the ravine. Overhead are balconies that cross from side to side and trees which add to the shade, constituting a picturesque and old world scene that would be hard to rival.

KULU BELLES.

MULTAN.

A Centre of Trade—Military Station—Social Life—The Old Fort—The Idgah.

Multan in the hot weather—a Punjab hot weather—is a place to avoid, but in the cold weather it is as pleasant a little station as one could wish for. The dust is something truly dreadful in the summer months, and one can do nothing but avoid the roads as much as possible when there is a wind; but Multan is famous for something more than "dust and graveyards," as some cynic once described it.

As a trade centre the place is very important, connected as it is by rail with Lahore, and by water with the whole of the Central Punjab. Multan collects cotton, wheat, wool, oilseeds, sugar and indigo from the surrounding country, and exports them to the South, to receive fruits, drugs, raw silks and spices from the Kandahar traders and pass them on to the East. The Kabul traders take back indigo, and European and country cotton goods, sugar and shoes. Multan also receives European piece-goods and other wares, and distributes them to the western districts and its own neighbourhood. The chief local manufactures are silk and cotton weaving and carpet-making; country shoes too are made in large numbers and exported over the frontier. Multan pottery is famed throughout the length and breadth of Hindustan, and rightly so. The blues are especially lovely, and the only drawback is that the jars and plates break easily, and are very heavy and not fit to hold water; but as ornaments they are very attractive, and are greatly in demand. The jail-made carpets from Multan are well-known, and though by no means cheap will wear for ever.

There are a Protestant church and a Roman Catholic chapel in Cantonments, and another Protestant church in the Civil Lines, and there is a Branch of the C. M. S. doing excellent work in the city. The hospitals are carefully looked after, as in all Indian stations; doctors abound, and Multan is a large railway centre too. There are no empty houses in the Civil Lines, and not enough in Cantonments to go round!

Multan is an important military station and in the cold weather is very full indeed. The Club is a very nice one, though rather small, and is kept in excellent order. The golf links are the rendezvous of Multan, and prettier and better links could not be found anywhere. They are about three miles beyond cantonments, and lie amongst most lovely date palms.

THE CLUB, MULTAN.

Besides the Idgah and golf links and the river—four miles away, down a lovely road past an old disused Parsee Tower of Silence, where vultures still hover, there is the new Fort, commanding the cantonments, and the old one in the city which is truly historical. The city is quaint to a degree. One wonders what is behind all the massive doorways, and winding lanes, where the houses "nid-nod" to each other, almost meeting across the narrow entrances; but the old Fort itself stands high, and very desolate it looks now. Arabs, Chinese and Persians seem to have known it well. In the second century Alexander the Great took the place and marched on, leaving his satrap Philip in command of it. Then Brahmans and Arabs invaded it, and then Mahomedans. Multan seems to have changed hands many times, until in 1766 the province was overrun by Sikhs for a time, and they finally established their supremacy in 1818. In 1844 war broke out between the Sikhs and the English, and ended in the occupation of Lahore by the latter. Then Mutraj, Governor of Multan, was called upon to pay up *nazarana* which was in arrears. He paid up, but tendered his resignation, feeling his power was gone. The government was entrusted to Sirdar Khan with Mr.

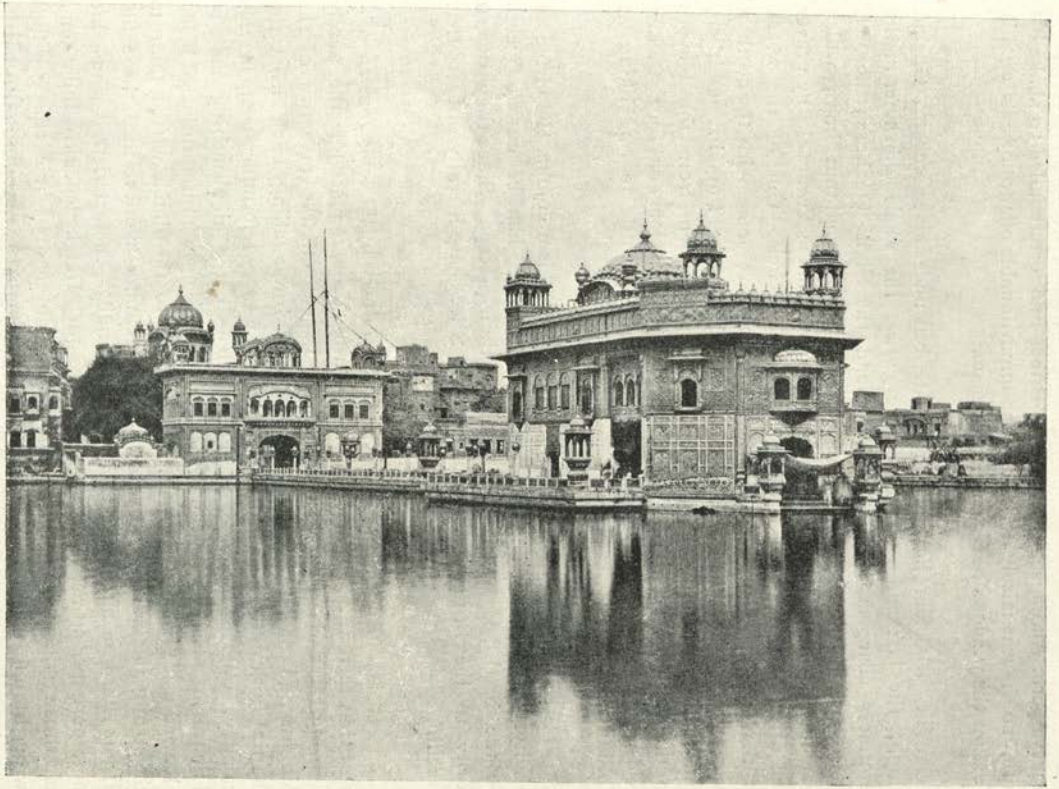
Vans Agnew, C.S., as Political Agent and Lieutenant Anderson as his Assistant. They reached Multan in April 1848. When inspecting the Fort with Mutraj both Englishmen were cut down, and Mutraj rode away. They were carried to the Idgah, and for three days their men held it. After that the men went over to the enemy and the wounded officers were killed outright. All this ended in the capture of Multan and the annexation of the Punjab. The place was stormed in 1849, and Multan became the head-quarters of a division and a district.

The Idgah is about a mile from the Fort, and is a fine building about 240 feet long by 54 broad. At each end in front is a tower. There are seven archways leading to seven domes by side chambers. Over the central archway is a Persian inscription to the effect that the Idgah was built by Nawab Abdul Samad Khan, anno Hijri 1148. The Idgah was first used as the District Kutcherry. In 1863 it was restored to the Mahomedans. A clock-tower combined with a municipal hall and police-station now stands imposingly at the Lohari Gate of the city. There are several buildings and places of Mahomedan and Hindu interest scattered in and about Multan—and a fine public garden known as the Civil Lines Garden.

AMRITSAR.

THE SACRED CITY OF THE SIKHS—THE GOLDEN TEMPLE.

The quondam capital of the Sikhs, Amritsar is still the home of the militant religion which made the Sikhs the staunchest fighting men, as well as the finest peasantry, in the East. History records no stranger incidents than the events which interwove the fortunes of the Sikh peoples with those of the British in India. In its origin the Sikh religion sprang from a yearning for greater spirituality, for freedom from a tyrannical priesthood, contemporaneous with the Reformation in Europe. The first Sikh *guru*, or religious teacher, denounced the idolatrous superstitions of the Hindu priest-craft, the greed and bigotry of the Brahmins and the arbitrary restrictions of caste as fiercely as did Luther the monstrous sale of Indulgences. The early struggles of the new faith were as severe as the misfortunes of the Quakers, and when that dour fanatic, the Emperor Aurungzebe, last of the Great Moghuls, laid his hand upon them, they forebore to rise, because they had sworn fidelity to Akbar. According to the Sikh tradition a sacrifice was necessary to release them from their oath. The ninth *guru*,



THE GOLDEN TEMPLE, AMRITSAR

Teg Bahadur, offered himself a willing victim, and delivered himself up to the Emperor Aurungzebe at Delhi. Bribes and torture failed to shake his faith, so he was falsely accused of the unpardonable offence of casting his Tees on the windows of the Imperial zenana.

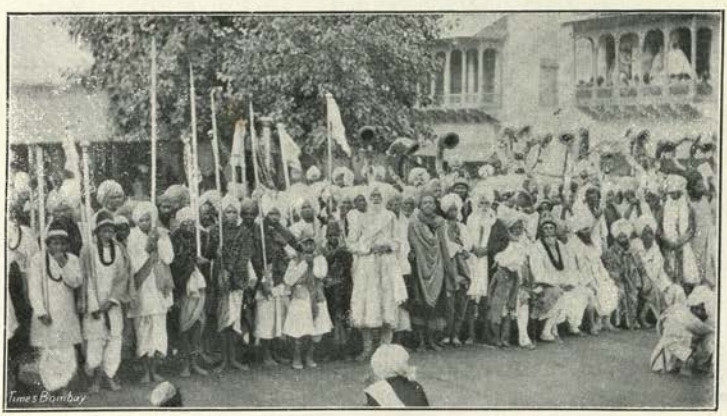
Teg Bahadur had sealed his fate, but under his successor, Govind Singh, the last and greatest of the *gurus*, the whole character of the reformers changed. Govind Singh found the Sikhs Quakers; he left them Ironsides. He gave to Sikhism a distinctly militant bent, which transformed his followers into just such warriors as Cromwell, by prayer and discipline, made of his tradesmen and yokels. Out of the wrack of the Moghul Empire, which lost all cohesive force with the death of Aurungzebe, the Sikhs first secured a foothold in the Punjab, and then, under Ranjit Singh, built up a homogeneous kingdom from the Khyber to the Sutlej. We tested the quality of Sikh valour on four stricken fields before the Punjab was annexed, and found it little to our liking at Chillanwalla.

Straitly even for an eastern people Sikhism enjoins the virtue of fidelity. "Whoever eateth another man's salt, let him be cut to pieces on the battlefield in his service" runs their precept. Since they owned fealty to the British after Gujerat, the Sikhs have literally obeyed that teaching.

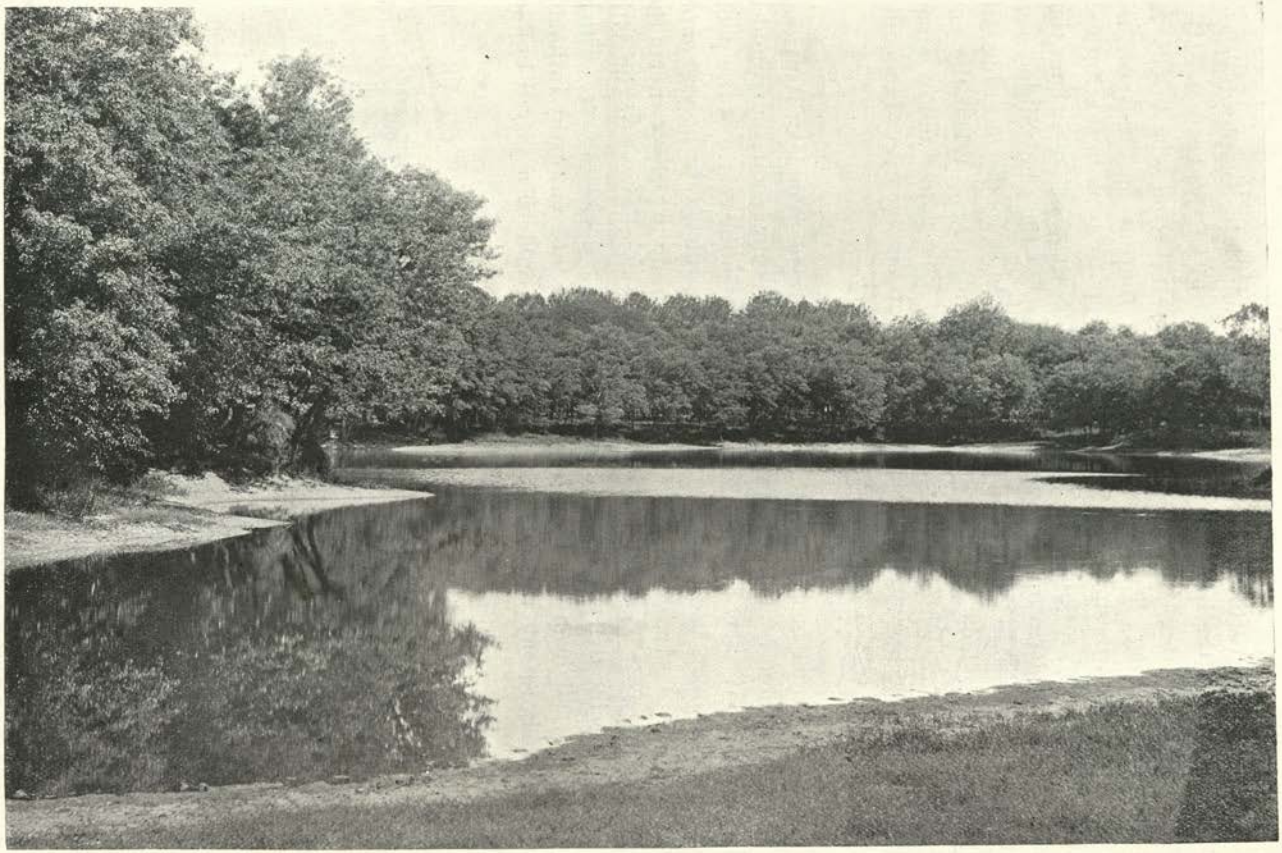
It is one of the many complexities induced by the long *Pax Britannica* that there is in the new system no quite adequate place for the purely fighting races who are the salt of India. Freed from the pressure of the Moghul and content with British rule, the Sikh was falling back from the martial faith of the last of the *gurus* and, like every reforming sect in this country, was in danger of being engulfed in the all-absorbing mass of Hinduism. Entirely given to soldiering and agriculture, he was being elbowed aside in days when the race is rather to the nimble-witted than to the strong and brave and loyal. But India cannot afford to lose the Sikh. He is hard, a bit of a Bania over his money—characteristics which are not, perhaps, attractive in a superficial age. But he lends to India some of those stiffening qualities which the Covenanters and the Puritans wrought into the fibre of the British people. He is a giant in battle, tenacious as a bull dog, as Saraghari and a score of other incidents can prove. He is loyal and staunch to the core and a grand peasant.

On the road to the station is the white marble cenotaph raised by their comrades of the Indian Army to the handful of the bravest of the brave who fell at Saraghari. The story of that fight must be briefly re-told, because nothing better reveals the true martial qualities of the Sikhs. When the tribesmen on the frontier sprang to arms in the autumn of ninety-seven, in response to the irresistible wave of fanaticism that flowed over the border peoples, twenty-one sepoys of the 36th Sikhs were isolated at Saraghari, in Gulistan. From nine o'clock in the morning till half-past four they held out against overwhelming odds. When the end came they fell to a man, fighting to the last. One brave fellow stood at bay in the guard-room and killed twenty of the enemy. He could not be conquered, and at last was burned at his post.

Who in India is not familiar with the Golden Temple of Amritsar and its environment? The great tank, or Pool of Immortality surrounded by the marble pavement? The miniature temple in the centre of the pool, half of gilded copper, half of inlaid marble, which protects the holy *granth*, or Sacred Book of the Sikhs? The arched causeway, which connects the shrine with the great gateway, with its memorial of the work of the 35th Sikh Regiment in the Chitral Expedition? The red clock tower, which looks down on all from a lofty platform—a tower not unworthy in itself, but as out of harmony with its atmosphere as would be a sacred bull in Piccadilly?



SIKHS WITH THEIR MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, AMRITSAR.



View in the Park, Rawalpindi.

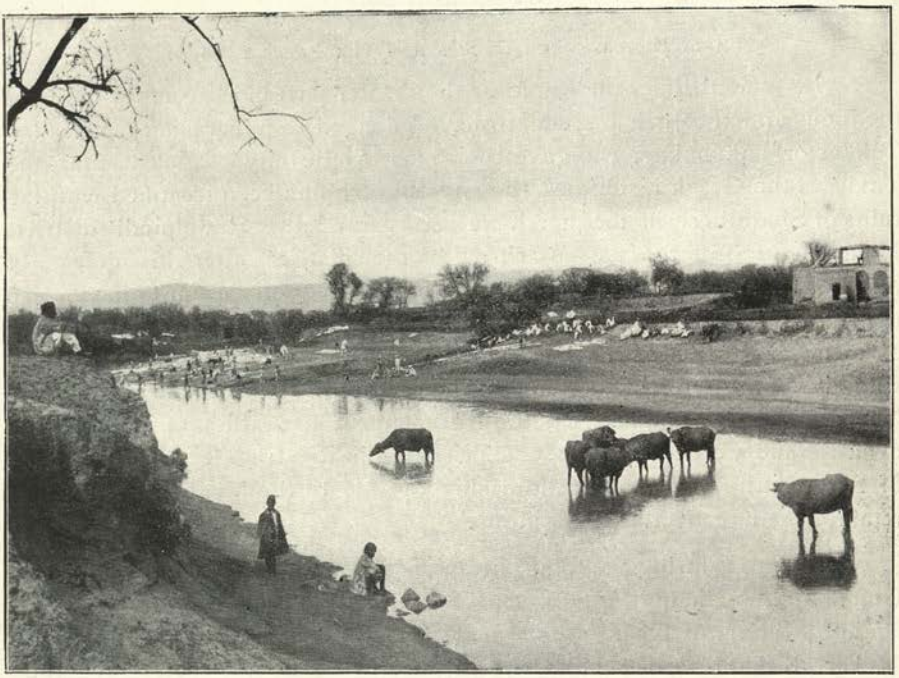
RAWALPINDI.

EARLY HISTORY—SIKH OCCUPATION—THE PRESENT TOWN.

In ancient times the whole or the greater part of the country between the Indus and the Jhelum seems to have belonged to a Turanian race called Takkas or Takshakas, who gave their name to the city of Takshasila, the Taxila of the Greek historians, the site of which has been identified with the ruins of Shahdheri in the north-west corner of the Rawalpindi district. Mahmud of Ghazni passed through the district after his defeat of Anand Pal and capture of Ohind. With this conqueror claim to have come the Gakhars, a tribe still of importance in the district. The first mention of them in the Moslem historians occurs in the memoirs of Babar, who gives an interesting account of the capture of their capital of Paralah. Thenceforth the Gakhar chieftains remained firm allies of the Moghul dynasty, and were able to render efficient aid in its struggle with the house of Sher Shah. During the flourishing period of the Moghul empire, they retained their territorial possessions.

In 1765, during the total paralysis of the Moghul government, Sardar Gujar Singh Bhangi, a powerful Sikh chieftain, marched from Lahore against Mukarrab Khan, whom he defeated outside the walls of Gujrat. Mukarrab Khan retired across the Jhelum, where he was soon treacherously murdered by his own tribesmen; but the traitors quarrelled over their spoil, and fell one by one before Sardar Gujar Singh. The Sikhs ruled Rawalpindi with their usual rapacity, exacting as revenue the last coin that could be wrung from the proprietors. Gujar Singh held the district throughout his life, and left it on his death to his son, Sahib Singh, who fell in 1810 before the power of the great Ranjit Singh. Another Sikh Sardar, Milka Singh, fixed upon Rawalpindi, then an insignificant village, for his head-quarters. In spite of Afghan inroads and the resistance of the Gakhars he soon conquered on his own account a tract of country round Rawalpindi, worth three lakhs a year. On his death in 1804, his estates were confirmed to his son, Jiwan Singh, by Ranjit Singh, until 1814, when, upon Jiwan Singh's death, they were annexed to the territory of Lahore.

Situated on the North bank of the Leh river, the present town is of quite modern origin; but Sir Alexander Cunningham identified certain ruins on the site of the cantonment with the ancient city of Gajipur or Gajnipur, the capital of the Bhatti tribe in the ages preceding the Christian era. Græco-Bactrian coins, together with ancient bricks, occur over an



THE RIVER LEH, RAWALPINDI.

area of two square miles. Known within historical times as Fatehpur Baori, Rawalpindi fell into decay during one of the Mongol invasions in the fourteenth century. Jhanda Khan, a Gakhar Chief, restored the town and gave it its present name. Sardar Milka Singh, a Sikh adventurer, occupied it in 1765, and invited traders from the neighbouring commercial centres of Jhelum and Shahpur to settle in his territory. Early in the nineteenth century Rawalpindi became for a time the refuge of Shah Shuja, the exiled king of Kabul, and of his brother Shah Zaman. It was at Rawalpindi that, on March 14, 1849, the Sikh army under Chattar Singh and Sher Singh finally laid down their arms after the battle of Gujrat. On the introduction of British rule, Rawalpindi became the site of a cantonment, and shortly afterwards the headquarters of a Division; while its connection with the main railway system by the extension of the North-Western Railway to Peshawar immensely developed both its size and commercial importance. The municipality was created in 1867.

KASHMIR.

THE PARADISE OF THE WORLD—THE CITY OF THE SUN—ANCIENT TEMPLES.

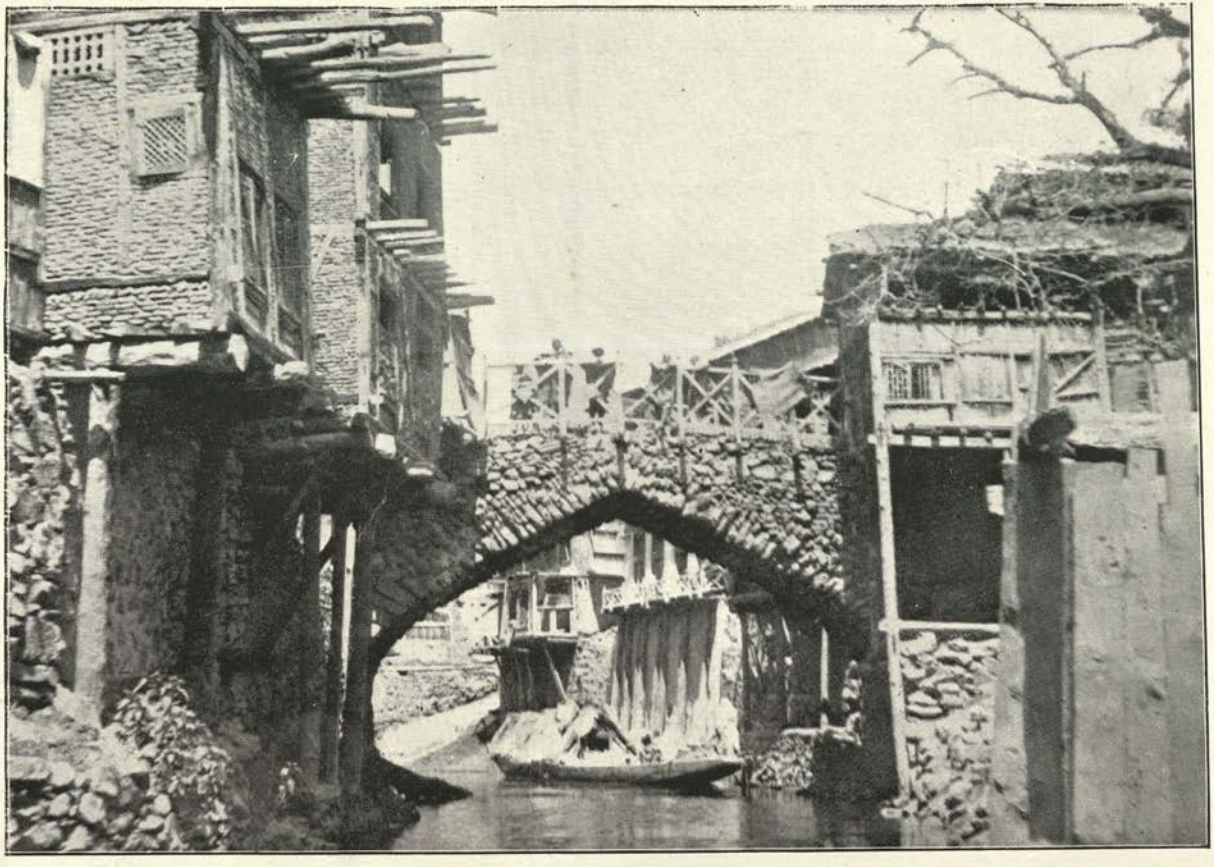
Who has not heard of the vale of Cashmere,
With its roses the brightest that earth ever gave,
"Its temples, and grottos, and fountains as clear
As the love-lighted eyes that hang over their wave?"

THE beauties and attractions of nature seldom appeal to the languid Oriental mind, but the following accurate account of the important frontier State of Kashmir, which has been called "The Paradise of the World" as given in the *Ain-i-Akbari*, is an instance of at least one exception to the rule.

"The country," says the Mahomedan historian, "is enchanting, and might be fittingly called a garden of perpetual spring surrounding a citadel terraced to the skies, and deservedly appropriate to be either the delight of the worldling or the retired abode of the recluse. Its streams are sweet to the taste, its waterfalls music to the ear, and its climate is invigorating. The flowers are enchanting and fill the heart with delight. Violets, the red rose and wild narcissus cover the plains. To enumerate its flora would be impossible. Its spring and autumn are extremely beautiful. The houses are all of wood and are of four storeys, and some of more, but it is not the custom to enclose them. Tulips (? Iris) are grown on the roofs which present a lovely sight in the spring time. Cattle and sundry stores are kept in the lower storey, the second contains the family apartments, and in the third and fourth are the household chattels. On account of the abundance of wood and the constant earthquakes, houses of stone and brick are not built, but the ancient temples inspire astonishment. At the present day many of them are in ruins."

This description coincides generally with that given by Bernier, who visited Kashmir in 1665, and was much impressed with all he saw there. The whole ground, he says, is "enamelled with our European flowers and plants."

The scenery is superb, and the climate for the greater part of the year perfect. Living is cheap, servants are maintained on the same lavish scale as in India, and the society is that of Government officials, civil and



THE MAR CANAL, SRINAGAR, KASHMIR.

H.H. THE MAHARAJAH OF JAMMU AND KASHMIR, G.C.S.I.

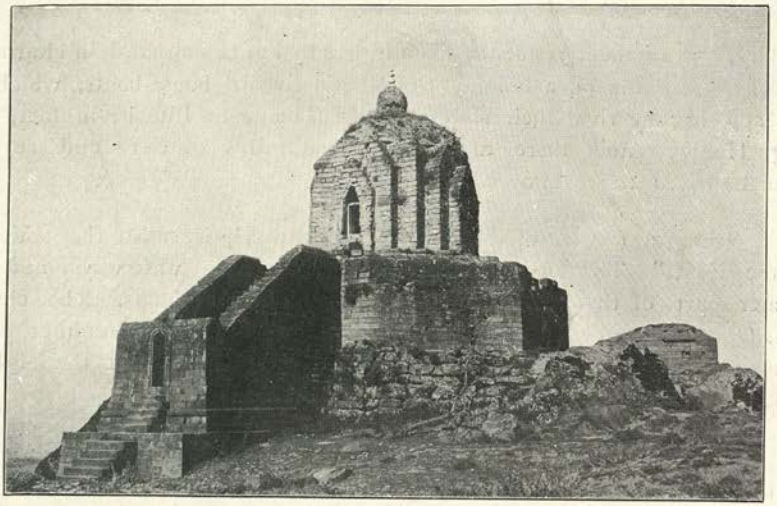
military. Permanent residents usually live in houses situated in charming gardens. Visitors on a holiday from India live in house-boats, which in size and luxury rival their sisters on the Thames. Life is, in fact, one long Henley, and there are a hundred miles of river and several exquisite lakes to roam over.

Srinagar ("City of the Sun"), the capital, is called the "Venice of the East." The city is a maze of picturesque waterways, and the greater part of the population lives permanently in boats. The chenar trees (*Platanus orientalis*) are the glory of the valley; and in summer, when Srinagar is hot, camps are pitched in the uplands amongst the sighing deodar forests.

The Srinagar of yesterday was known as one of the filthiest, if one of the holiest, cities of India; the Kashmir capital of to-day has its improved water-supply, is making rapid strides in laying out broad avenues lined with innumerable poplars and erecting substantial residences; while the Srinagar of to-morrow, approached by its electric railway, will be one of the most favoured and fashionable health resorts of Northern India. But despite the newly-made thoroughfares, which would do credit to any Continental town, the main street has always been, and will always remain, the swiftly-flowing Jhelum.

The Mar Canal at Srinagar is, on account of its extreme picturesqueness, and in spite of its surprising dirt and smelliness, a favourite resort of the artist and the photographer. It is approached by way of the beautiful Dhal Lake and past the Bagh-i-Delwar Khan, which has memories of Vigne, the intrepid traveller who has furnished us with the most charming work ever written on Kashmir. "Mar Nullah" means snake canal. It leads through the very heart of Srinagar city. On either side of this narrow waterway the houses rise to a great height. They are rickety in the extreme. Their upper storeys project over the canal and are supported by long beams. The canal is spanned by eight or ten exceedingly picturesque bridges, on some of which are shops—the last remnants of their kind in the country. The walls of the Mar Nullah bear the silent record of long forgotten ages. Carved and engraved blocks of stone, doubtless the debris of ancient temples and ghats, abound in its composition.

Every season of the year has its specially attractive features to the lover of nature, but to those who most admire the spring-time Srinagar in



TAKHT-I-SULIMAN, KASHMIR.

THE TEMPLE OF MARTAND, KASHMIR.

April is a dream of delight and beauty. The orchards are laden with soft-tinted fruit blossom in great variety and profusion, and these alone more than repay one for the tedious journey if only for the refreshing effects upon mind and body, after the trying heat of the plains. At this time, too, the miles of poplars and the grand chenar trees—the latter mostly more than 300 years old—are gently unfolding into leaf, while the iris with its rich colouring, to be seen on all sides in great patches, sweetly perfumes the air. Encircling the capital, in the distance are the snow-capped mountains, many partially hidden by fleecy clouds, and adding greatly to the serenity of the scene. But it is not to these ethereal joys alone that Srinagar caters; it boasts of a suitable little club-house with a good library, members being permitted to take books into the districts, an excellent golf course, polo ground, tennis courts, and a picture gallery.

The Kashmiris are not without their own arts. Their wood-carving, *papier-mâché* and brass-work is good. The famous Kashmir shawls are now no longer made. Carpets of fair quality are manufactured, but they do not compare with those of Persia or Central Asia. A European firm has already established a carpet factory.

The sport of the country is now under European control, and carefully preserved. Trout have been imported from the streams of Scotland and are doing well. The rivers are well stocked with fish, which the natives hook and net only on payment of licence fees. Black bear and leopards are procurable without much difficulty in the valleys, and in the highlands are found markhor, oorial, tar, red bear, and snow-leopard.

The temples of Kashmir form a complete and homogeneous group in themselves, being unlike any other style known in India. They have besides, a certain classical element, which exhibits undoubted traces of the influence of Grecian art. The characteristic features of Kashmiri architecture are its lofty pyramidal roofs, its trefoil doorways covered by pyramidal pediments, and the great width of its intercolumninations.

The temple of Martand, described by Ferguson as "the architectural lion of Kashmir" is by far the finest and most typical example of its class. The correct date of the temple always remains a disputed point, but it was probably erected during the reign of Lalitaditya, A. D. 725-761. The temple crowning the Takht-i-Suliman is stated to be the earliest of all the temples in Kashmir.

SONAMARG, SINDH VALLEY, KASHMIR.

THE UNITED PROVINCES.

THE United Provinces of Agra and Oudh form the upper part of the great Ganges plain to the west of Bengal, lying between the Himalayas and the hilly border of the central plateau. In population they come next to Bengal. Originally these provinces (excluding Oudh) formed part of the Bengal Presidency, but in 1835 a separate administration was formed under a Lieutenant-Governor. Oudh was annexed in 1856 and placed under a Chief Commissioner. After 1877 the two administrations were combined. The province is served by the East Indian, Oudh and Rohilkhand, and Rohilkhand and Kumaon Railways. In 1887 a Legislative Council was established. Among the important cities may be named Allahabad, the chief city of Agra, and Lucknow, the historic chief city of Oudh, the ancient city of Agra containing the Taj Mahal and other great works of architecture, the sacred Hindu city of Benares, the great manufacturing centre Cawnpore, and Meerut.

AGRA AND FATEHPUR SIKRI.

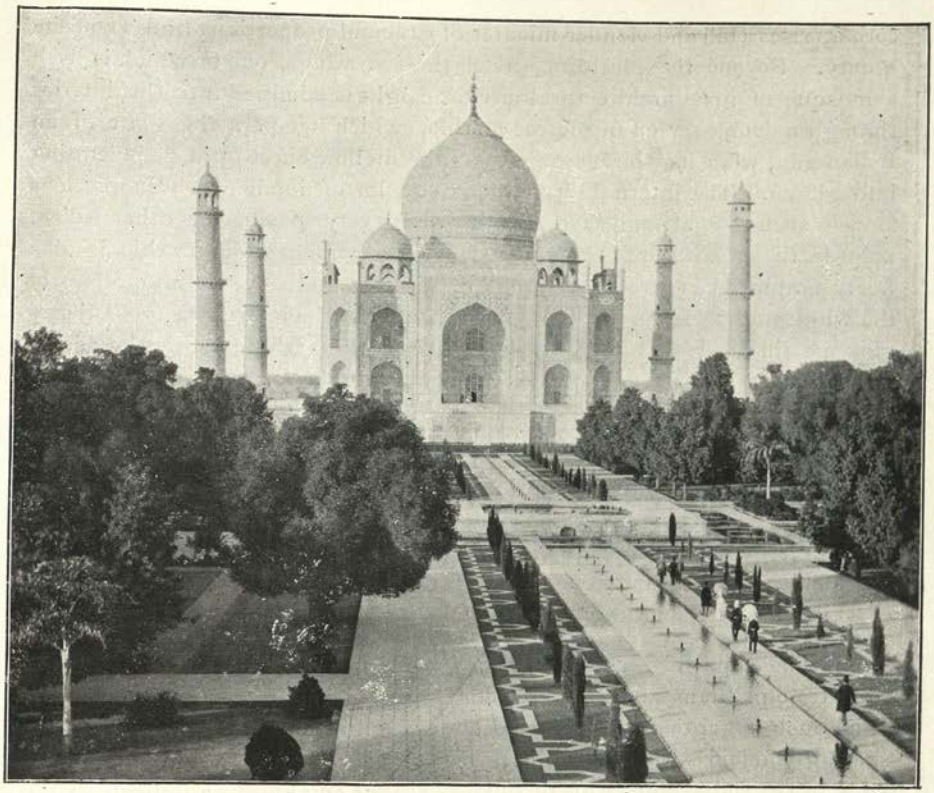
EARLY HISTORY—FAMOUS MOGHUL BUILDINGS—THE TAJ MAHAL—THE CITY OF VICTORY.

Before the time of Akbar, Agra had been a residence of the Lodi kings, whose city, however, lay on the left or eastern bank of the Jumna. Traces of its foundations may still be noticed opposite the modern town, and a flourishing suburb has grown up on part of the ancient site. Baber occupied the old palace after his victory over Ibrahim Khan in 1526, and later he took up his permanent residence there. His son, Humayun, was for a time, driven out of India by Sher Shah, the Afghan Governor of Bengal, and after his re-establishment on the throne, he fixed his court at Delhi. Humayun was succeeded by his son Akbar, the great organiser of the imperial system, who removed the seat of Government to the present Agra, which he founded on the right bank of the river, and built the fort in 1566. Four years later he laid the foundations of Fatehpur Sikri, and contemplated

making that town the capital of his empire, but was dissuaded apparently by the superior situation of Agra on the great waterway of the Jumna. Akbar died at Agra in 1605. During his reign the palaces in the Fort were commenced, and the gates of Chitor were set up at Agra. Jehangir built his father's mausoleum at Sikandra, and also erected the tomb of his father-in-law, Itimad-ud-daula, as well as the portion of the palace in the Fort known as the Jehangir Mahal. Shah Jehan was proclaimed emperor at Agra in 1628, and resided there from 1632 to 1637. It is to his reign that most of the great architectural works in the Fort must be referred, though doubtless many of them had been commenced at an earlier date. In 1658 Shah Jehan's third son, Aurungzebe, rebelled and deposed him ; but the ex-emperor was permitted to live in imperial state at Agra, though in confinement, until his death several years later. Agra then sank for a while to the position of a provincial city, as Aurungzebe removed the seat of Government permanently to Delhi. It had often to resist the attacks of the turbulent Jats during the decline of the Moghuls ; and in 1761 it was actually taken. In 1770 the Mahrattas ousted the Jats, but were themselves driven out by the imperial troops four years later. In 1784 the city was besieged by the forces of the emperor Shah Alam and Mahadji Sindhia. Sindhia took Agra, and held it till 1787, when he was attacked by the imperial troops who were eventually defeated near Fatehpur Sikri. Thenceforward the Mahrattas held the fort till it was taken by Lord Lake in October 1803.

Agra has now become for administrative purposes merely the head-quarters of a Division and a District ; but the ancient capital still maintains its natural supremacy as the finest city of Upper India, while the development of the railway system, of which it forms a great centre, is gradually restoring its commercial importance.

The city stretches inland west and south from the Jumna, forming roughly an equilateral triangle, with its base running west from the river. The cantonments lie beyond the southern point. The Moghul buildings for which the place is famous lie on the edge of the city or some distance away. The Jama Masjid or "great mosque" stands at the centre of the south-eastern face, separated from the river by the vast pile of buildings included in the Fort. From the north angle of the Fort the Jumna curves away to the east, and at a distance of a mile and a half rises the lovely marble building famous as the Taj. The space between, which was formerly an unsightly stretch of ravines, is now occupied by the MacDonnell



THE TAJ MAHAL.

Park, commenced as a famine work in 1897, which occupies about 250 acres. The tomb of Itimad-ud-daula and the Chini-ka-rauza are situated on the left bank of the river; and the magnificent tomb of Akbar is at Sikandra, five miles north-west of the city.

The Taj Mahal, with its beautiful domes, "a dream in marble," rises on the river bank. It was erected as a mausoleum for the remains of Arjmand Banu Begam, wife of the emperor, Shah Jehan, known as Mumtaz Mahal, or "exalted of the palace." She died in 1629, and this building was begun soon after her death, though not completed till 1648. The materials are white marbles from Makrana and red sandstone from Fatehpur Sikri. The mausoleum stands on a raised marble platform, and at each of the

corners rises a tall and slender minaret of graceful proportions and exquisite beauty. Beyond the platform stretch the two wings, one of which is itself a mosque of great architectural merit. Light is admitted into the interior through a double screen of pierced marble, which tempers the glare of an Indian sun, while its whiteness prevents the mellow effect from degenerating into gloom. The internal decorations consist of inlaid work in precious stones, such as agate and jasper, with which every spandril or other salient point in the architecture is richly fretted. Brown and violet marble is also freely employed in wreaths, scrolls and lintels, to relieve the monotony of the white walls. In regard to colour and design the interior of the Taj may rank first in the world for purely decorative workmanship; while the perfect symmetry of its exterior, once seen, can never be forgotten, nor the ærial grace of its domes, rising like marble bubbles into the clear sky.

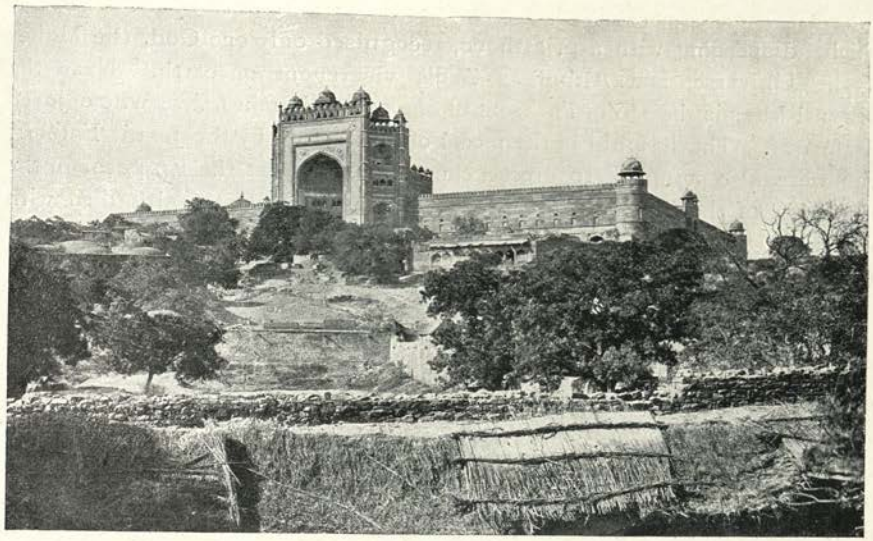
Opposite to the Jama Masjid stands the Fort, whose walls are 70 feet high and a mile and a half in circuit. A drawbridge leads across the deep moat which surrounds the crenelated ramparts, giving access through a massive gateway. Within lie the palace buildings, the substructures of which are of red sandstone, but the corridors, rooms and pavilions are of white marble elaborately carved.

The exquisite Moti Masjid, or "pearl mosque," is raised on a lofty sandstone platform, and has three domes of white marble with gilded spires. It is much larger than the pearl mosque at Delhi; and its pure white marble, sparingly inlaid with black lines, has an effect at once noble and refined. Only in the slabs composing the floor is colour employed—a delicate yellow inlaid into the white marble.

The tomb of Itimad-ud-daula, Wazir of the emperor Jehangir, stands some distance from the opposite or left bank of the river, and is another treasure of Indian architecture.

Fatehpur Sikri—"The City of Victory"—is the great town built by Akbar in an outburst of pious devotion for the birth of an heir, occupied for a few years, and then given back to the beasts and the birds who held dominion over the plain until the Emperor disturbed their rule.

But whilst the vivid desertion of Fatehpur Sikri affronts by the audacity and wastefulness of its abandonment, the city fascinates by the completeness with which the characteristics of the founder are wrought into the fabric. Akbar's strong, virile masculine being sought a fitting medium



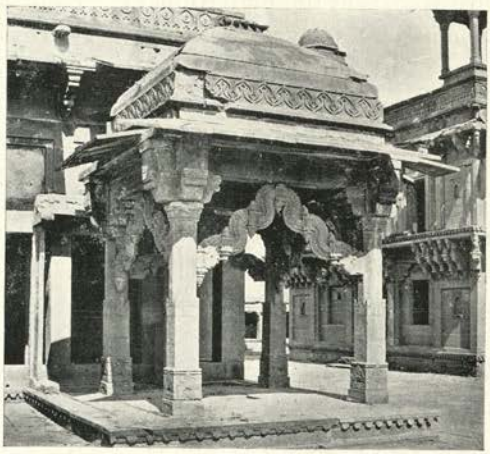
"The Gate of Victory," Fatehpur Sikri.

in the rugged red sandstone of the vicinity, and marble was but sparingly employed in works. His noble soul found its best expression in dignity and breadth rather than in subtle perfection of detail, and only in the adornment of the feminine apartments was the decorative skill of his Hindu architects allowed to run riot. The Buland Darwaza, or "Gate of Victory", bespeaks the soldier. The Jumma Masjid reveals the deep religious mind. In the reserve and dignity of its decorations it is unsurpassed, and the cloisters of the great square are true haunts of peace. The marked Hindu feeling in Jodbhai's Palace, Mariam's House, and Birbal's House, betrays the catholicity of his artistic instincts and his love for the solid and enduring. The variety of ornamentation in the Turkish Sultana's House and other of the women's apartments, discloses the lighter side of his æsthetic tastes. Then this grouping of Hindu, Jain, and Saracenic style in his new city, all of which are embodied in the quaint five-storied pavilion known as the Panch Mahal, evidences the liberality of mind and broadness of vision which distinguished Akbar from all his contemporaries.

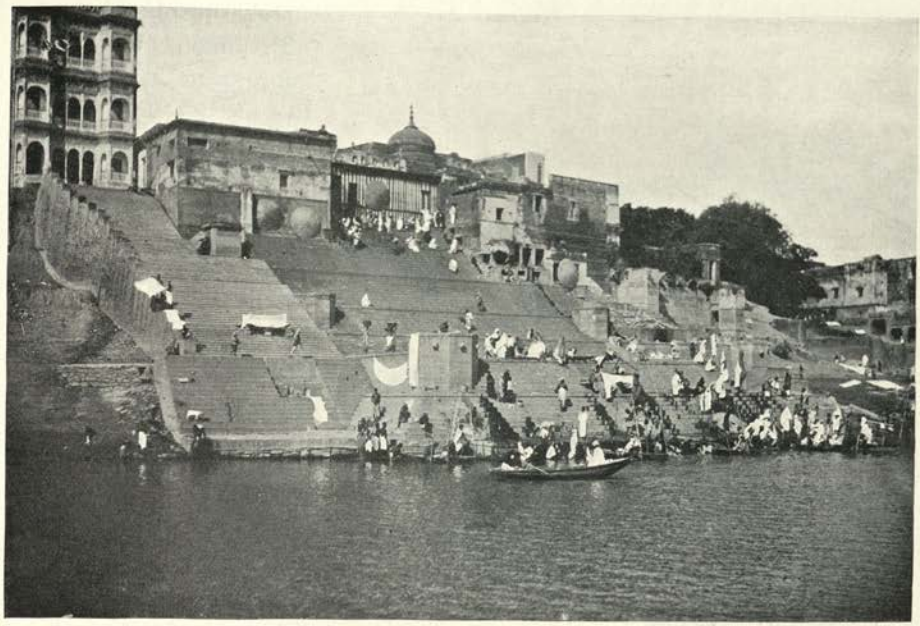
The most absorbing memorials of Akbar's life and reign that Fatehpur Sikri enshrines are the monuments to his wide religious tolerance in an age of bigotry. The Jumma Masjid is the declaration of his early Mahomedan belief, but in the pulpit he stood to pronounce the new all-embracing faith,

which, dispensing with a priesthood, recognised only one God, the Maker of the Universe, and Akbar as God's viceregent on earth. Near the Diwan-i-khas is the "Yogi's" seat of one of the Hindu *fakirs* who enjoyed his favour. The hospital is the model of that set up by the Jesuit Fathers, who were also permitted to erect a church and instruct the Emperor in the principles of the Christian religion. Akbar's new state faith died with him, as it was bound to do; but never sought man more diligently for the truth. It was no real failure to have aimed so high.

With all its strength and freshness, which make Fatehpur Sikri not a ruined city, not a city of desolation, but just an abandoned city, which yesterday might have pulsated with warm life, there are those human links which preserve it from hardness. In the exquisite marble lace work of Sheikh Chishti's tomb are the little coloured threads of hope tied by the women who suffer from childlessness—the greatest curse in the East. On the gates of Buland Durwaza are the horse-shoes, nailed as votive offerings by those whose steeds are sick. In the modest house near the Masjid lived Abdul Faz who, coming to Court as a minstrel, compiled the classical *Ain-i-Akbari* which records in detail the events of Akbar's reign.



THE SEAT OF THE HINDU SAINT: FATEHPUR SIKRI.



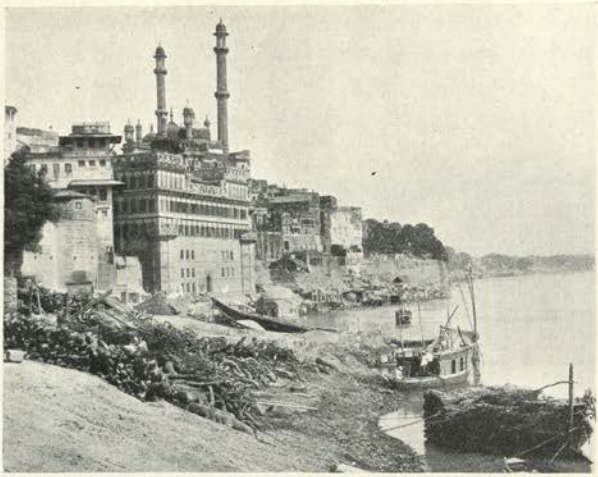
BATHING GHATS, BENARES.

BENARES.

THE HOLY CITY OF THE HINDUS.

India has always been a land of fascination—the magnificent temples, stately mosques, and marble mausolea, the majestic palm trees standing like sentinels over the rich corn fields, the broad and shiny rivers, the gorgeous ghats, the tinkling of sacred bells—these are some of the features of an Indian town, and of all Benares is an ideal representation. The place has been from time immemorial the centre of Hindu faith, and it is no less even to this day the home of great men versed in theology, philosophy and in all the sciences of Brahminical mysticism.

The early-riser will meet a number of worshippers, both male and female, mumbling and hastening down to bathing places to make an "Ashnan" in the "Mother Ganges." The "ghat" is swarming with devotees—some raising their folded hands towards the sun, some revolving like a teetotum in a particular act of devotion, while others are still occupied in ablution. All these present an impressive sight and a girl walking



Mosque of Aurungzebe, Benares.

down the broad and stately flights of steps with unconscious grace affords a not less attractive picture. There is a hum all round and the sounds at a distance resemble the buzzing of a bee. Some of the ghats and wells like "Amrita Kund" (Well of Immortality) and "Nag Kund" (Serpents' Well) are accredited with great sanctity, and hundreds of pilgrims flock there to bathe. Among the temples the fame of Shiva, the chief local deity, is the first in point of veneration. Though void of delicacy of architecture, the golden dome of the shrine, radiant with the glittering light of the sun, emits rays that seem to illumine the very heart of each true devotee.

Imagine a crowd of worshippers, claiming descent from "Rishis," some making low obeisance before the idol, some lying prone to the ground, the priest reading out "Ashloks" from the Vedas, girls offering flower wreaths to the deity, the air of solemnity all round and the god itself sitting on an imperial dais with a majestic bearing paying no heed to all their devotion. The sight is impressive, and though the monotheist would laugh at the idea, yet there is something even in that feigned truth which indicates traces of pre-existent, pure and honest motive. The metropolis is the rendezvous of Sadhus, some of whom are surely in earnest, and who, retiring from this place of turmoil, have spurned the riches and greatness of this world to practise that self-abnegation which is the be-all and end-all of existence and which is the essence of every religion in one form or another. But side by side one finds some who form a sort of cheating fraternity, highly skilled in their profession, making parade of plausibility, full of cant, counting beads, rubbing ashes on their faces and whose consciences are enveloped in a leather casing of hypocrisy. This is not a cynical asperity, to be sure, but one of those features that has caused

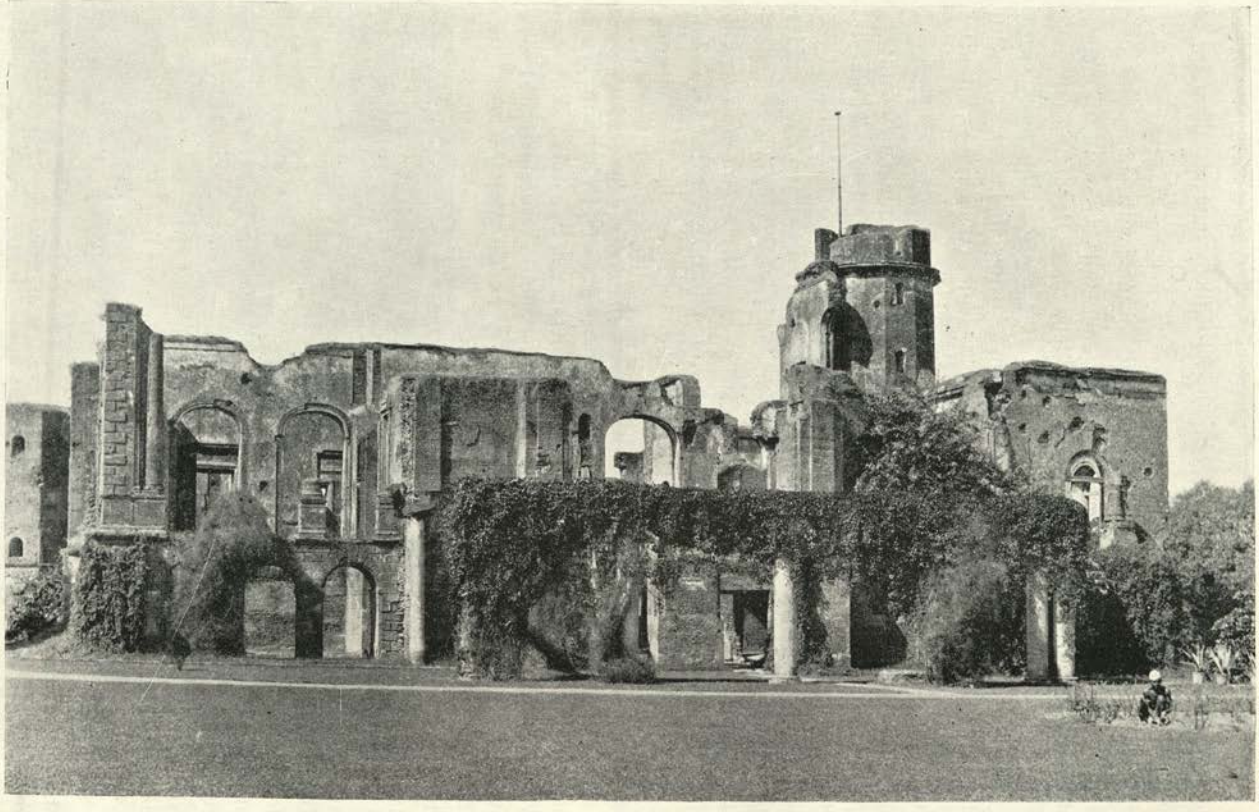
a natural aversion for the brotherhood and which has put them in bad odour with the fastidious mass.

But when one leaves its high-walled bazaars with shops, full of all sorts of wares and Kashi silk vendors, and takes a walk towards the cantonment, one differentiates between old and new Benares. The broad streets with water-carts slowly progressing, the *sahib* going for a spin in his showy turnout, the wealthy "mahajan" sitting in his victoria with a stolid countenance, and then one or two old-fashioned carriages all attract the notice of a newcomer.

The town like the whole population of the land is in a state of transition and much has it benefited from occidentalism. There is a mosque in this old town of Kashi within the yard of which one sees an enclosure where the Hindus come, worship and silently go away. Here, at this spot, are Hindus and Mahomedans, as it were, charmed by a potent magician. Let the discontented say what he will, seeing the repellent spirit of the two and the transparent show of unanimity on the part of both, the conviction forces itself upon the right-thinking man that the presence of the British Government has become a vital necessity.

The student of Indian history will, perhaps, remember how Warren Hastings hid himself when pursued by the Raja of Benares. Who could have thought then that the house would one day become historical where British imperialists would go on a pilgrimage? Thanks to Lord Curzon who saved the historical buildings from decay, the house in which Hastings concealed himself still stands, having a tablet and an inscription on it, to remind one of the connection of the place with one of the greatest of India's Governors-General.

Burning Ghats, Benares.



THE RESIDENCY, LUCKNOW.

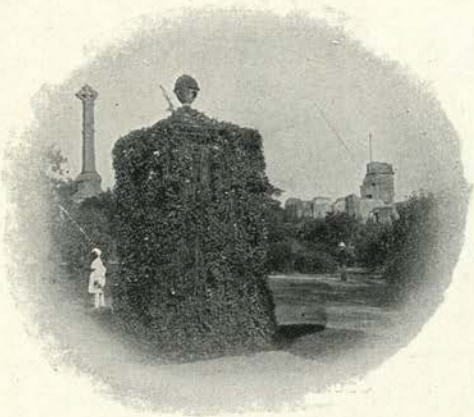
RUINS OF RESIDENCY CHURCH.

LUCKNOW.

HISTORY—THE RESIDENCY AND THE SIEGE.

Nothing is known of the early history of Lucknow; but after the Muhammadan conquest of India it was occupied by Shaikhs and Pathans. The former became of some importance and built a fort, and according to one account the place derives its name from Likhna, the architect of the fort. In 1526 Lucknow was occupied by Humayun, who abandoned it; but it was taken by Baber in 1528. In the reign of Akbar it was the chief town of a *sarkar*. Its growth, however, like that of so many of the modern cities of India, was most rapid in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. It rose to greatness as the capital of the dynasty which established itself in Oudh during the decay of the Moghul Empire, and spread its rule, not only over the modern province, but also through the neighbouring tracts now included in Rohilkhand, the Gorakpur and Benares Divisions, and the Allahabad Division north of the Ganges. The grandeur of Lucknow dates from the reign of Asaf-ud-daula, the fourth Nawab, and the works he constructed did not degenerate into the mere personal extravagances of his successors. He built bridges and mosques, as well as the Imambara, the chief architectural glory of Lucknow, in which he lies buried, the adjacent mosque, the Rumi Darwaza or Turkish Gate, and the magnificent palace which afterwards became the Residency.

And to visitors to-day Lucknow means the Residency which will always remain a sacred memorial of English valour and self-sacrifice. The gallant defence of Lucknow from July 1st 1857, to the final relief on



THE HENRY LAWRENCE MEMORIAL.

November 17th is one of the most glorious episodes of the Mutiny. It kept engaged for months a whole army of rebels who might otherwise have turned the wavering scale at Delhi.

But in this defence we must not imagine a single isolated stronghold; the actual Residency was but its centre surrounded by widely scattered buildings hastily converted into defensive works and connected by temporary entrenchments, mud walls, palisades, ditches, &c.

To maintain these entrenched lines, and to defend some five hundred women and children, little more than a thousand soldiers and civilians were available. Counting the loyal natives and native servants nearly 3,000 persons were herded together in an irregular enclosure, about one mile in circumference, invested by a disciplined army of overwhelming numbers.

The ruined cellars can still be seen where the women and children were immured for safety during those awful eighty-seven days. The women, indeed, had to endure hardships more intolerable than their defenders at the exposed entrenchments, which demanded as much courage though of a passive kind. In the tropical heat delicate women panted for air in these pestilential cellars, patiently enduring the foul air and the awful stenches, or despairingly watching their children pining away for want of fresh air and proper nourishment.

THE BAILEY GUARD GATE.

The best memorial of the siege is the blackened and shot-riddled ruins of the Residency itself, which with excellent taste, has been preserved as it stood and not restored.

Next to the Residency the most thrilling spot in Lucknow is the Cemetery. This necropolis, where lie over 2,000 English men, women and children who perished by war or massacre during the great Indian rebellion, must give pause to the most thoughtless and unemotional visitor. Here rests Sir Henry Lawrence, "who tried to do his duty;" but the hero of the relief, Sir Henry Havelock, lies in the Alam Bagh, about a mile and a half beyond the city on the Cawnpore Road.

HOSEINABAD EMAMBARA, LUCKNOW.

CAWNPORE.

THE MASSACRE—THE MEMORIAL WELL.

With the exception of the various sites and memorials of the Mutiny, there is nothing to see at Cawnpore, yet it is one of the most frequented shrines of tourist culture in India.

It was on the historic plain just outside the city that for three weeks some 300 soldiers and civilians, protected only by hastily thrown-up shelter trenches, guarded 600 women and children and other non-combatants from the attacks of ten times this number of fanatical mutineers.

THE MEMORIAL WELL, CAWNPORE.

The situation of the 900 odd souls in these miserable defences could not be more desperate. Of all the terrible hardships and privations of the besieged, the scarcity of water was the greatest; every drop of water meant literally the price of blood, for the enemy had carefully trained a gun on the only well, and even at night it was a target for grape-shot. The masonry of the well still bears traces of the shot and bullets fired by the sepoys.

Out of the 900 persons who had taken refuge behind General Wheeler's lines on June 6, about half this number had fallen by June 27, when the untenable position was surrendered to the treacherous Nana Sahib. Then the siege culminated in the awful massacre at the Ghat and of the survivors at the Bibigarh.

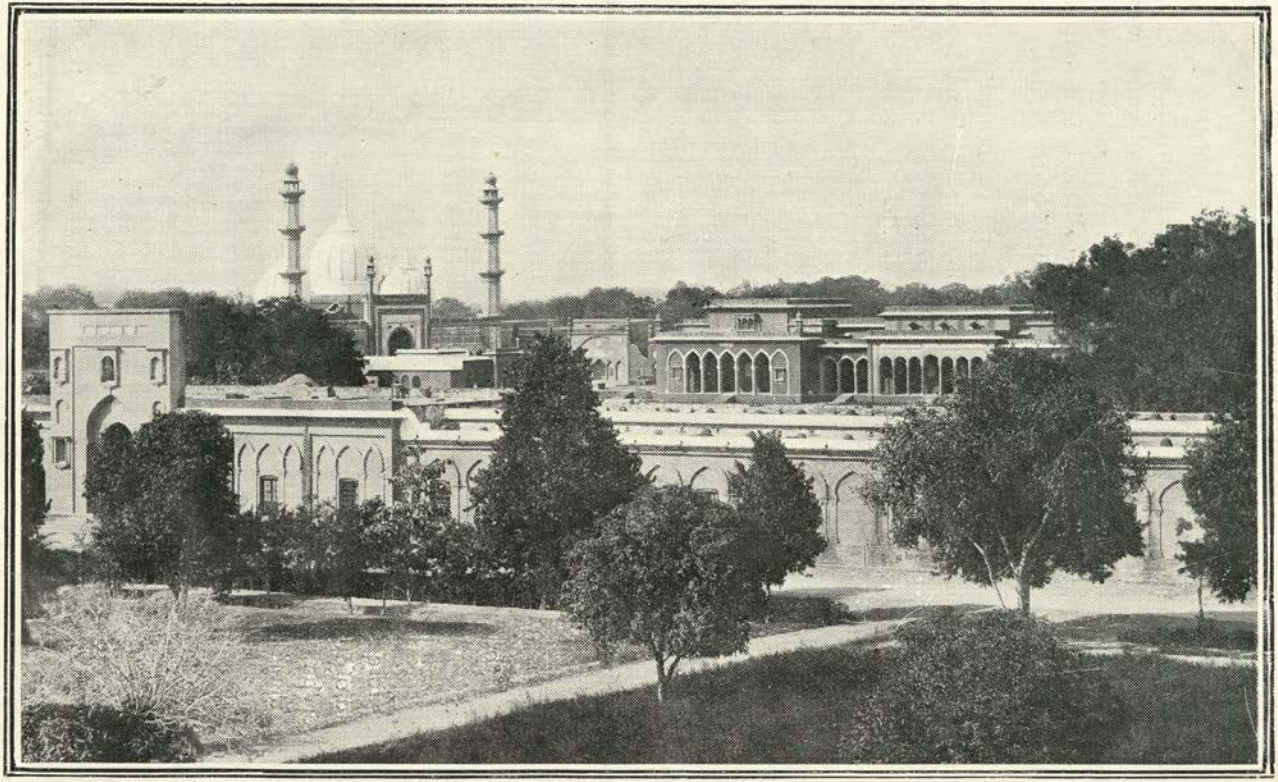
No traces, of course, remain of the mud walls of the famous entrenchments, but their course is marked by white pillars. A visit to this famous site makes one appreciate better the heroic defence of the famous three hundred of Cawnpore than the study of whole pages of description. The well, which proved such a terrible death-trap, must not be confused with the disused sepulchral well near the modern barracks, in which those who died during the defence were buried. The latter well is enclosed, and on the base of the memorial cross can be read this inscription :—

"In a well under this cross were laid, by the hands of their fellows in suffering, the bodies of men, women and children, who died hard by during the heroic defence of Wheeler's entrenchments when beleaguered by the rebel Nana, June 6 to 27, 1857."

Massacre Ghat, about a mile distant, marks the shambles where the hapless band of 450 survivors met their death after their weary journey down to the river bank. A ruined temple, appropriately dedicated to Siva the Destroyer, marks the site.

Great taste has been shown in the laying out of the Memorial Garden and Well; its position in the middle of an arid, sandy plain, emphasizes, by contrast, the charms of this verdant and shady God's Acre.

The memorial monument in the midst of this beautiful garden renders it difficult now to realize the horrors it seeks to commemorate. Marochetti's Angel of the Resurrection, bearing the palms of victory, with the simple inscription : "these are they which came out of great tribulation," must appeal to the least emotional or imaginative.



THE M. A. O. COLLEGE, ALIGARH.

ALIGARH.

THE MAHOMEDAN ANGLO-ORIENTAL COLLEGE.

Not to know the Mahomedan Anglo-Oriental College at Aligarh is to be ignorant of the most remarkable educational movement in India and to fail to understand the forces that are moving the many millions of His Majesty the King-Emperor's Mahomedan subjects. Realizing the backwardness of the Mahomedan, in the matter of education certain gentlemen of the Moslem community, led by that distinguished scholar, the late Sir Syed Ahmed, some years ago decided that a return to the old methods of oriental education was impossible. They agreed that the only education which could bring their race into harmony with the civilization around them, and so restore it to a position of influence, was an education frankly acknowledging the advance of science, catholic in its sympathies with all that was admirable in the history, literature, and philosophy of other countries, broad in its outlines and exact in its studies. Imbued with the faith that moves mountains they commenced work at Aligarh as a centre for the great areas of Mahomedan population in 1875 with a few school classes and a modest staff of seven masters.

To-day the predominating aspect of the College is its common life. Round the huge quadrangles are the students' rooms, where they live in small "chummeries," adorned according to their individual tastes. They dine in the common room. These boarding-houses are divided into blocks, each in charge of a Sub-Proctor, who is responsible to the Proctor and the Provost, the idea being to make the Sub-Proctor as much like an English House Master as the disposition of the quadrangle will permit. Athletics are encouraged, though the boys are so addicted to cricket, football, hockey and riding that direction rather than stimulus is required. There is the Siddons Union Club, where debates are conducted on the model of the Cambridge Union. There is the English House, where a number of boys live with an English master in a detached bungalow exactly as they would in the "House" of an English public school. Joining in this pleasant common life are boys from Shiraz, Teheran and Bushire; from Peshawar and Quetta; from Bengal and Bombay, as well as from Northern India; from the great Mahomedan State of Hyderabad; from Mysore, Madras, and even from Burma and Hongkong. All are linked not only by a common faith, in which they are carefully instructed, but by a common love for Aligarh.

A Yacht Race at Naini Tal.

NAINI TAL.

Naini Tal, the picturesque summer capital of the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh, is a comparatively small, snug and unpretentious-looking town, with the tiniest and bluest of fairy lakes in its bosom, that seems to have been transported from the Alpine districts of beautiful Switzerland. Here is a unique combination—the warm sun and blue sky of the East mingling with the pure health-giving air and frank atmosphere of the West. Naini Tal is a small cosmopolitan town with its assembly room, its library, its hotels, its clubs and its colleges.

MUSSOORIE.

THE BEDFORD OF INDIA—THE VALLEY OF THE DUN.

The aborigines named this beautiful hill station after a flowering tree, which grows in profusion round about, called the "Munsoorie." "Munsoorie" has been anglicised into "Mussoorie. Within an easy distance of the plains, an advantage which no other hill station enjoys, with splendid views of hill and valley, beautiful waterfalls, natural springs, and health-giving ozone, Mussoorie has indeed been favoured by nature. At Mussoorie's feet lies the beautiful valley of the Dun ; the white houses of the settlement shine through their verdant surroundings, while away to the west and south glide the mighty rivers of the Jumna and Ganges. The first residents of Mussoorie were retired military officers, some of whom had left the Indian Army in the prime of life, preferring a life among the mountains to an enervating existence in the plains. They built houses, founded schools, started breweries or became tea planters in the Dun. Then came the Mutiny, and many ladies and children were driven to seek shelter and safety here. After the Mutiny it seemed to become the vogue for all who could arrange it to go up to the hills for the hot weather, and Mussoorie is now the home for the schoolboy and schoolgirl and is quite the "Bedford of India."

Prettily situated at an elevation of more than 2,300 feet above sea level, Dehra Dun also has considerable attractions for Europeans as a place of residence. Extremes of heat and cold are unknown. The proximity of the Himalayas cools the atmosphere, whilst the warm winds from the plains do not reach so far among the mountain valleys as Dehra Dun.

MUSSOORIE.

CENTRAL INDIA.

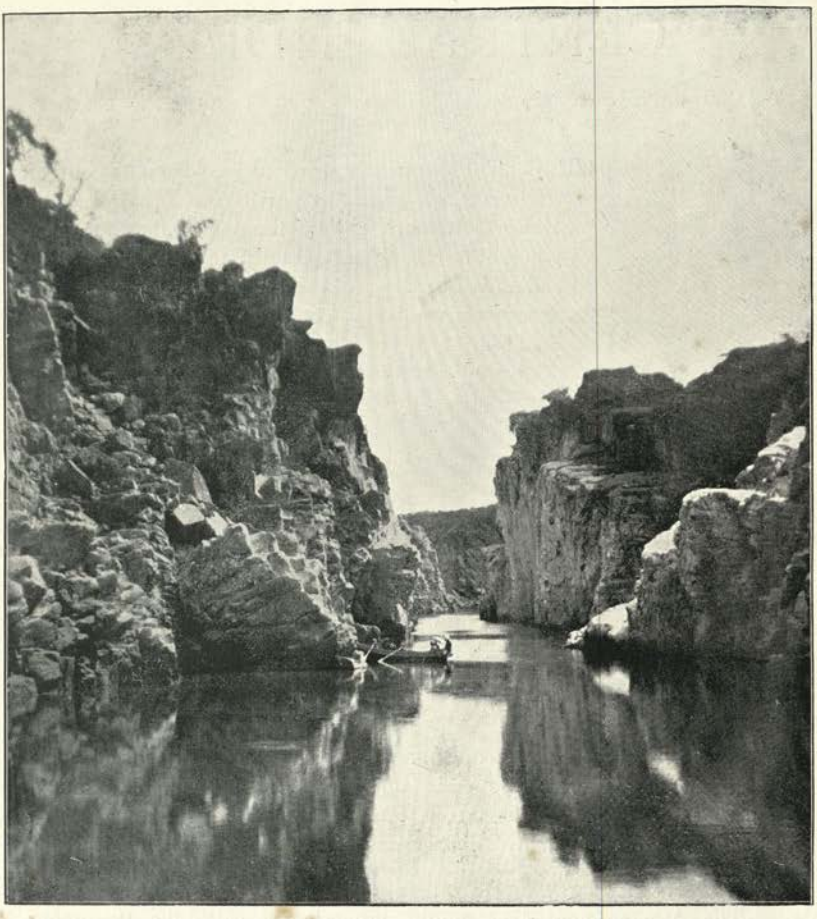
THE CENTRAL PROVINCES—THE SEONEE VALLEY—GOKAK FALLS—PACHMARHI—MOUNT ABU AND ITS TEMPLES.

THE Central Provinces were formed in 1861 out of territory taken from the North-West Provinces and Madras, but originally belonging to the Mahratta Kingdom of Nagpur. One district was detached and added to Bengal in 1905. The country is hilly and forest-clad, and contains a large population of aboriginal tribes. A great deal of the waste land is covered with jungle. Much has been done by constructing roads and railways to open up the country, which possesses coalfields and manganese ore, and is an important producer of rice, wheat, millet, pulse, oilseeds, and cotton.

Since 1st October 1903 Berar has been amalgamated with the Central Provinces. Berar, which lies to the north of Hyderabad, was placed in the hands of the British Government by the Nizam in 1853, in payment of arrears. In 1902 Berar was leased in perpetuity to the Government of India on payment of £167,000 a year to the Nizam. The Province contains fifteen feudatory States, varying greatly in size from the smallest with an area of 138 square miles, to the largest of 13,062. Nagpur is the chief City.

Much has been written from time to time by sportsmen and novelists of Seonee and its jungles. Seonee is famed for its beautiful upland scenery, tanks and rivers. One may leave out of count the sacred Nerbudda, which belongs impartially to many districts, and wander awhile in Mowgli's country by the Wyangunga.

The Wyangunga river might properly be called the "winding Gunga." Like all Indian rivers, it foams and frets, a roaring, impassable torrent, sweeping all before it in the monsoon, and in the dry weather, but for the trees that mark its course it can scarcely be found! The gaunt "ghost" tree is remarkable in the Seonee jungles. In the cold weather, it spreads weird, white, bare branches, like ghostly arms, over the bright foliage.



THE MARBLE ROCKS, JUBBULPORE.

The tortuous gorge of white marble through which the sacred river Nerbudda winds its deep silent course.

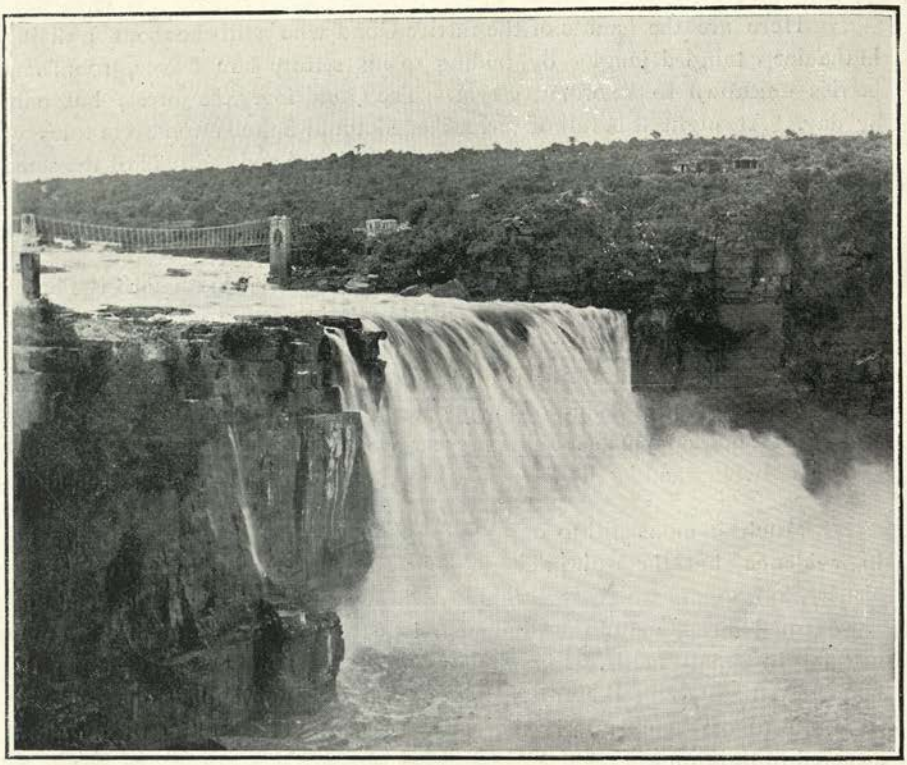
Here are the haunts of the furtive Gond who still ekes out a living in the deep tangled jungles by adding to his scanty fare leaves, roots and berries unknown to the ordinary ryot. The Gond loves the forest, but only by day. At night it is full of terrors for him and he tells wondrous tales of ghosts and demons, werewolves and fiendish tigers and panthers of the same super-natural type. By day he is a fearless tracker and a deadly shot and his forest lore is unsurpassed ; when roused he will fearlessly attack a wild beast.

The Gonds show little trace of their royal origin though the boast they make of having once ruled all Central India is partly true if one goes far enough back into the dim ages unwritten and unsung. To corroborate their tale they love to point to the ruined forts and palaces which crown so many of the heights ; but these are of much later date than the almost mythical ages of Gond supremacy. The present owners of the soil despise the Gond as a cave-dweller and he in his turn scorns the Hindu and laughs at his idols.

Much game is still to be found in Seonee, the great carnivora are all in evidence, but the wolf-pack so long associated with the name of the district, no longer exists. Sambhur, cheethful, nilgai, barking-deer and four-horned sheep, and in the plains antelope, and graceful little chikara may be met in small herds. Pig and pea-fowl are common everywhere; the monkey tribe is well represented, not only in the jungle and on road-side trees, but also at temples, whose guardians consider the feeding of monkeys a sacred obligation.

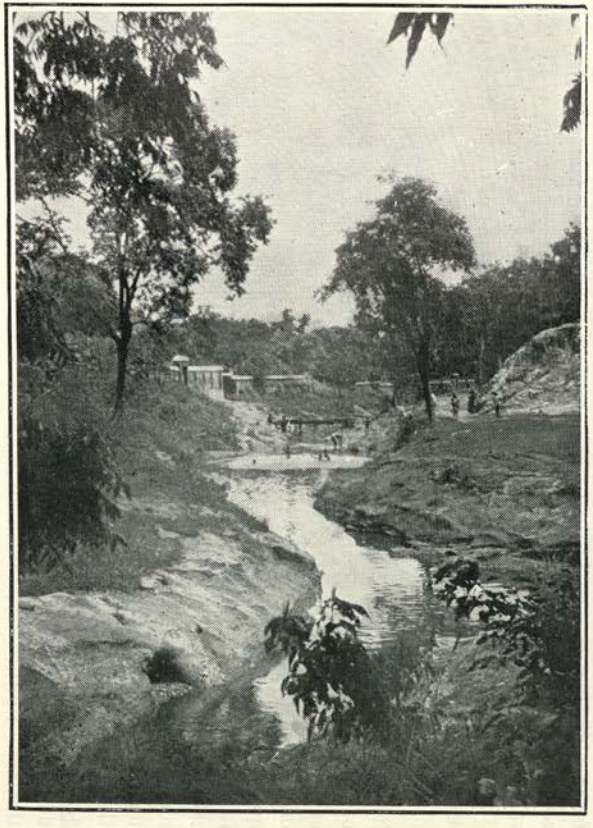
In the District are many ancient temples whose beauty of design has not been altogether spoiled by modern additions and alterations.

The Gokak Falls, about thirty miles from Belgaum, are a magnificent sight when the river Ghatprabha is swollen by the rains. The water plunges over an enormous sandstone cliff 170 feet high into the picturesque gorge of Gokak. Bold cliffs face the river below the fall and the water rushes down a slope to the edge of the precipice at a rapid pace and throws up dense clouds of spray as it plunges into the pool. In height and shape the falls are much like those of Niagara and in the midst of the monsoon rains the volume of water which passes over is enormous. The pool below the fall is 600 feet broad. This river is "harnessed" to drive a large cotton mill on the right bank of the river. Some Lingayat temples are picturesquely situated above the falls on the left bank and the people of the country hold the falls in great awe.

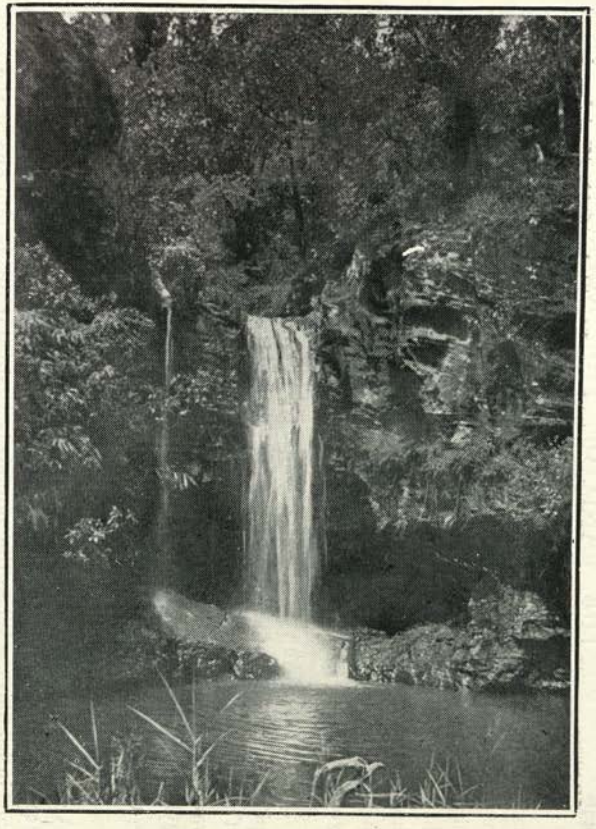


THE GOKAK FALLS.

"This is not India, it is England" is the first idea that strikes one, when one gets one's first glimpse of Pachmari after the thirty odd miles of road, which separate it from the Railway Station of Piparia on the main line between Itarsi and Jubbulpore and within 16 hours journey of Bombay. The vista of undulating grass land with its little lake and numerous fine trees, artistically arranged either by nature or by the genius of a by-gone forest officer, give one the impression that the motor or tonga has brought one into a private demesne in Merrie England, instead of into what is in reality the northern corner of a plateau some 22 miles in circumference and some 4,500 feet above sea level. Here the Civil administration of the Central Provinces makes its summer headquarters, and the chief musketry school of India holds its two classes during the year. Visit it during the rains when the turf is at its greenest and when the trees are at their best, and the first impression formed—that it is not India—will not diminish but



A Pachmari Beauty Spot.



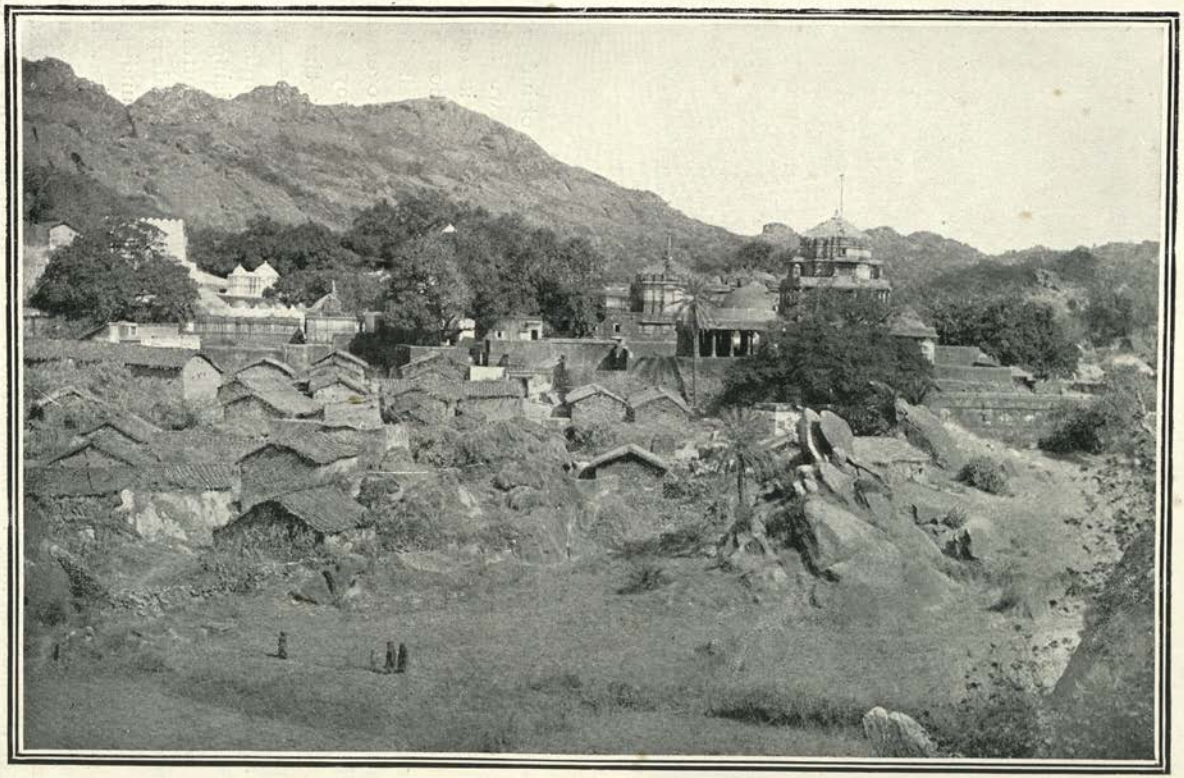
"Fairy Dell", Pachmari.

rather increase as one's visit lengthens. The scenery may not possess the sublime grandeur of the Himalayas, or the dainty contour of Kashmir, but the pretty wooded walks and numerous waterfalls have a fascination and a beauty all their own, which is enhanced by the solitude and by the unmistakeable feeling which they give you that you have left India for the nonce, and have been transported by some magic power back to the land of your birth.

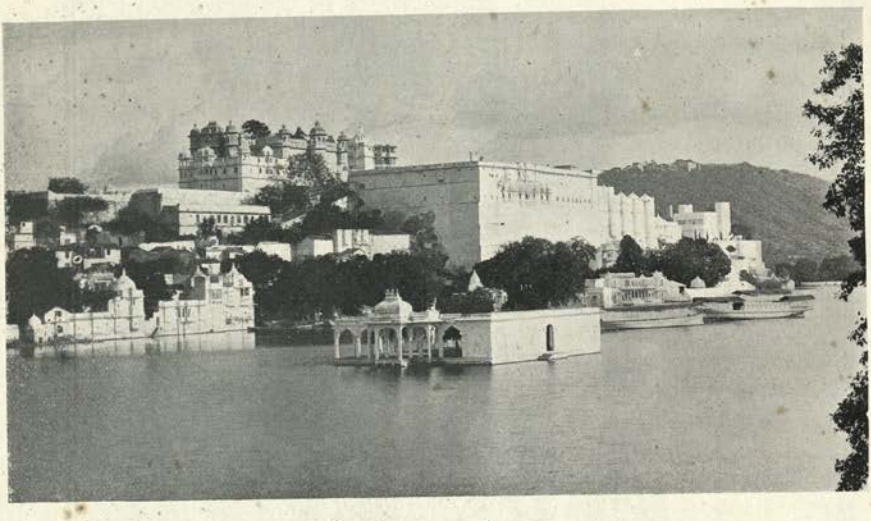
Mount Abu is the "Olympus of India," famous as a place of pilgrimage and the site of the most exquisite Jain buildings in the world. The most elevated spot in Hindustan, it overlooks by 1,500 feet the adjacent range of hills known as the Aravitta Mountains, and from its summit, the eye can command a survey over the wide expanse beneath, from the blue waters of the Indus on the west to "the withy-covered Betroa" on the east.

Rising from the desert as abruptly as an island from the ocean Mount Abu presents on almost every side inaccessible slopes, from 5,000 to 6,000 feet in height and its summit can only be reached by climbing the ravines cut in its sides. When the summit is attained it opens into one of the loveliest valleys imaginable, from six to seven miles long and from two to three miles wide, cut up everywhere by granite rocks of the most fantastic shapes, embedded in a perfect wealth of trees and luxuriant vegetation, truly "a vale enchanting, where all looks flowery, wild and sweet." The little Nakhi Talao, or Pearl Lake is one of the most exquisite gems of its kind set like a sparkling jewel on a robe of green velvet.

Not far from the beautiful little Pearl Lake is situated Dilwara, and here in the days of long ago, the Jains erected a site for their sacred place of rendezvous. During the age of Jain supremacy, it was adorned with several temples, two of which are unrivalled for certain qualities by any other temples in India. They are built wholly of white marble, and as no quarries of that stone are known to exist within 300 miles of Mount Abu, it can be left to the imagination to conjecture the immensity of the undertaking to transport and convey so much material up the steep declivities to the summit of the hill where the temples were erected. It speaks volumes for the religious devotion of the brothers Tejapala and Vastupala who built the great temple at Dilwara between the years A. D. 1197 and 1247, as is set forth in an inscription. For minute delicacy of carving and beauty of detail, the temple of the devout brothers stands almost unrivalled even in the land of patient and lavish labour.



General View of the Dilwara Temples, Mount Abu.



THE PALACE AT UDAIPUR.

UDAIPUR.

Mewar (Udaipur) is the premier State among the score of independent Principalities which make up Rajputana. In Udaipur we find a picturesque survival of mediæval India. This feudal stronghold is one of the least occidentalised of any of the great native states. Though the Government may deplore the backward condition of Mewar and its indifference to Western methods and practices and modern improvements, yet the people seem happy and fairly prosperous. Many viceroys, it is said, have come to Udaipur intent on schemes for modernising the City of Sunrise, and the utilisation of the State's great natural resources—wood and water. "But viceroy after viceroy has gone back from Udaipur well content to leave her as she is, unspoiled and unimproved, recognising that dynamo and driving band are poor substitutes for the splendid pattern of old-world chivalry and courteous tradition which this lovely lake-side palace sets, not to Rajputana only, of which the Maharana is the undisputed overlord, but to all India alike." The first view of the city of Udaipur from Sujjangarh Hill, with its magnificent row of palaces springing sheer from a beautiful lake, studded with islands and surrounded by wooded hills, is one of the most striking in India. The islands which stud the lake are usually covered with gardens and groves attached to some fine palace or

picturesque kiosk; some suggest the Borromean Islands on the Lago di Maggiore in Italy. The most interesting is the northern island, called Jagmandar, to which retreat Shah Jehan retired, when in revolt against his father Jehangir. It was here, too, that during the Mutiny the English ladies from the Neemuch garrison found a safe asylum.

The Royal Palace is an imposing pile of granite and marble, with walls over 100 feet high and flanked with octagonal towers. Two miles or so from the city is the Royal Cemetery (perhaps one of the most beautiful in India), where the Maharanas of Udaipur have been cremated and buried since Udaipur was founded.

RESIDENCY GARDENS, INDORE.

INDORE.

Indore, the capital of the state of that name, is one of the modern towns of India. It was at Kampail, eighteen miles to the south-east, that Malhar Rao, the shepherd's son, who carved out a great Mahratta state, established his capital: it was from Kampail that he set out in 1724 as a trooper of Mahratta Horse to enter the service of the Peshwa, rising until he became Commander-in-Chief and General of the right wing on the fateful day of Panipat. It was not until after the death of Malhar Rao that Ahalya Bai built the city of Indore, and in 1818 the court was removed to the new centre. It is too new to possess many objects of archæological or antiquarian interest, too prosperous to present the picturesqueness sometimes associated with poverty, not wealthy enough to boast the architectural

beauties on which from time immemorial pious Indians have loved to spend their wealth. The storied gateway of the Palace, the Lal Bagh, and the Residency, scarred with the bullets of the Mutiny, are the only features that detain the curious.

JAIPUR AND AMBER.

Jaipur is one of the largest and most important states of Rajputana. The country is fairly open and level, though its surface is crossed by numerous ranges of hills. There are many peaks which are crowned with forts and have villages nestling on their slopes, which gives the country a very picturesque look. The centre of the State is a tableland about 1,400 feet above the sea-level. This plateau is bounded by hills, which to the east are very wild and cut up by deep ravines. To the north and west they are very bold, and on the southern border, near Rajmahal, where the Banas river forces itself through the range, the scenery is remarkably beautiful. These hills are the beginning of the range which is seen again at Ajmer, and further on between Jodhpur and Udaipur. It forms the backbone of the plains of India.

At one period the Jaipur family lost caste among the ruling families of Rajputana, by giving a royal princess in marriage to the Moghul Emperor, and this caused great disasters in Jaipur and Jodhpur. Jaipur fell into great confusion through this and through Mahratta inroads, and to remedy this, political relations were first entered into in 1803 with the British Government. After much trouble and confusion, a treaty was made in 1818, by which the protection of the British Government was extended to Jaipur, and an annual tribute fixed. Since 1835, when the last outbreak occurred which was put down by the British Government, Jaipur has become prosperous and well governed.

The capital of the State,—the picturesque city of Jaipur,—is the largest and most important city of Rajputana. It takes its name from Maharaja Sivai Jey Singh II., who founded it in 1728 A.D. It stands in a small plain, and is surrounded by wild and rugged hills, the summits of which are crowned with forts. To the north-west towers the great fort of Nahargarh, the "Tiger Fort," whose rocky face is inaccessible on the city side, and slopes on the north toward Amber.

Amber takes its name from a second name of Siva, the third member of the sacred Hindu Trinity. It was founded near the old Meena city of

JAIPUR PALACE FROM THE LAKE.

Amber, in 1592, by Rajah Man Singh of Jaipur. It is situated in a picturesque and hill-girt valley five or six miles from Jaipur, and is almost surrounded by strong fortifications. Leaving Jaipur by the Zarania Singh Gate, a good road leads to Amber, winding along the shores of the picturesque Man Sagar Lake, which is full of pretty kiosks and garden-houses, standing in the water.

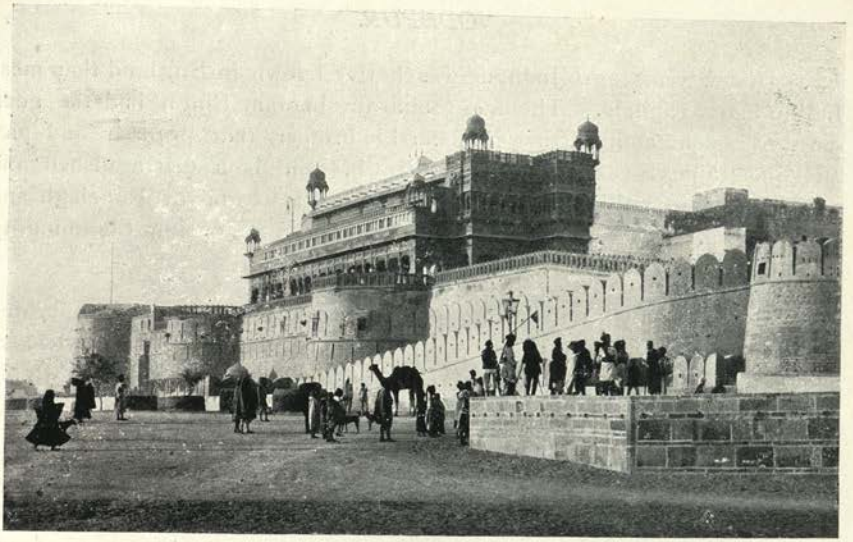
The town is very picturesque, but mostly in ruins, and the visitor sees that Jey Singh had reason on his side in wishing to forsake the mountain cradle of his race, for the hills crowd in on the town and prevent any possible expansion on either side. The site is, however, admirably adapted for the stronghold of a mountain chief, and all these Rajput Chiefs were no more than heads of clans at the commencement of their history. The palace is well kept up, and the Rajah spends some weeks every year in this mountain retreat, which enjoys a cooler climate than Jaipur.

BIKANIR.

This desert city is like nothing else in India, and is more Arabian or Saracenic than Hindu. The dessicated and red-coated walls, the flat roofs, suggest Damascus and Asia Minor rather than Hindustan. Whilst the main streets of the bazaar are as bright as those of any Indian town, crowded with clamorous vendors and shrill-tongued buyers, in the side roads rules a silence rare in the East. The desert has also left its impress upon the manner and habits of the people. Physically it would be difficult to find a hardier set of men than these dried, spare, wiry peasants, and their habit is of the simplest.

Bikanir bazaar is about the best example of genuine swadeshi to be found in a town of its size in India. Some foreign wares must be imported, but the proportion is trifling.

His Highness the Maharaja of Bikanir was educated at the Mayo College and has passed through the training which, after mature consideration, has been decided upon as best suited to the present generation of Indian Princes. In many ways his personal influence can be felt in the State. An aide-de-camp to the King His Highness is a fine soldierly figure and his Imperial Service Troops are credit to the State.



THE OLD PALACE AND FORT, BIKANIR.

THE LALLGARH PALACE, BIKANIR.

JODHPUR.

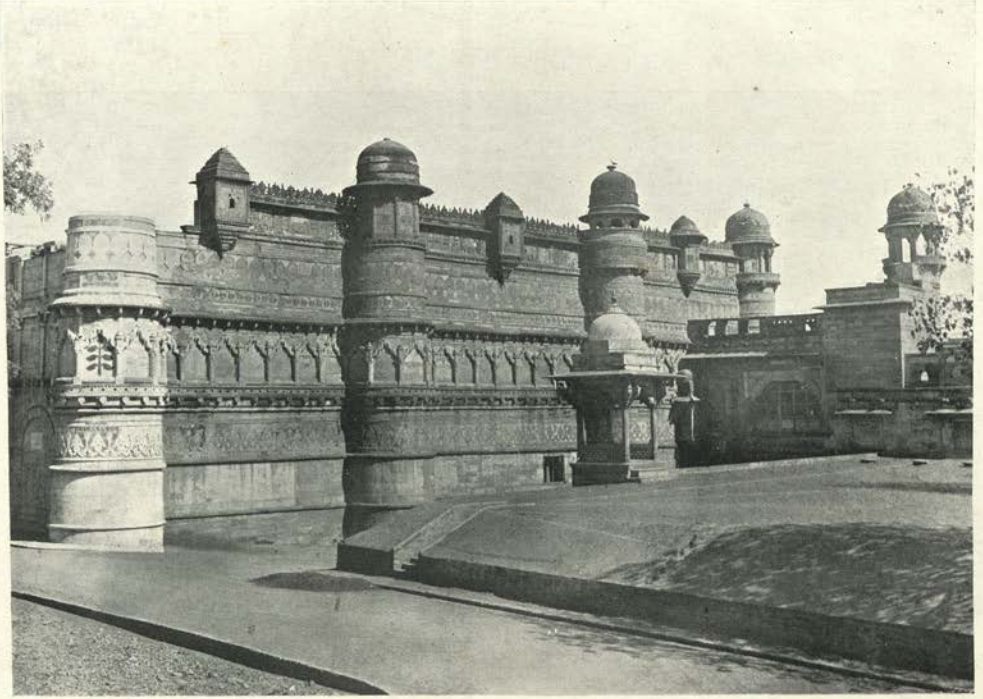
A few years ago Jodhpur was better known in England than most Indian native capitals. The late Maharaja Jaswant Singh had the good sense to appoint as his Prime Minister his brother, that popular and picturesque Rajput cavalier, Sir Pertab Singh, who is a distinguished and welcome visitor at Windsor and Buckingham Palace and at Ranelagh and Hurlingham. Sir Pertab is now Regent of the State during the minority of the present Maharaja.

In the beauty and romance of its situation, Jodhpur falls behind Udaipur; but in Eastern colour and picturesqueness it does not yield to many cities in India. It is full of Hindu temples, with elaborate fronts and open courtyards.

The Jodhpur Lancers is one of the most satisfactory Imperial Service corps on the register. In this fine regiment the poor gentleman of Rajputana finds a career and an occupation. It suits him as well as the Black Watch suited the Highland clansman after 1745. Soldiering is his hereditary profession, and here he can devote himself to it with credit and to the common advantage. In the regiment he meets his comrades; the officers are the nobles and feudal landowners of his own country. An Imperial Service corps provides its local colonel and staff; the only British officer is the Inspector, who is appointed from the headquarters of the Indian Army, and is responsible for seeing that the proper standard of efficiency is maintained.

GWALIOR.

Gwalior, one of the important Native States in India, constitutes the dominions of the great Mahratta chief of the House of Scindia. The State consists of a large central portion, containing the city and fortress of Gwalior, with the former British cantonment of Morar, and of several detached districts, more or less intermingled with Mohammedan, Rajput and other principalities, and with British territory. Gwalior is in political relationship with the Central India Agency, and the Government of India. It has an area of 30,000 square miles and a population of three and a half millions. Its central situation makes it a State of importance, which is greatly increased by the strategical position of its fortress-capital, which is one of the most renowned and time-honoured fortresses in India.



VIEW OF THE FORT, GWALIOR.

THE NEW PALACE, BARODA.

MADRAS PRESIDENCY.

THE CITY OF MADRAS—FORT ST. GEORGE—ST. THOMAS' MOUNT—THE SEVEN PAGODAS.

MADRAS was not only the oldest, but the most important, of the three original Presidencies before Clive's conquest of Bengal, but it was small in extent until the annexation of the Carnatic in 1801. With a coast-line of 1,730 miles the province has no good natural harbour, though an artificial harbour has been constructed at Madras at great expense. The province is not naturally fertile, but irrigation systems in the river deltas have enormously increased the produce of the soil, and have yielded a large profit to the State. Rice, millet, and other food grains, oilseeds, cotton, indigo, spices, tobacco, tea, &c., are cultivated. Manganese ore is mined and exported. Madras is served by the South Indian and by the Madras and Southern Mahratta Railways, the latter connecting it with Bengal on the north and Bombay on the west. Many natives of Madras Presidency emigrate to Burma and Ceylon, some only temporarily. There are over one million native Christians, mainly Roman Catholics. The languages principally spoken are Tamil and Telugu. Madura and Trichinopoly, famous for their Hindu temples, are the chief cities after the capital.

The City of Madras, the capital of the Presidency, with its suburbs, extends 9 miles along the coast, and runs $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles inland. According to the Census of 1911 Madras contained 518,660 inhabitants.

In March 1639, Mr. Francis Day, Chief of the Settlement at Armagaon, obtained from the representative of the Rajah of Chandragiri, a grant of the site of land on which Madras now stands. A factory, with some slight fortification, was at once constructed; and a gradually increasing number of natives settled round the building. In 1653, Madras, which had previously been subordinate to the Chief of the Settlement of Bantam in Java, was raised to the rank of an independent Presidency. In 1702, Dawood Khan, Aurungzebe's General, blockaded the town for a few weeks; and in 1741, the Mahrattas attacked the place also unsuccessfully. The fort was extended and strengthened in 1743, and by this time the city had already become the largest in Southern India. The town of Saint Thome, now an

integral part of Madras city, was founded and fortified by the Portuguese in 1504, and was held by the French from 1672 to 1674. Sacked by Zoolfakar Khan in 1698, it was finally occupied in 1749 by the English, who expelled the French priests as being political emissaries.

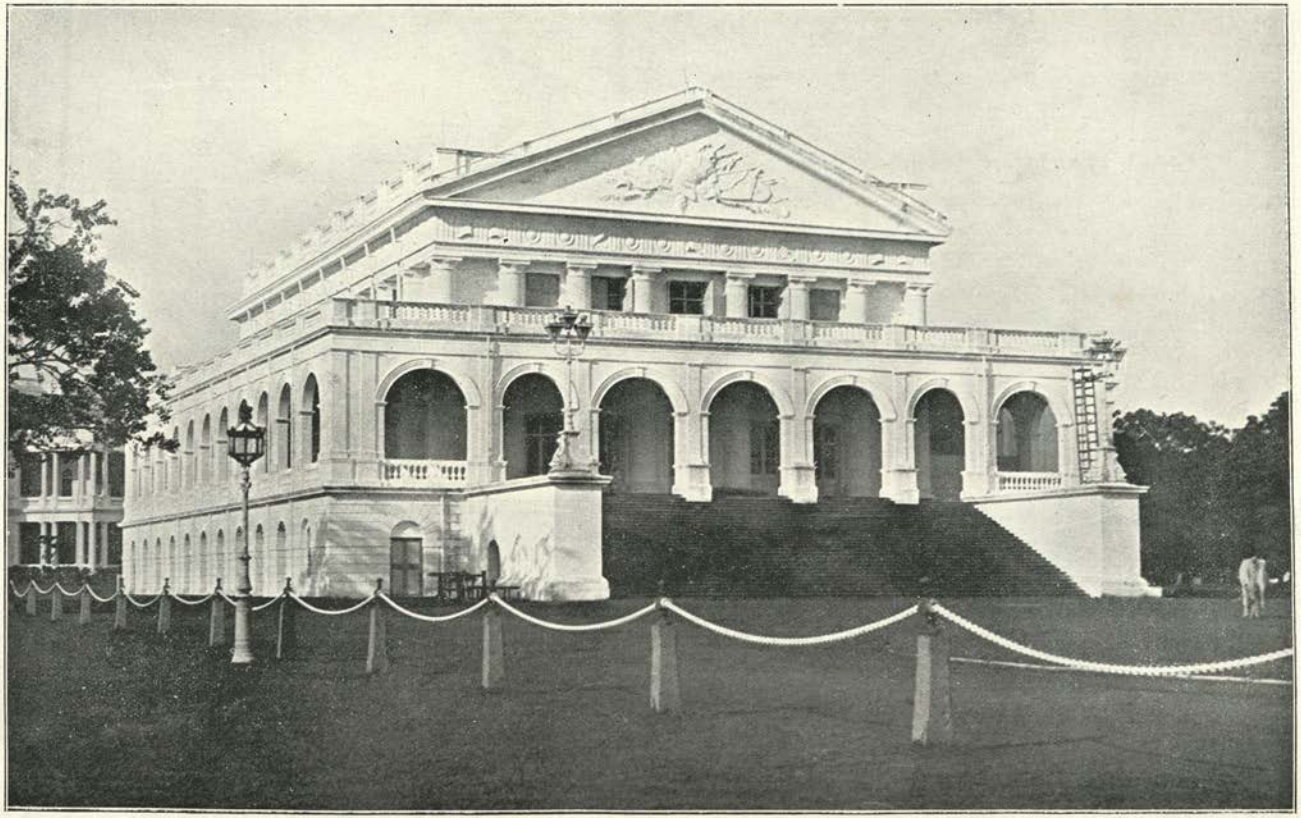
Although at first sight the city presents a disappointing appearance except from the sea, it has several edifices of high architectural pretensions, and many spots of historical interest. Seen from the Harbour, the Fort, the High Court buildings, a row of merchants' offices, a few spires and public buildings, are all that strike the eye. The site is so low that it is difficult to realize that behind the first line of buildings lies one of the largest cities in Asia. The main thoroughfare of the town is the Mount Road, opened in 1795, which leads from Fort St. George to St. Thomas' Mount and contains several palatial business buildings. The Cooum River falls into the sea within municipal limits. Its course is short, and, except during the north-east rains, the volume of water it carries is insufficient to keep open the discharge into the sea. With rare exceptions, however, the bar of sand at the mouth of the river is breached by the early floods of the north-east monsoon, and open communication with the sea then lasts for some months.

The Island, where are the Head-Quarters of the Gymkhana Club and the People's Park which contains a small zoological collection, is the recreation ground of the city. Among buildings most deserving of notice for their architectural features, are St. George's Cathedral, the Scotch Kirk, Government House, Pachaiyappa's Hall, Christian College, Senate House, Chepauk Palace (Revenue Board), Presidency College, Central Railway Station, Combined Telegraph and Post Office, the High Court, Law College, Victoria Hall, the Memorial Hall, the Museum and Theatre (Egmore), St. Matthias' Church (Vepery), Holy Emmanuel Church (Georgetown), the St. Thome Cathedral, the new Wesleyan Church (Egmore), the Bank of Madras, the Moore Market, the Moore Pavilion, Rajah Venugopaul Bahadur's Hospital for Animals, the Veterinary College, the Maternity Hospital, and the Y. M. C. A. building.

A few miles south lies Guindy, which may be reached by a short drive from the Marmalong bridge. At Guindy is the Governor's country-seat. It is in many respects superior to the Government House at Madras, and owes its modern form to Lord Elphinstone. The park surrounding Government House is very extensive and admirably laid out. A broad and

THE HIGH COURTS.

THE MADRAS BOAT CLUB.



The Banqueting Hall, Government House, Madras.

well-formed road runs direct from the main entrance which presents the façade to full view. At Guindy is the Madras Race-course, one of the best in Southern India, and here also is the principal meet of the Madras Hounds.

Fort St. George originally consisted of a factory and other buildings surrounded by a wall, with four slight bastions and batteries. In 1643 it was garrisoned by 100 men, the number being reduced a few years later to 26. Between 1670 and 1680 some effort was made to improve and strengthen the position—a necessity forced on the Company by the successive retirement and encroachment of the sea, by the presence of the French at Saint Thome, and by the threatening advance of Sivaji. In 1702 the Fort bore its first attack, when Dawood Khan blockaded it for three months. Labourdonnais took it, after a short bombardment, in 1740. When, three years later, the English re-entered the Fort they found it greatly improved, and when the French returned under Lally, the place, although far from perfect, was fit for Pigott and Lawrence to defend. Immediately after the siege works were continued till, in 1787, the Fort was completed, very much as it now stands. Within it are many of the principal Government offices—the Secretariat and Council Chamber, the Military head-quarters, arsenal and barracks. The arsenal contains many trophies of the wars in which the grand old Madras Army was engaged.

Saint Mary's, the first English church in India, was commenced in 1678 and finished in 1680. In St. Mary's Church are buried the missionary Schwartz, Sir Thomas Munro, Sir Henry Ward and Lord Hobart.

Most people are aware that St. Thomas, one of the twelve apostles, preached the gospel in India, and was put to death somewhere in Southern India; but, that he was martyred on a hill about six miles south-west of Madras, and was buried at Mylapore, is not so generally known.

Indian traditions relate that St. Thomas, on his first voyage to India, proceeded to the capital of King Goudophares, somewhere in Afghanistan or Northern India. On his second voyage, he landed at Cranganore. Thence, journeying southwards along the Malabar Coast, he crossed over from Goa to the small town of Mylapore, in the dominions of King Misdeus. There St. Thomas made numerous conversions among the people, and even baptized the king's wife, son, and daughter. The irate king had him thrown into prison, and the Brahmin high priest planned his death. In order to avoid popular excitement, Misdeus ordered the Apostle to be taken out of the town.

THE GENERAL POST OFFICE.

SUNSET ON THE ADYAR RIVER, MADRAS.

Under an escort of four soldiers, led by a trustworthy officer, St. Thomas was marched to a hill some distance away from the town. Their orders were to "go up the hill and stab him." These orders were faithfully carried out, and the soldiers struck him with their lances (21st December, 68 A.D.); and, ever since, the hill has been known as St. Thomas' Mount. The Apostle's remains were carried back to Mylapore and buried by his disciples in the place known now as San Thome, the southern suburb of Madras, two miles from the Fort.

Later on, at the end of the 15th century, drawn by their faith, as well as trade interests, a number of Portuguese families settled down near the "House of Thomas," when a little town, which still retains its Portuguese name, San Thome, soon sprung up. In 1896 the present cathedral was erected on the site of the old church.

Mahavellipuram, the city of the great Bali, known familiarly to the English as the Seven Pagodas, is situated on the coast about 35 miles south of Madras and about 5 north of Sadras. It is one of the most interesting, and to archæologists one of the most important spots of Southern India.

VIEW AT THE SEVEN PAGODAS.

MADRAS HILL SANITARIA.

OOTACAMUND—COONOOR—KODAIKANAL—YERCAUD.

The Madras Presidency is fortunate in the possession of several charming hill stations whose attractions are of a varied character to suit the tastes and circumstances of those who are compelled to resort to the hills either in search of health or change.

To those whose inclinations lie in the direction of a continuance of the gaieties and dissipation of the capital during the cold season, but which only the retreat to cooler climes renders possible during the summer months, Ootacamund, on the Nilgiri Hills, is generally the objective. Here the Government of Madras is in residence for about seven months out of the twelve. To others who would fain shake themselves free for a time from the social restraints and conventions imposed by the presence of the official element, and would prefer the enjoyment of the delights of the hills unfettered by such restrictions, the smaller but by no means less attractive hill resorts of Coonoor (also on the Nilgiris), Kodaikanal (on the Pulney Hills), and Yercaud offer a variety of choice.

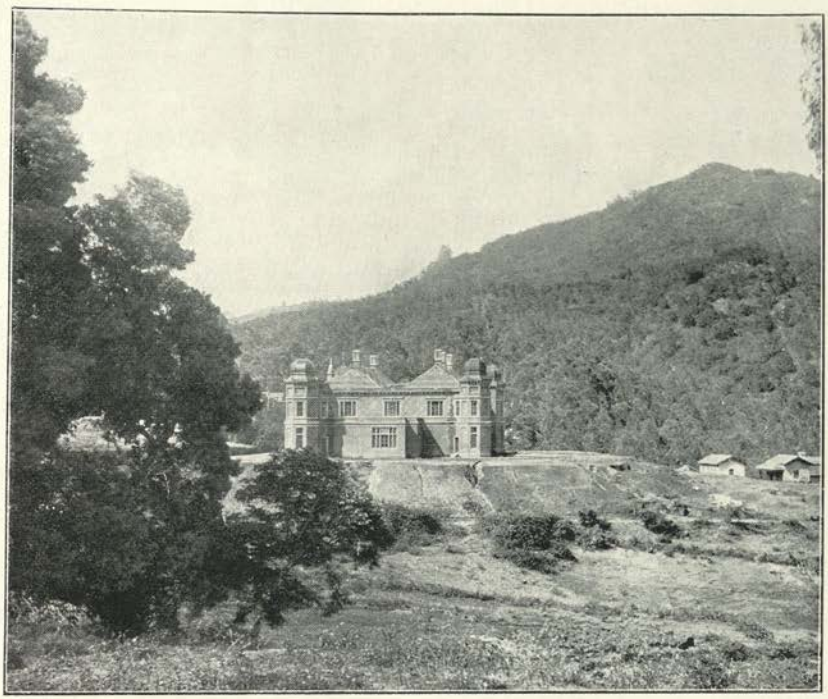
Ootacamund, the chief town of the Nilgiri district, the principal sanitarium of India, the summer head-quarters of the Madras Government, occupies the western slope of the Dodabetta mountain range. The bottom of the Ootacamund basin has been converted into an artificial lake some two miles in length and one-third of a mile in width. This lake is divided into two by means of a causeway and bridge known as the "Willow Bund," which is the means of communication between the north-west and south-west portions of the town. The western lake is sinuous in form. Upon the hills which surround it, more or less concealed by woods of eucalyptus, acacia, cypress and pine, stand some of the best private residences in the town. On a foreland of its southern bank is the Church of St. Thomas, a Gothic building; and opposite to this on the north bank, though at a greater distance from the lake, the Roman Catholic Church dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. The upper lake, an oval piece of water, much contaminated by the drainage of the native town or bazaar which lies on its northern bank, has been reclaimed lately and is now utilized as a Gymkhana ground and Race-course. Round the margin of the whole lake runs a wide carriage-drive. The marsh at the head, or eastern extremity, of the lake has been reclaimed, levelled, and forms a park. At the eastern extremity of

THE ARTIFICIAL LAKE AT OOTACAMUND.

the native bazaar, stands the Hobart School for native girls. To the east is the public market. On the slope of the hill behind the market are the Police lines and station; and above these ranges of building St. Bartholomew's Hospital, behind which, on the top of the ridge, are the jail buildings now used by the Inspector-General of Jails as his office and by the Nilgiri Volunteer Rifles for their armoury and recreation room. At a short distance to the east, on the same spur, is the Public Library, and opposite to it the Post Office. Nearer to the hill stands the Church of St. Stephen, the old station church. Looking to the east from St. Stephen's, but at a much lower elevation, stands "Stonehouse," which contains the Council Chamber and the offices of the Madras Secretariat. In a steep ravine, about half a mile to the north of "Stonehouse," are the Public Gardens and the Toda "mund," from which Ootacamund takes its name. Above the Public Gardens, stretching across the Dodabetta saddle, is the Government cinchona plantation. On the northern shoulder of the ravine, adjoining the Public Gardens, lies the hill residence of the Governor, backed by a fine wood of eucalyptus on the side of the Snowdon mountain. This is a simple description of the main valley, but the limits of the station lie far beyond it; to the south and parallel with it is Lovedale, with its picturesque lake, above which stand the buildings of the Lawrence Asylum (founded 1858); to the north is the valley of Marlemund, which opens out towards the head of the Seegoor Pass.

Coonoor is the alternative sanitarium with Ootacamund on the Nilgiris, and being in a more sheltered position is sometimes preferred.

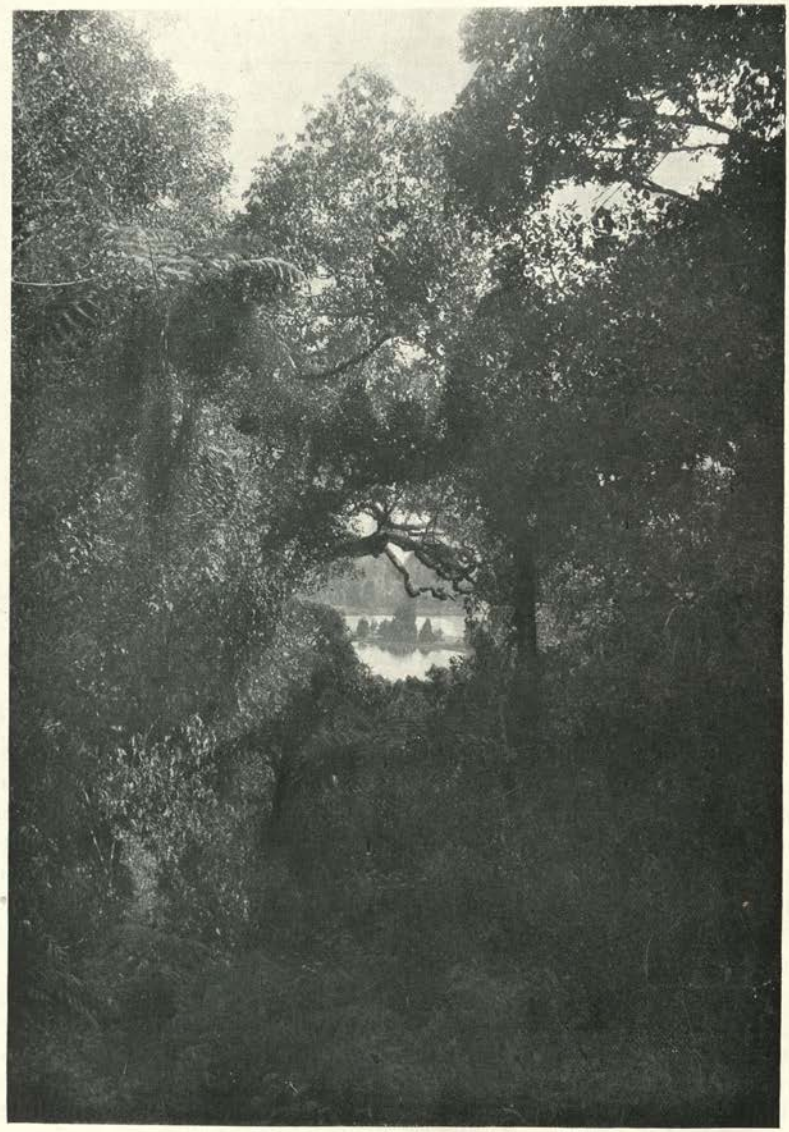
The native town spreads over the lower slopes of the spurs of two hills, which terminate in a wedgelike promontory where the united waters of three streams break over the edge of the ghaut and are precipitated down the gorge under the name of the Coonoor river, finally joining the Kartairy river. The streams are crossed by three bridges. On an eminence on the western spur stands the Protestant Mission Chapel, and on the eastern the Roman Catholic church; below the latter is the market. The road to Upper Coonoor passes up the ridge and thence round the head of the valley and along the wooded ridge which encloses it on the east and south. On this ridge stands the Coonoor church, dedicated to All Saints. The church is surrounded by a graveyard planted with exotic trees and flowers. To the east is a ravine separating the ridge from Tiger Hill, round which winds Lord Hobart's road.



THE PASTEUR INSTITUTE, COONOOR.

Behind the hill on which the Church stands is another valley, one of the ravines on the western side of the Coonoor peak. This valley has been formed into a garden named Sim's Park, after Mr. J. D. Sim, a late Member of the Madras Council. It is an offshoot of the deep ravine which divides Coonoor from Wellington, the upper portion of which has been converted into a race-course. The Nilgiri Railway was opened in 1899 from Mettupalaiyam to Coonoor, the line being on the rack-rail system from the foot of the hills.

The Pasteur Institute of Southern India at Coonoor owes its inception to the munificence of Mr. Henry Phipps, an American millionaire, who while staying with H. E. Lord Curzon, the late Viceroy, interested himself so much on the subject of the need of more Pasteur Institutes being built in India, as to place at the disposal of His Excellency the sum of one lakh for the purpose of erecting a building. This sum was



A Pretty Peep at Kodaikanal.

transferred to the Government of Madras, and Coonoor was chosen as the hill station most suited to the purpose, because of its salubrious climate. Some difficulty was at first experienced in obtaining a suitable building site, but finally a portion of Badaga Hill was purchased, and the buildings commenced in 1905.

The Institute started work on 1st April 1907, and was opened formally by Sir Arthur Lawley, the then Governor of Madras, on 25th April.

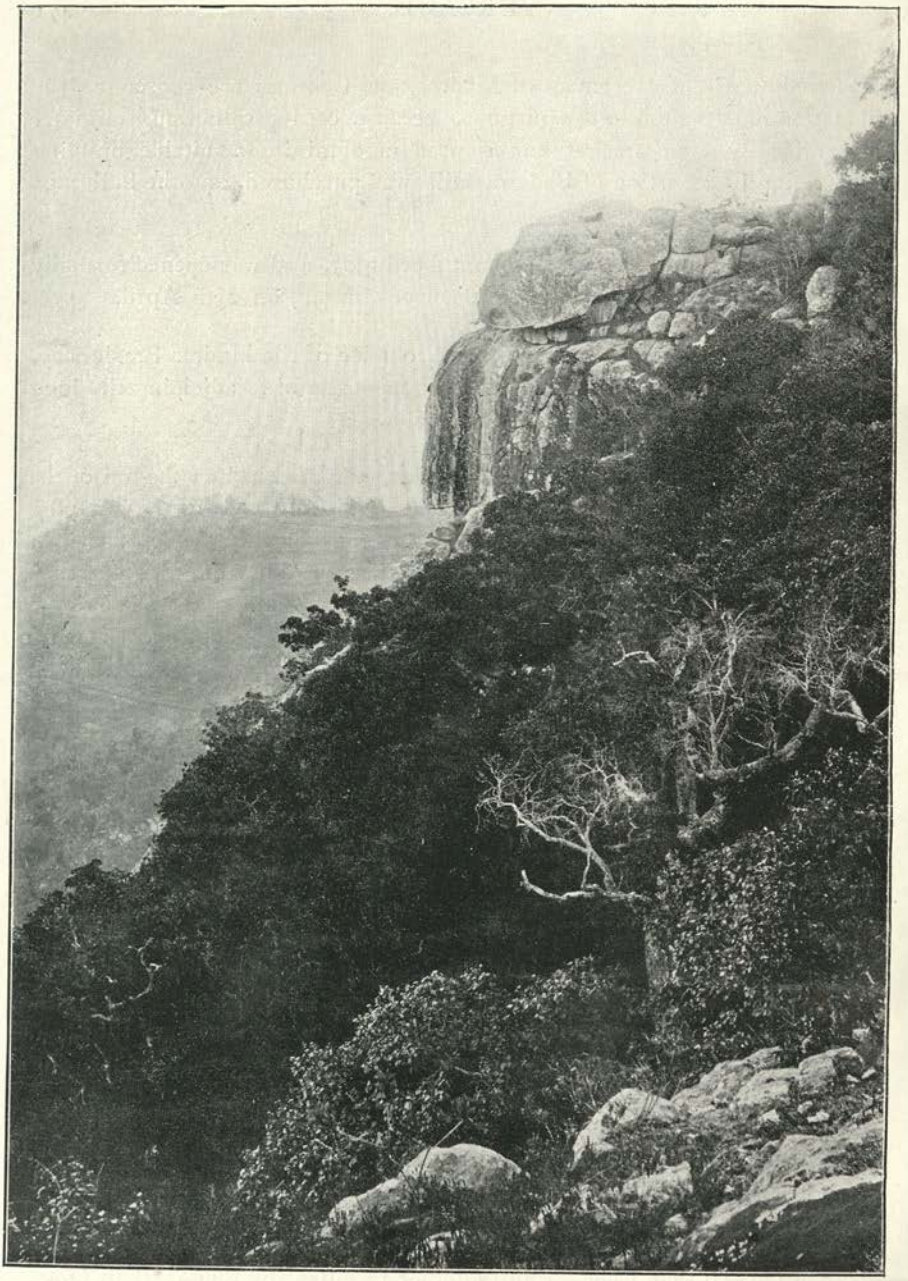
Very little is known or even heard, outside of the Madras Presidency, of Kodaikanal, a beautiful spot, buried amongst the hills adjoining the long range of Travancore Hills in Southern India.

Far from big cities and cantonments, and perched on the top of the Pulney Hills, Kodaikanal commands a magnificent view of the lowlying plains shimmering like a mirage in the haze and dust of the heat below. Numerous waterfalls turn and tumble down the steep hill sides till they reach the foot of the Ghaut and wandering in a silver snake-like thread, irrigate the paddy fields and crops round the big village of Pericolum from whence the chief supplies of the place are procured.

Beautiful indeed are the walks, rides, and drives to the various waterfalls and picnic places within easy reach of Kodai. The lake is a source of great pleasure to visitors to whom the delights of sailing and rowing appeal.

Fern hunting is a favourite pastime, the most lovely varieties growing in the niches of the rocks on beds of soft moss beneath the different waterfalls. In July after the rains have well set in, the beautiful Kodai lilies come out on the hills in all their glory, scenting the air with their sweet perfume and waving their pure white heads over the tall lemon grass; the pink salop too which is a ground orchid comes out at the same time and pushes its delicate rose pink blossoms up through the bracken to the sunlight and blue sky above.

Yercaud, though the smallest of the hill sanataria in the Madras Presidency, is for many reasons, and notably on the score of easy accessibility, preferred by many who have had experience of the hills in the South. To those coming from outside the Presidency it is nearer by at least 150 miles of rail than Coonoor and another 12 miles (by tonga) than Ooty. The long and tedious journey by bullock transit, which makes the journey



"Ladies' Seat," Yercaud.

to Kodaikanal a regular undertaking, is also avoided. The Shevaroy Hills are situated in the Salem District and cover an area of 150 square miles. Yercaud, the principal European settlement, is situated at an altitude of 4,330 feet. The nearest railway station is Salem, on the Madras Railway, distant from Madras 200 miles.

Yercaud contains a fair number of dwelling houses, hotels and boarding houses, but as the accommodation is limited and the place during the season—March to July—is generally full, accommodation should be booked in advance. There is a church, and a European club with tennis and badminton courts, a billiard room and ladies' room, reading room, golf links and cricket ground—the last most picturesquely situated near the lake. The climate of Yercaud during the summer months—March to June—is mild and equable, neither uncomfortably warm nor unpleasantly cold.

There are many picturesque spots where charming views may be obtained. Lady's Seat is typical of many others, and as these are mostly within easy distance of the settlement, they are resorted to by picnic parties and are the happy hunting grounds of the enthusiastic amateur photographer. The district and outlying parts are planted with coffee and many of the residents of the settlement are planters whose estates are situated within accessible distance of Yercaud.

MADURA.

Madura has been the political and religious capital of Southern India from time immemorial. It was the seat of government of the great Pandyan kings long before the Christian era, but the origin of the city and of its great pagoda are alike unknown. The great temple is honoured by the perpetual presence of the great god Shiva, who is worshipped throughout Southern India. In the fourteenth century much of the pagoda was destroyed by the Mussulmans, who invaded the country. They tore down the walls and the nine lofty gopuras, or gate-way towers. The two inner shrines escaped in a marvellous manner. Later on, however, when the Mahomedans were driven away, the Brahmin priests rebuilt the walls and gopuras.

Madura was in former days a fortified city, with a fine picturesque citadel, and a strong wall; but a ruined gateway is all that now remains of its former strength. Under the British rule the town has been greatly

Scene during the Alagar Festival at Madura.

improved by the laying out of good wide streets and spacious squares, planted with fine trees. The principal modern buildings are the new jail and a fine hospital. Madura is a great resort of pilgrims, and the centre of religious life in Southern India, as Benares is in the North.

TRICHINOPOLY.

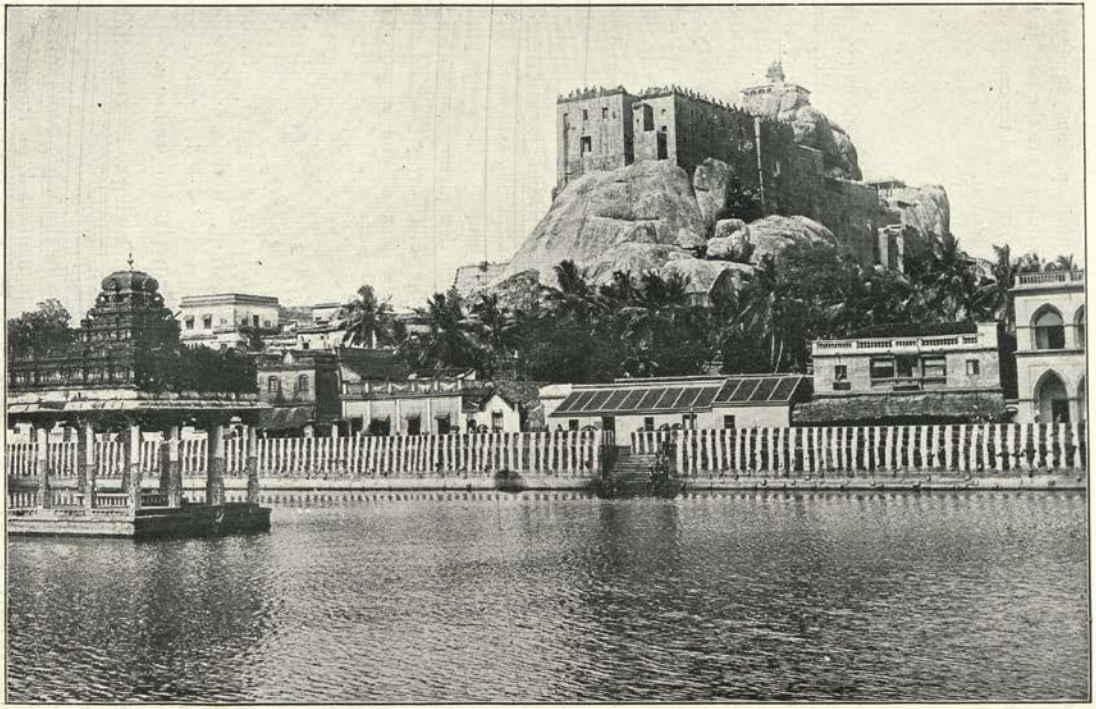
Trichinopoly, the second largest town in the Madras Presidency, is the civil and military headquarters of the fertile Trichinopoly district, an important railway centre, and a garrison town, situated on the banks of the Cauvery. It is a place of great historic interest, and was one of the principal cities of Southern India for five centuries B.C. It was also one of the capitals of the old Pandyan kings. At the close of the sixteenth century it fell into the hands of the kings of Madura, who transferred their capital from Madura to Trichinopoly, and not only enlarged and improved the city, but built one of its greatest ornaments, the Nawab's palace. Trichinopoly played a leading part throughout the Carnatic wars. It was first besieged, in 1751, by Chunda Sahib, who was assisted by the French. Though it was strongly defended, it would doubtless have had to capitulate, had not the besiegers been drawn off, by the events happening at Arcot. The great fortress-crowned rock of Trichinopoly rises abruptly out of the plain to a height of 350 feet above the old city, which nestles picturesquely at its foot. The view from the frowning heights of the rock is very grand. Little is now left of the old fortifications but the citadel and a pagoda-like temple.

RAMESWARAM.

Perhaps one of the least frequented spots in India, and yet one of more than passing interest is the island of Rameswaram, in the zemindary of Ramnad, twenty miles in length and eight miles at its widest point, one of the small isles lying at the south-east end of the Indian peninsula.

The island is now attracting some attention owing to its connection with the proposed linking of Ceylon to India by railway.

The Rameswaram temple is the largest in the world, and ranks as one of the most sacred edifices in India. It is dedicated to Ramanatha-sawmy and stands on rising ground on the northern side of the island. In its present form it is not of great antiquity, but its proximity to the sacred



Rock Fort at Trichinopoly.

Dhanuskodi Theertham, and the great wealth spent on it by the Sethupaties of Ramnad, have rendered it of great veneration among devout Hindus. In no other notable temple in India has the same amount of patient industry been exhibited as here, and in none unfortunately has that labour and expense been so thrown away for want of a design appropriate for its display. One of the highest aspirations of the orthodox Hindu in the north of India is to bring down a lota of water from the Ganges at Benares and cast it upon the linga at the Rameswaram temple. This accomplished, the highest religious act open to Hinduism has been completed, and nothing further is necessary to ensure a happy and honourable passage to the great unknown.

COBRA GOPURAM (TEMPLE) ON RAMESWARAM ISLAND.

THE NEW PALACE, MYSORE.

MYSORE PROVINCE.

MYSORE CITY—BANGALORE—SERINGAPATAM—VINDHYAGIRI—HALEBID AND BELUR—CHITALDROOG.

THE Capital of the Province and the residence of H. H. the Maharajah includes three suburbs, and embraces an area of about 3 square miles. The town is built in a valley formed by two ridges running North and South. There is also a slight ascent on the northern side, so that the town is almost in a basin. The houses of the European residents are to the east of the town. The front portion of the Residency was built by Colonel Wilks at the beginning of the present century, and is in the Doric style of architecture, the back was added a few years later by Sir John Malcolm, and contains one of the greatest halls in Southern India. A new suburb has sprung up to the west of the village of Kookerhulli. A grand new Palace and Durbar Hall and new public offices and several houses have been recently built, and roads nicely laid out.

Bangalore, the chief town and Administrative Capital in the Mysore province, is situated almost in the centre of the Mysore plateau, over 3,000 feet above the sea level, and is noted for the salubrity of its climate. It consists of two parts, the City (Pete, or the old town of Bangalore proper) and the civil and military station which together (excluding the recent extensions) cover an area of $21\frac{3}{4}$ square miles.

The fort no longer remains as such; it forms now a part of the city. The original fort was of mud and is said to have been built in 1537 by Kempe Gauda. It was under the Mahomedan rulers that the fort was enlarged and rebuilt of stone. The form of the fort is oval, with round towers at proper intervals, and the two gateways, one in the north and the other in the south, were known as the Delhi and the Mysore gates respectively. There now remains only a portion of what in those days was the palace. The moat round the fort is fast disappearing. On the west side of the fort, on the site which was formerly a deep ditch filled with water, now stands a very handsome and imposing structure known as the Victoria Hospital. The foundation-stone of the Hospital was laid by Her Highness the Maharani (the late regent) C.I., in person, on the 22nd June, 1897, on the occasion of the Diamond Jubilee of Her Majesty the late Queen Victoria. The institution, which was opened by Lord Curzon on the 8th December 1900, is fitted with the latest appliances and is deservedly ranked as one of the finest hospitals in India.

Between the race-course and the cantonment railway station, round about the golf-links, lies the "West End" of the city known as the High Ground. It is here that the finest houses of the city are built. The views north and west from the High Ground are extensive and to the north stands the handsome palace of H. H. the Maharaja of Mysore. This fine building was originally the property of the late Mr. Garrat. It was purchased for the late Maharaja, and since then it has been variously improved upon, until it has now become one of the finest palaces in Southern India.

The greatest attraction of Bangalore is the Lal Bagh or the Government Botanical Garden, which is situated about a mile to the east of the fort. This beautiful pleasure garden was first laid out in the time of Haidar Ali and was improved by his son, Tippoo Sultan.

The Civil and Military station, popularly known as the Cantonment, is situated to the north-east of Bangalore. The cantonment came into existence in 1809, on the removal of the British garrison from Seringapatam,

Lal Bagh and Bandstand, Bangalore.

which had proved too unhealthy for the troops. When the State was restored to H. H. the late Maharaja of Mysore this district was made over to the British Government as an assigned tract. The administration of the territory is committed to the British Resident, while the Bangalore Brigade, which was formerly the Bangalore district of the Madras command, forms now a part of the Secunderabad Division. Owing to the excellent climate throughout the year, the place has attracted a large number of settlers, and the large number of cottages, to suit the purses of all grades of people, forms a notable feature of the station. One can find any number of these pretty houses in Cleveland Town, St. John's Hill, Richmond Town and Langford Town.

Seringapatam is one of the most interesting and historical cities in Southern India, to European and native alike, and to the former especially for its memorable siege of 1799. It is in this city that Haidar Ali Khan and Tippu Sultan, his son, reigned and ruled with a rod of iron and cruelty—Tippu Sultan for no less than seventeen years!

Haidar Ali is said to have entered Seringapatam as a servant and eventually became its sovereign. Though a cruel and hard ruler he had many followers who admired him for his great daring and success. He died at Chittoor in the year 1782, and Tippu Sultan, his son, who succeeded him, was even more cruel than his father.

The 4th May, 1799, is the memorable date of the capture of Seringapatam and of the death of Tippu Sultan. Major-General Baird, who had himself been a prisoner for nearly four years in the dungeons of the Fort, was in command of the British forces, Colonel Arthur Wellesley (afterwards Duke of Wellington) being one of his officers. The hour chosen for the assault on the breach, which had been made in the wall immediately south of the west angle of the Fort from the opposite side of the river, was 1 p.m. on the 4th May, 1799, a time when the enemy were engaged in their midday meal. They were completely taken by surprise. The breach was successfully mounted under a heavy fire and in six minutes the British flag was planted on the summit. Then to their astonishment and dismay they found a second rampart untouched and separated from them by a moat full of water. Fortunately however one single plank across the moat had been left by the defenders in their haste to withdraw, and this allowed the assaulting troops to cross the moat and penetrate the inner ramparts, some going to the right and some to the left and in a few minutes they were cutting down the guard attached to the Sultan's Palace, and the city was taken.

TIPPU SULTAN'S TOMB.

During the attack Tippu was on the northern side of the Fort, and on hearing that the enemy had actually penetrated the Fort, thought to make good his own safety. He made his way to the inner gate, but on reaching the arch of the Water Gate, he was struck and mortally wounded by a random shot from a British soldier and being abandoned by his men, escape was now impossible as he was too weak to rise. It is said that a European soldier attempted to take away his costly sword-belt and turban, both adorned with almost priceless jewels, but Tippu, though dying, wounded the soldier in the knee. The soldier thereupon ended Tippu's life by levelling his musket and shooting him through the head. Four wounds were found on his body. He was buried in a very handsome mausoleum in the Lal Bagh, outside the Fort, near the suburb of Ganjam, at the further side of the island.

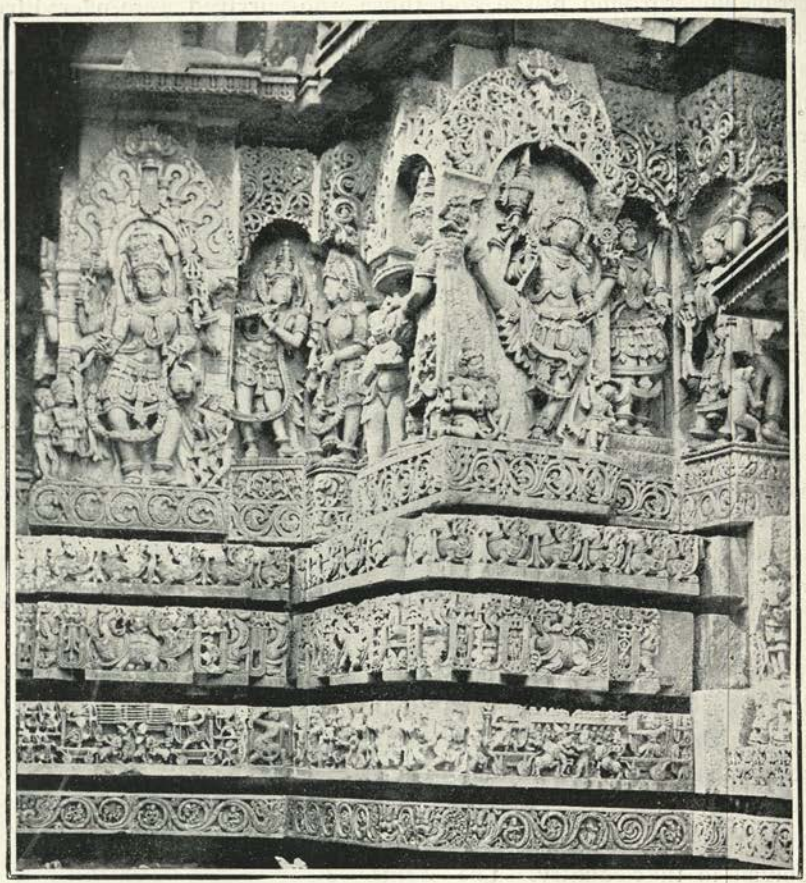
On arrival at Seringapatam the first item of interest to be seen is "The Breach." Inside the Fort are to be seen the dungeons, some seven feet in height and ninety feet in length with a breadth of thirty-seven feet, the roof being formed by eight arches. Many there were who died in this

terrible underground prison and those who survived were offered freedom and wealth if they would consent to embrace the Mahomedan faith. There is little now to be seen of the ruins of Tippu's palace, but it is said to have had a magnificent appearance and to have been full of a collection of treasures of great value, many of English manufacture.

In a far-away corner of the Mysore State, and on the summit of a rocky hill, Vindhyagiri, that rises with bold effect from the surrounding plain, stands a Jain figure, Gomateswara, of enormous size and unique interest. The statue, which is hewn from a single block of stone, is 57 feet high, and the massive head and shoulders are visible for miles around above the temple walls that enclose it. At the foot of Vindhyagiri, lies the village of Sravana Belgola, a Jain settlement with a history dating back to the 3rd century B.C. The statue on Vindhyagiri was erected in 983 A.D. by Chamundi Raga, a General of the Gunga King Rachamulla. The only evidence of its construction is contained in the simple inscription at the base: "Chamundi Raga had it made." There is no mention of the sculptor, or any reference to him among the many rock inscriptions that exist at Sravana Belgola.

The magnificent ruined temples of Halebid and Belur, in the Mysore Province, belong to the Chalukyan style which attained its fullest development and highest perfection during the centuries 1000 A.D.—1300 A.D., when the Hoysala Ballalas reigned supreme in that country. The Belur temple is in the centre of the province and that of Halebid, formerly known as Dwarsamudra, is ten miles east of Belur. Belur was once the most flourishing town under the powerful rule of the Hoysala Bellala kings who held their sway at Dwarsamudra, till the 13th century A.D. According to tradition, Belur is said to date its origin from the Puranic period, and it is no other than the "Velapuri" of the ancients, and even to this day, the

GOMATESWARA.



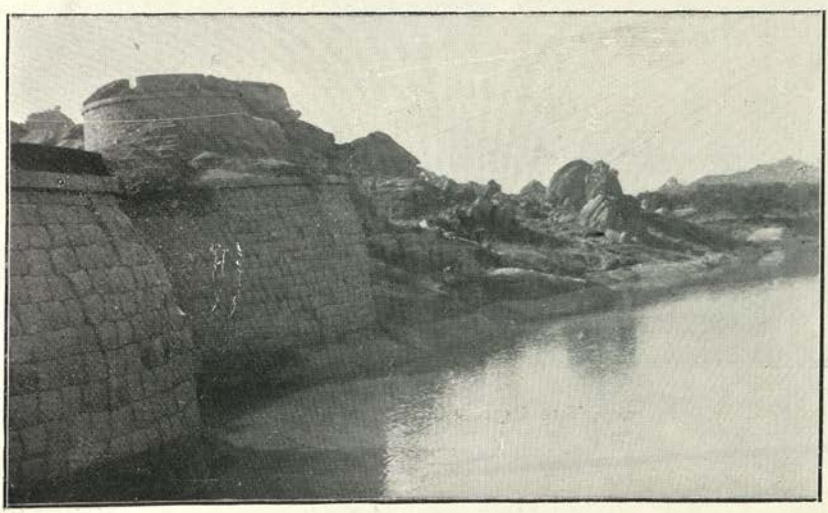
A Frieze, Halebid Temple.

place is known as Dakshin Kailas or Kashi (Southern Benares), and it is to this fact that the place owes its sanctity. Its past traditions to a great extent are now kept up by the annual feasts and fairs that draw many thousands of pilgrims from distant parts of the Mysore province. Situated on the right banks of the Yagachi river, the historic village still takes pride in its famous medieval temple dedicated to Chenne Keshav (a phase of Vishnu). The general plan follows the Chalukyan model and consists of a very substantial "vimana" and vestibule and in front of this a porch which is star-shaped. The temple stands on a raised star-shaped platform about three feet in height which contributes not a little to its beauty.

Halebid became the capital city of the Ballala kingdom and continued to be so till it was destroyed by the Mahomedan invasion in 1310. Its temples like those of Belur are ascribed to the famous Jakanacharya, the chief architect and sculptor of the Hoyasala kings. They are now slowly crumbling to decay and ruin, and future generations will only hear of them in name.

Chitaldroog is situated in a somewhat unfrequented part of the Mysore Province, twenty-four miles from Holalkerie, on the Southern Mahratta Railway. In olden days Chitaldroog was a military stronghold and its steep impregnable range of hills constituted a great natural defence. The hill was first fortified some three hundred years ago by the "polegars" or semi-independent Chieftains of Chitaldroog, one of whom also constructed within the ramparts the fine tank, which to this day gives the town its drinking water supply.

The fort was besieged and taken by Haider Ali in 1779 and in 1792 by Tippu who erected on the ruins the present redoubtable stone fortress, which, however, was in its turn stormed by the British, and in the first half of last century garrisoned by a detachment of gunners. The town itself nestles, for the most part, at the very foot of the hill, within the outermost wall of fortification, but recently gates and roads have been opened out and the borough extended into the open country beyond the wall, to the great improvement of the sanitary condition of the place.



THE "SWEET WATER" MOAT AT CHITALDROOG.

THE GERSOPPA FALL, MYSORE.

PONDICHERRY.

Pondicherry, the chief of the French dependencies in India, is on the Coromandel Coast about 85 miles from Madras. The fortifications were once strong, but in the war with England they were destroyed and under the Treaty of Paris (1814) must not be rebuilt. Pondicherry was first settled by the French in 1674, captured by the Dutch in 1693 and restored a few years afterwards. The English took the port in 1761 only to restore it two years later. It again fell into the hands of the English in 1778 but was given up in 1785. Captured by the British for a third time in 1793, it was again restored in 1816 since which date it has remained a French possession.

The city now extends along the sea coast for about a mile and a quarter, and is about three-quarters of a mile in breadth. It is regularly built and is divided into two parts, the White Town and the Black Town, separated by a canal. The White Town is by the sea side ; its streets are laid out at right angles to each other and the houses are well built. There is a fine pier 350 metres long. Government House, a handsome building situated to the North of the Place Dupleix, is within 300 yards of the sea, near a fine statue of Dupleix, inscribed "to all the glories of France."

The city and environs contain many fine houses in the European style, and the high culture of the soil, the numerous canals crossed by neatly constructed bridges, and roads planted with trees, give to the district the appearance of a great garden.

THE BEACH, PONDICHERRY.

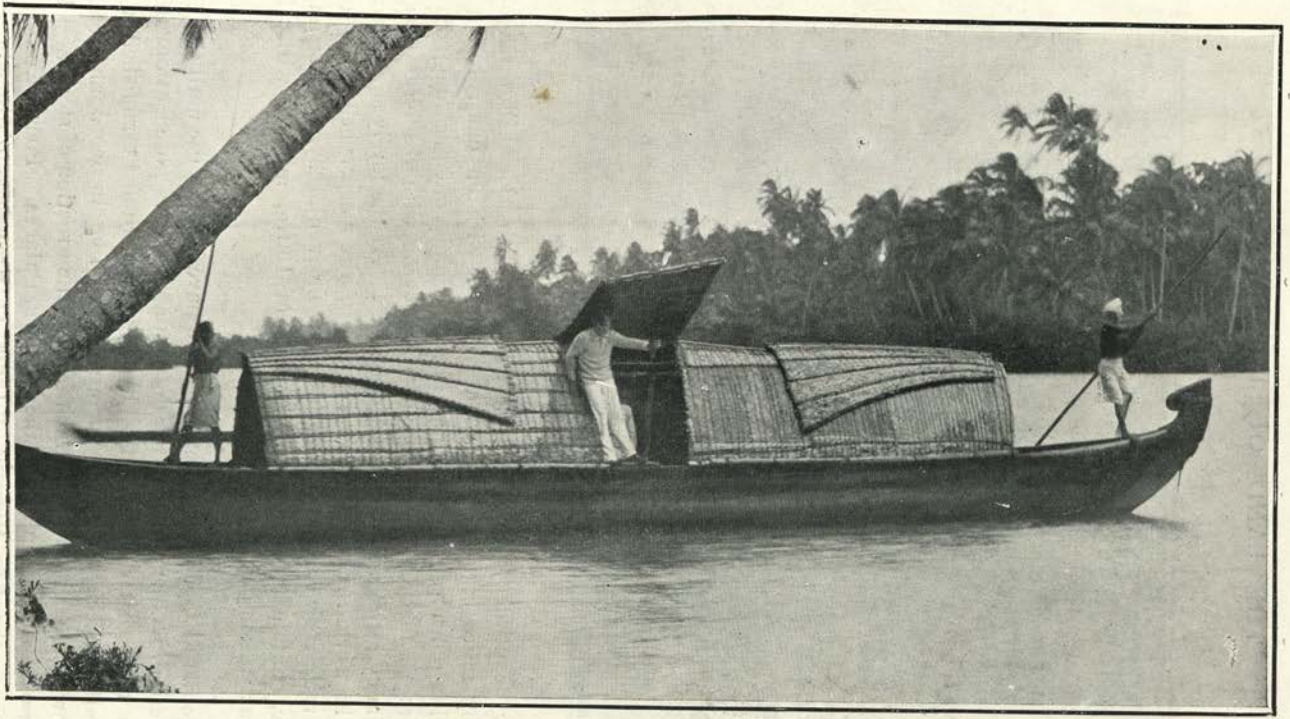
MALABAR.

TRAVANCORE—COCHIN.

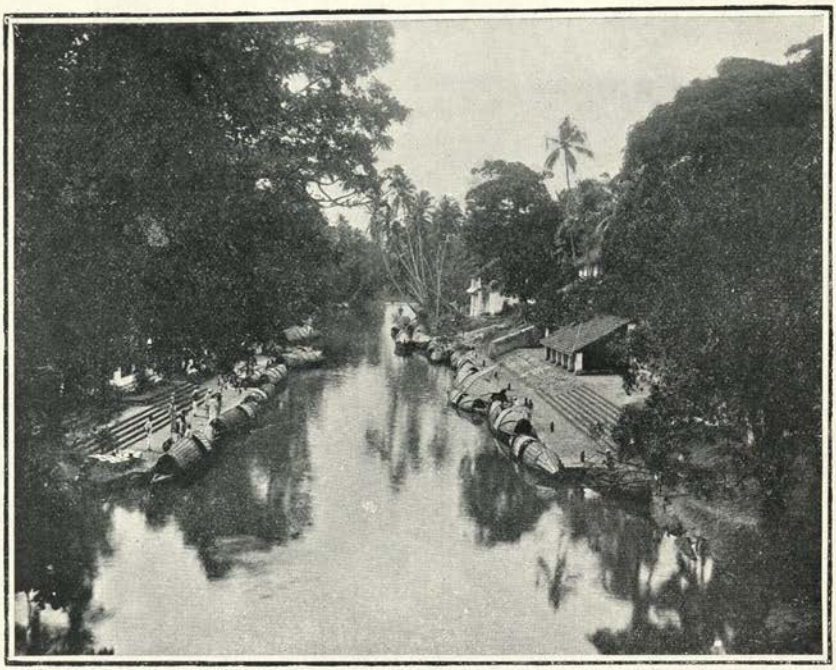
TRAVANCORE is only half the size of Ireland, yet in this little State there are 10,000 temples, and 15,000 other places dedicated to heathen worship. Within these narrow confines, wedged between the Western Ghauts and the sea, is to be found every variety of tropical scenery and climate. In the high ranges of the north a temperate climate prevails, differing much from the equatorial heat of the south, where the jewelled sands of Cape Comorin meet the Indian ocean; a chain of rain-swept mountains guards the east, gradually giving place to the rich level plains and winding backwaters bordering the Malabar Coast.

It is a land of contrasts. In a few hours one can descend from high desolate plateaux and mountain paths, running nearly 9,000 ft. above sea-level, past rolling downs and evergreen forests, through the unexplored fever-haunted jungles of the western slopes, to the densely populated, richly cultivated plains below. Fine waterfalls and many rivers flow all to the well-watered west, while on the east lies a parched and thirsty land, often devastated by famine. Churches, chapels, and mission stations dot this country of temples; the most arrogant and bigoted idolatry flourishes side by side with ancient forms of Christianity existing from Apostolic times to the present day.

The fisher class from the coasts are quite distinct from the rest of the population, having separate villages, different dialects and customs. From these folks are recruited those who make a living on the backwaters in trading and carrying passengers to and fro. Their boats are of three kinds, but those used by Europeans are chiefly the "wallams," or dugouts, with a mat shelter; in these one can travel fairly comfortably by night when speed is required. The journey is usually a sort of prolonged picnic lasting several days, and when the weather is fine, the beauty of the scenery is ample compensation for the slow mode of progression. Winding canals,



A Wallam on a Malabar Backwater.



LANDING PLACE AT QUILON.

shaded by beautiful flowering trees, alternate with wide shallow reaches, bordered by miles of graceful cocoanut palms, with an undergrowth of sweet smelling shrubs and reeds of all kinds. Flocks of cranes and parrots, dazzling dragon flies and gorgeous butterflies, vying with the birds in size and brilliancy, give life to the peaceful scene. At the lovely sunset hour, when all the world is bathed in a roseate glow, the vesper bells ring out, the crews raise their oars in salute and sing their evening hymn—a strange, sweet lyric, containing quaint reminiscences of Latin, mingled with their Native Malayallam jargon.

The name Cochin does not appear to have been in use until the Portuguese period, for the earlier notices of Malabar make no mention of it. It was in 1500 that Alvarez Cabral landed at Cochin and established a settlement. He and his party were compelled to live in wood and cadjan houses, owing to the local law which forbade the erection of stone and lime buildings, except for temples and the Rajah's Palaces. Four years later, there arrived the first Viceroy of India, D. Francisco d'Almeida. The town quickly developed and several substantial and stately public and private

buildings were erected, but in the Cochin of to-day only a small remnant exists of all this former grandeur.

In the native town of Cochin, as distinguished from British Cochin, which it adjoins, are to be found two distinct settlements of the Jewish community, the White Jews, who now number but a few hundred, and the Black Jews, numbering seven or eight thousand. They live in different parts of the town and worship at separate synagogues. The former have preserved their racial purity and fair complexion to a remarkable extent, while the latter are scarcely distinguishable from the native Mahomedans, except for the characteristic lovelocks which they all adopt.

The scenery along the banks of the canals with their thick fringe of cocoanut trees and other varieties of the palm species, opening out into the richly-wooded vistas of the lagoons, is superb, while the unique passenger craft, either poled along or laboriously wending their way under primitive sails, add to the enchantment. The canal banks bristle with little palm thatched villages overlooking the water, in which old men and women, youths and maidens, and, in fact, little babes, disport themselves in the enjoyment of their daily ablutions.

Dotted along the banks of the lagoons and nestling amongst the feathery palm topes can be seen numberless churches erected, most of them long ago and still ministered to by the Latin and Romo-Syrian priests. Quaint and oft-times crude in point of architecture, and rank with damp fungus, they are nevertheless regarded with the greatest reverence, and the fast and feast days of the Roman Calendar are religiously observed by these happy, cleanly and apparently well-to-do dwellers of the Malabar coast.

One of the most striking features of these delightful regions is the presence of two tunnels, situated at Varkalay, a high promontory about twenty miles from Trivandrum. These tunnels have been cut through the hills for three-quarters and a quarter of a mile respectively, and the experience of passing through their reeking, damp interiors in a shallow bottom country-made boat is weird if not actually exciting.

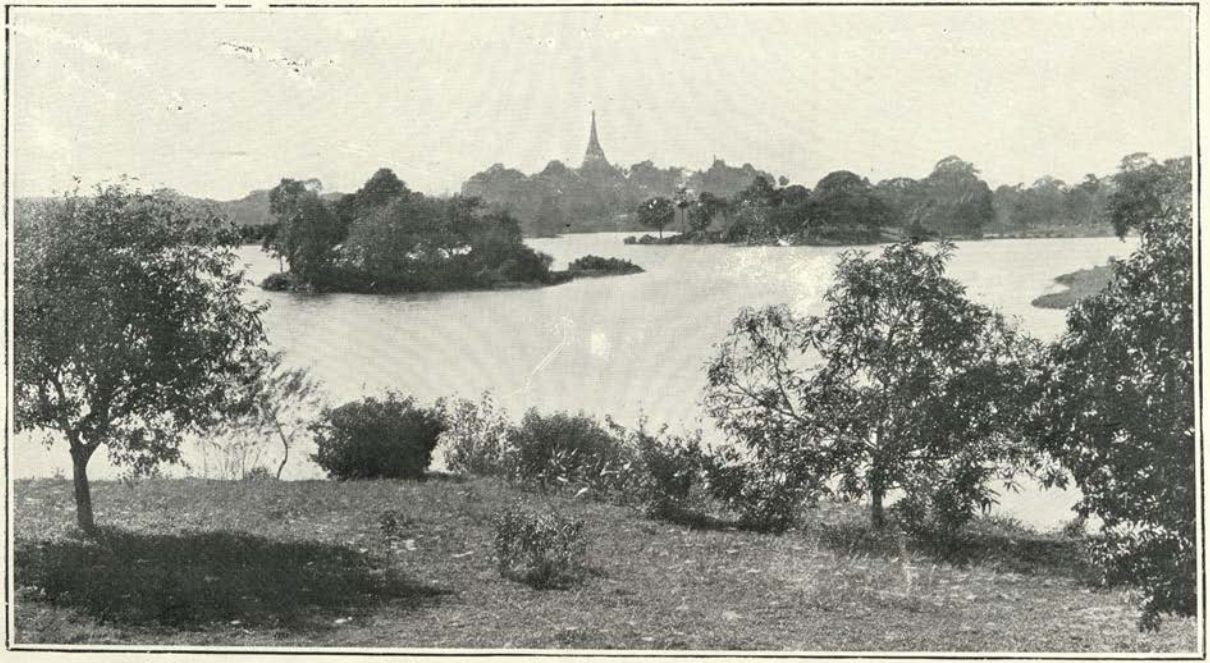
BURMA.

BURMA, bounded by China, French Indo-China, and Siam on the east, by Eastern Bengal and Assam on the north, and by the Bay of Bengal, is the largest province of the Indian Empire, having a total area of 236,738 square miles, with a population of 10,490,624. These figures include the Shan States and Chin Hills. Tennaserim and Aracan were annexed after the first Burmese war in 1826, Pegu after the second war in 1852, and Upper Burma and the Shan States after the third war in 1885. Buddhism, now almost confined to Burma, is the religion of nearly 90 per cent. of the people. The Burmese are much better educated than the natives of India proper, education being conducted by Buddhist monks. The delta country of Lower Burma is flat, but above Prome there is upland, hilly country. Rice, the main product of the delta region, is largely milled at Rangoon and exported. The principal export after rice is timber which comes from the extensive forests of Burma and the Shan States, and overland from Siam. Burma is fairly rich in minerals, especially petroleum, rubies, and jadestone; gold and silver are also known to exist. The Irrawaddy and its chief tributaries, the Chindwin, the Shweli, and the Myitnge, form important waterways. The main stream is navigable beyond Bhamo, 900 miles from its mouth, and carries much traffic. The present capital, Rangoon, is fast increasing in population owing to commercial prosperity, while the old native capital, Mandalay, tends to decline.

RANGOON.

Rangoon came into British possession in 1852. The city is situated on the left bank of the Irrawaddy, and is some 26 miles from the sea. Concerning the origin of the city legendary history relates that it was built in the year which was the equivalent of 588 B.C. by two brothers, Pu and Ta-paw, and that the famous Shwe Dagon Pagoda was the first object erected.

SHWE DAGON PAGODA, RANGOON.

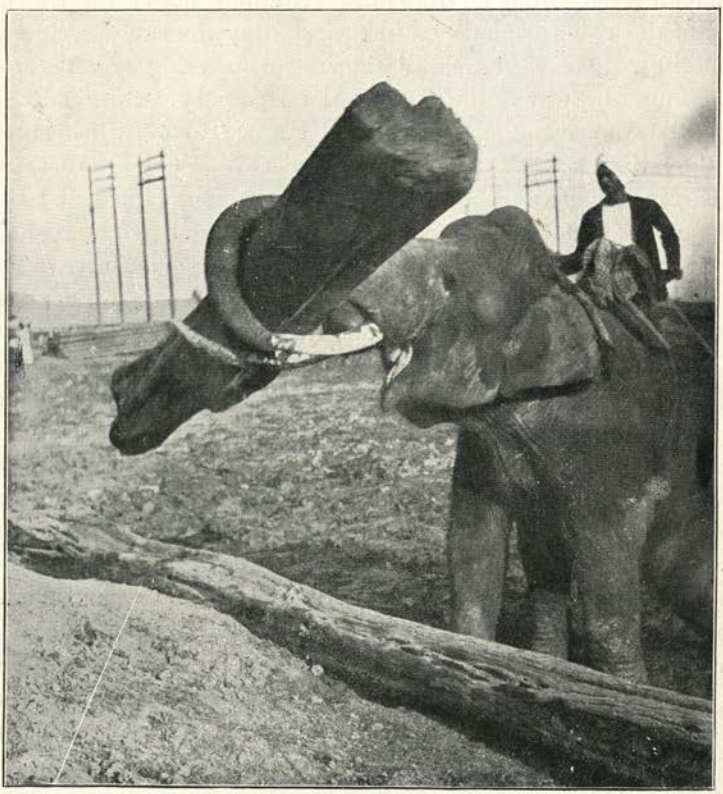


A View on the Royal Lakes at Rangoon.

"East is East and West is West," but the twain come nearer to meeting in Rangoon than in any other city in the world. The broad chessboard streets run right into the fields just as they did in the early days of the Western townships of America. Massive piles of business buildings alternate with Chinese huts and Indian hovels. But the purlieus hum with the rice mills and saw yards and oil refineries which bring into the provincial capital a swelling stream of wealth and wherever an old house is razed a commercial palace rises on its ruins. Nothing better illustrates the confidence of the Rangoon citizens in their destiny than the scale on which they are building. The Port Commissioners are spending over a crore of rupees in wharfing the wayward bank of the Irrawady. But is Rangoon, the youngest and most progressive of the six seaports British enterprise has given the Indian Empire, also to be the ugliest? When one surveys the terra-cotta barrenness of the Secretariat and Government House and the style of the commercial quarter, one fears that it is destined to be another architectural Sahara-like Calcutta without its opulent spaciousness. The citizens have shown rare skill in the development of their residential suburbs, Dalhousie Park and the Royal Lake, the pretty houses that ring them, and the new Victoria Park are amongst the most graceful scenes in the modern East. Who knowing Rangoon does not gratefully remember the Royal Lakes and Dalhousie Park—that wholly graceful sheet of water running almost to the base of the Shwe Dagon Pagoda hill, hemmed with verdure and embroidered with feathery islets? Amongst the most pleasant recollections every one carries away from the Burmese capital is the memory of the drive over the red laterite roads of Dalhousie Park that ring the water and the row down the lake from the pavilion of the hospitable Boat Club to see the Pagoda at sunset. Then the excrescenes which modern bad taste has fastened on the Pagoda disappear. The finely proportioned golden edifice rises from its palm bed pure and undefiled. Its golden beauty glows softly in "the western waves of ebbing day"; whilst the molten pinnacle and radiant "ti" flash out the message of Buddha's wise and tolerant creed. Then, as the sun dips below the horizon, the aureate shimmer deepens into a purple shaft—the glory of a scene exquisite in its simplicity and repose.

On the opposite side of Lake Road the citizens have laid out in memory of Queen Victoria a new Park which continues the beauty of the surroundings—a park pleasantly diversified by grass-grown hillocks and ornamental water, by flowers and trees. On one side are the well-designed buildings which house the Zoological collection, including the sacred white

elephant, which, if the truth be told, is but a mangy, gray beast, and provide a large open space where the larger carnivora can exercise. To furnish the requisite space much unsightly land was cleared, and one must admire the foresight and enterprise which secured the site as a pleasance before the rapid growth of the city seized it for bricks and mortar, and thus further secured the purlieus of the Pagoda from unwelcome intrusion. The Shwe



AN ELEPHANT "A'PILIN' TEAK."

Dagon Pagoda, stripped of its latter day accretions, is an object lesson in what can be accomplished by simplicity of line and form.

The famous fane has gradually risen in the course of centuries to a height of 321 feet. It is most profusely covered with rich gildings, and the summit is crowned with a 'ti' or umbrella, in the shape of a cone. In

THIBAW'S PALACE AT MANDALAY.

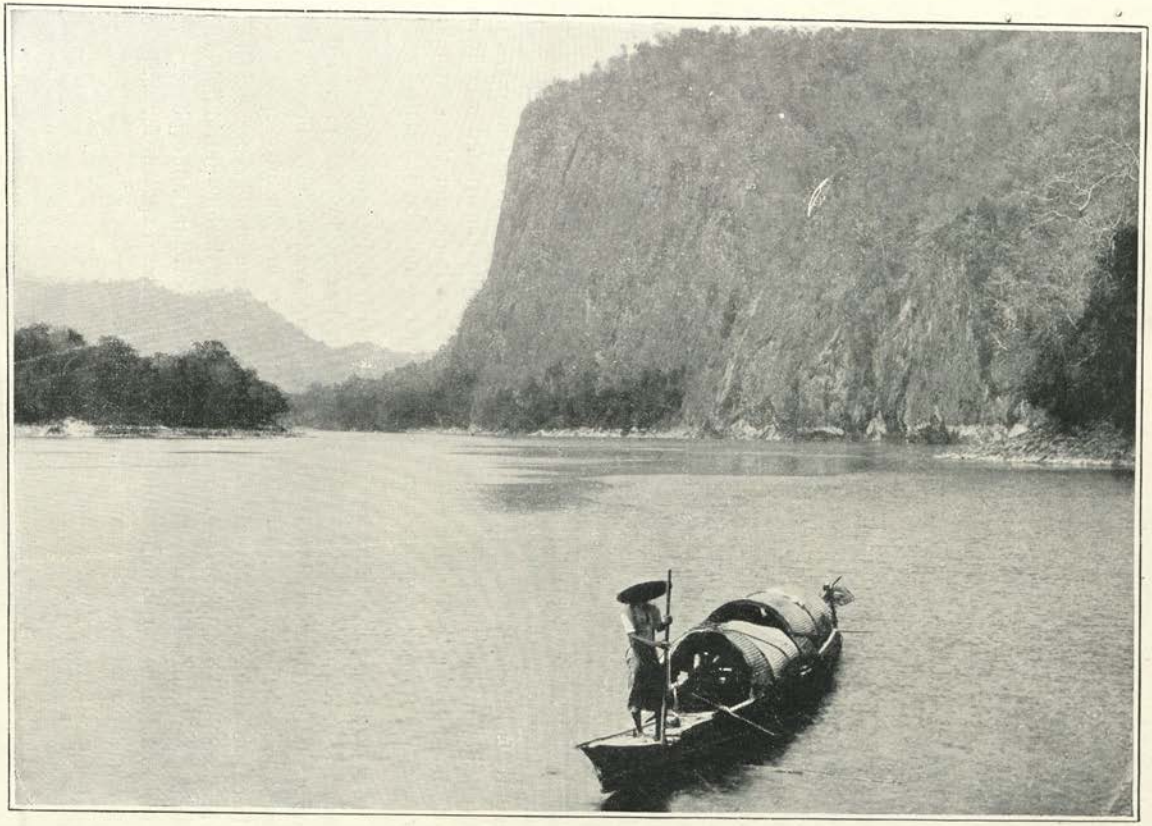
STERN OF A BURMESE BOAT.

1781 the ex-King of Burma sent a new 'ti' valued at 6 lakhs of rupees, plated with solid gold, richly studded with jewels, and hung with gold and silver bells.

It is a little depressing to note how the process of ruining the environment of the Pagoda goes on apace with the erection of more corrugated shrines and glass bedaubed pillars. It is almost impossible to conceive that the faith which raised the Pagoda in all its impressive simplicity where it should witness the force of Buddhism as far as the eye could reach, should rear these monstrosities in tin and tinsel, and drape an image of the founder in a khaki robe. Does it not typify the decay of the pure, if sterile, faith which flowed from India to Japan into a religion of mere form and ceremony, with no real vital force?

MANDALAY.

Half-a-century ago, and before he ascended the throne, King Mindon dreamed two impressive dreams. He saw a large city lying at the foot of Mandalay Hill—a few miles to the north-east of the Avan capital, Amarapura. Again he dreamt that he was riding a white elephant, which took him to the base of Mandalay Hill, where he dismounted. There two women, Ba and Ma, led him to the summit, where a man offered him a handful of scented grass and told him his elephants and horses would always thrive if fed on the grass that grew about the hill. When Mindon ascended the throne he took to wife two princesses, each of whom was born on a Thursday, and, in accordance with Burmese custom, received names beginning with Ba and Ma. This coincidence inspired Mindon with the desire to found a new capital on the plain stretching to the south-west from Mandalay Hill. The Royal astrologers assented and Shwemyoday—the

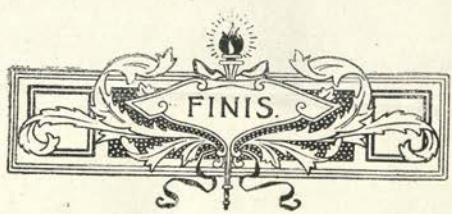


On the Irrawaddy, near Bhamo.

Royal "Golden City," or Yandabon—the "Cluster of Gems," which we know as Mandalay, rose at the kingly call. Its foundations were laid in blood; under Mindon's successor it was the scene of repeated orgies of murder, until a quarter of a century after its foundation Mandalay passed under British rule.

Mandalay is like no other city in Asia. The walls sheltered behind a broad moat, imposing in their external appearance, would be useless against artillery fire and are quite destitute of flanking towers. As they were raised in the two-thousand four-hundredth year after the death of Gaudama they were to measure in all 2,400 units—each one of the four sides of the perfect square being a little over a-mile-and-a-third in length. Within, a second enclosure walled off the place proper, round which clustered the apartments of the degenerate Avan Court—a Court so arrogant in its imbecile pride that for years the British Resident was not received in audience because he refused to "kow-tow." In some respects the palace buildings, with their tin roofs and glass balustrades, reveal the full decadence of Burmese art. In others they are still not without a certain barbaric splendour and taste. The lofty columns of red-lacquered and gilded teak, the lavishly scrolled doorways and the gold-coated walls and roofs, though faded, possess a certain dignity and splendour, and, in the ebbing light, a charm too. But the roughly-constructed woodwork of the building is rapidly decaying and, were it not for the systematic restoration now in progress, in a few years there would be little left.

Mandalay is a place of wide streets with ugly names and no slum quarter. Recently the destruction of the bazaar by fire provided an opportunity for re-building it on the most approved modern lines. It is now well-designed, substantially constructed and cleanly-kept, but it is not of the East. Not all the smiling Burmese stall-keepers—Hindus, Mahomedans and Chinese—nor even the stench of the half-putrid fish which is the Burman's savoury, can invest it with an oriental atmosphere. And when one sees the innumerable western atrocities exposed for sale one admires still more the Burman's taste in dress.



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